PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL 1974 ONE DOLLAR

VIETNAM VETERANS:
America's unstrung heroes

CO-PRODUCING WITH GOD:
one almighty hit after another

IMPOTENCE:
are we coming or going?

JONATHAN WINTERS:
Maude Frickert tells all

TEENAGE SEX:
open and afraid

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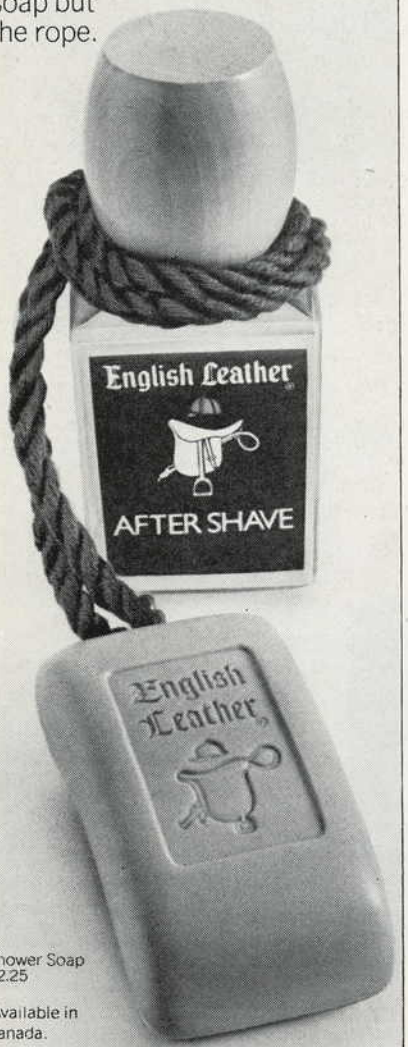

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men / APRIL 1974

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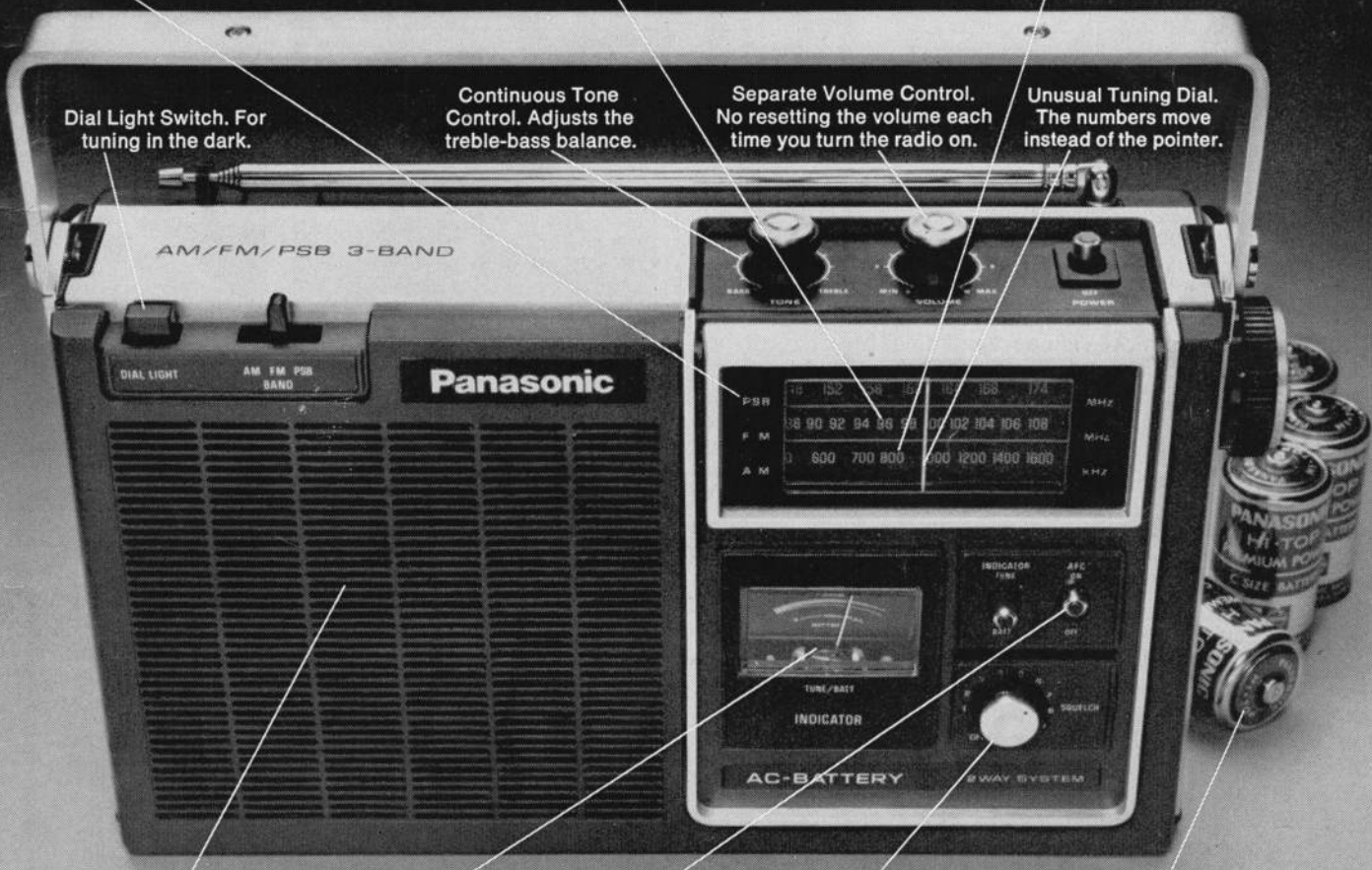
If we added any more, we'd have to give lessons on how to use it.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ELAINE LOUIE

TERRI SCHULTZ

HOUSECALL

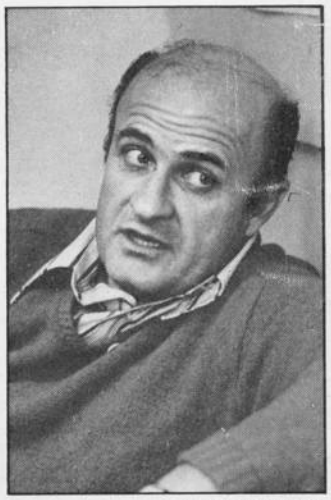
"My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent," said Hamlet, unwittingly summing up all the often corrupt cross-purposes that made up our Vietnam adventure. Now, even after the fact, an inescapable sense of blame for the war's evils persists among many of the men who fought in it. More sinned against than sinning, the veterans are facing a forced reintegration into peacetime society—though they are still embattled with fears, doubts, and a seemingly impenetrable alienation, reports **Arthur Egendorf, Jr.**, in *The Unstrung Heroes*, the second in the special *Penthouse* series of articles about *The Vietnam Veteran*. Ex-Army Sergeant Egendorf, now studying for his Ph.D. in clinical psychology, coordinates rap groups for veterans in New York City.

If you've eluded the "Post-Vietnam Syndrome" but still go to bed at night with a question mark, maybe you're having trouble *Getting It On*. **Terri Schultz**, former *Chicago Tribune* columnist and author of *Transsexuals* (*Penthouse*, January 1974), observes the spreading epidemic of premature ejaculation, impotence, and other male sexual dysfunctions and investigates some of the causes, case histories, and cures. One bizarre permutation of laissez-faire eroticism is chronicled in **Joseph Papaleo**'s story *New Flesh*, wherein a deteriorating middle-aged man rebuilds himself into a veritable Apollo and does his best with one of these so-called liberated hippie chicks, only to be rewarded with whining, wailing, and ingratitude. You can't win—although Papaleo did: his Guggenheim grant has been helpful indeed in pursuing his literary activities, which to date include the novels *All the Comforts* and *Out of Place* (Little, Brown) and his forthcoming *The Bronx Book of the Dead*, from which *New Flesh* is excerpted.

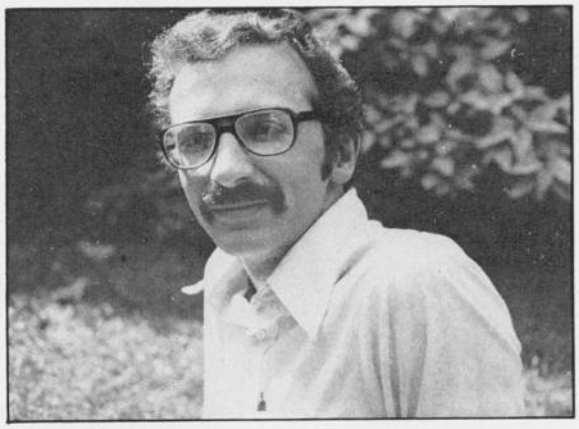
"Even though your heart is breaking, laugh, clown, laugh," sang Thalia, the muse of comedy, to **Jonathan Winters**, whose artful hilarity was modified but unimpaired by the mental crack-up he suffered in the early Sixties. In this month's exclusive *Penthouse Interview* by Contributing Editor **Richard Ballad**, Winters talks about the reality he's learned to cling to and never intends to let slip away again—quite an honest admission in the hypocritical entertainment industry. Oh well, that's show biz—and speaking of show biz, what **Ralph Schoenstein** wants to know is, *Are You Coproducing with Me Lord?* Wading into the commercialized cathedrals of Broadway baptism, Schoenstein, the author of a wildly satirical look at America's growing obsession with the youth cult, *Wasted on the Young* (Bobbs-Merrill), figuratively chases a few moneychangers from their theatrical temples, which, to put it bluntly, are no more than citadels of sin. That, too, is show biz.

If anything is wasted on the young, **Elaine Louie** feels, it's sex. In *Teenage Love* she exposes the myth of sexual freedom among the young, who are no more liberated or even sexually competent than their parents, or their parents' parents for that matter. Still, you've got to start somewhere. So welcome to the first *Penthouse* of spring. We *told* you it was coming.

JONATHAN WINTERS



JOSEPH PAPALEO



RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

The Sergeant Major's "Measure."

One story of the Rangoon Racquet Club (G.O.) which Kipling didn't filch for his own. About a civilized drink, born there, in the sunset of the Empire.

The Rangoon Racquet Club (G.O.) is no more. It was managed by a much-decorated Sergeant Major, a career soldier of that peculiarly English type which held the "Thin Red Line" when sensible armies would have cut and run.

The Sergeant Major was a perfect prig and a stickler for details no ordinary man would notice. In the field, his fastidious self-discipline saved many lives. At the post, and at the Club itself, the Sergeant Major's superior manner was a bit of a trial. Once, in fact, it became insufferable.

At that time, the prize of the Club's cellars, and the Sergeant Major's pride and joy, was a truly wizard alcoholic tipple of his own devising. "Bruising" the drink or allowing it "to stale" were the most serious sins the native help could commit. Do either and the Sergeant Major sacked you.

Inevitably, there were complaints to the Board of Governors. Had it not been for the Sergeant Major's daring exploits in the recent business of the Thuggee Stranglers, the Board would have dismissed him summarily. As it was, they gave him a chance.

"Sergeant Major," said the Chief Governor, "describe the drill for a barman handling spirits."

"Don't muck the drink about or you'll bruise it. Don't leave it sit or you'll stale it."

"What are the chances, Sergeant Major, that an inexperienced hand could recognize a bruise on the drink or notice it had staled?"

"Not one in a million. Easier to sight a field-piece by eye and hit a shilling a mile off."

"But few men can hit anything with a field-piece unless they have a rangefinder."

"They haven't got instinct, sir, so we give them a way to measure instead."

"Instinct or not, Sergeant Major, give your men some way to measure when the spirits

are bruised or staled or we'll give you the sack. You have thirty days."

Thirty days! The Sergeant Major's grace period was nearly over, when one of the members noticed something odd.

"Sergeant Major," he said, "there are bubbles in my drink."

"I hope so, sir,"

"Where did the bubbles come from, Sergeant Major?"

"Put them in myself, sir. The bubbles are the measure that shows the spirits haven't been bruised or staled."

"Bubbles?"

"Yes, sir. Muck it about enough to bruise and you shake away the bubbles. Leave it long enough to stale and the bubbles go flat."

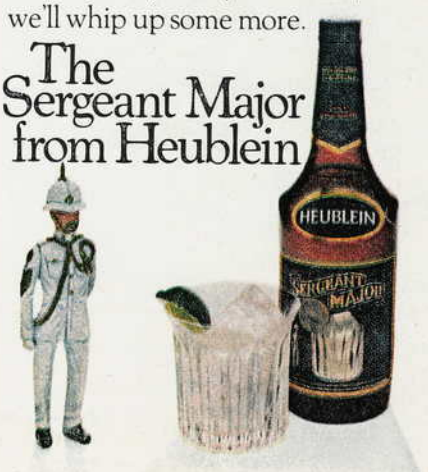
"What an extraordinary idea!"

This story kept cropping up between wars, but the Sergeant Major's original formula did not. Not long ago, however, we came across a recipe and whipped up a batch, just as a lark.

That's how we discovered that the Sergeant Major really had something. Now, if you're curious, you can have it too. (Minus the bubbles, the way it was at first.)

Before we dared bottle it we had to satisfy ourselves on one more point. Could we, in a careless moment, bruise or stale the drink, as so many others were supposed to have done in the past? Frankly, no. We punished the Sergeant Major's pride unmercifully. No matter what we did, however, the drink remained unchanged and unspoiled. If the Sergeant Major was watching us from the place to which old soldiers fade away, he probably had a good chuckle.

What's a Sergeant Major? That's our secret—ours and the old prig who invented it. Tart, crisp, crackling on the tongue, it's a perfect drink for the kind of day when only mad dogs and Englishmen would go out voluntarily. Let us know how you like it and if you say it's wizard, we'll whip up some more.



Heublein Sergeant Major,™ 48 Proof. Made with London Dry Gin and Natural flavors. ©1974. Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. 06101

PENTHOUSE

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editor & publisher

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APRIL

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Better late than never

I would just like to say that six months ago I used to read every issue of *Playboy* magazine, but after discovering *Penthouse*, *Playboy* is no longer present in our household. My wife shares the same view, as well as many other people here. The section by Xaviera Hollander in each issue is especially enjoyed and appreciated. Keep up the good work.—*R. J. Farlette, Thompson, Manitoba*

I just purchased my first copy of *Penthouse*, the December issue. I liked it and thought the pictures of Sandy and Chuck were just beautiful. They are such attractive people—I never thought that nude photographs of a man and woman together could be so aesthetically stunning. However, I can't say the same for those of Tracey Sullivan. Her body looks thick and some of her poses were ugly.

I am female, sixty-four years of age, tall, and attractive with a good figure which I take care of. I have been married for thirty-odd years to a man whose thinking on sex must go back to mid-Victorian times. I hardly had a wedding night, and we have had no sexual relations all these years. The completely sad part of it all is that we never discussed the reasons, as he absolutely refused to talk about the matter. I guess what hurts most is that he didn't give a damn whether I liked it or not. I have felt completely rejected and sexually unfulfilled as a woman. As I have so much love to give, there have been many times when I could climb the wall because of my sexual desires.

I thought I was marrying a sophisticated man of forty-two who had been married before and whose wife had left him for another man, and now I'm sure I know the reason why. By what right does this type of man have the effrontery to marry another woman? Why do men let themselves remain impotent when so much can be done? I'm glad that this aspect of sex is being brought out into the open, and I hope that *Penthouse* will do its part in presenting the problem to both men and women.

I had several opportunities to have sexual relations with other men, and why I didn't I'll never know. Instead, I have masturbated all these years (we sleep in separate bedrooms), which at best is a poor substitute for the natural joy a man and woman can give each other. It is time that sex is acknowledged as the beautiful thing it can be. I still have very strong sexual desires, and sometimes masturbate two or three times a day. And where, at my age, could I find a man who at a corresponding age would have the virility to provide me with the love that I need so badly?

As I approach my twilight years with the sad knowledge that I shall never be fulfilled as a woman by a loving man, I would like to tell all lovers, married or not, to enjoy each other. Talk to each other, and if there are any sexual hang-ups discuss them freely, without any inhibitions, or they will never be resolved. Believe me, I know that if there is no communication in the bedroom there can be none in other areas of married life. My husband and I are miles apart and there is no hope for us now as he is ten years older than I.

I close this letter with much sadness in my heart but with the fervent hope that others will not let this terrible kind of situation happen to them.

Live on, *Penthouse*! Keep your magazine beautiful and free from obscenity.—*Name and address withheld*

I would like to thank you for your excellent publication. I am a student at Central Missouri State University in Warrensburg, Mo., and by good fortune and leadership we can still receive your publication at the newsstand. Congratulations to Xaviera Hollander on a terrific column. Please continue the fight to keep what few rights we have left.—*B.S., Warrensburg, Mo.*

Military matters

I ask you to review paragraph number 3 of the enclosed Squadron Bulletin dated 15 November 1973. At present time I am contesting the constitutionality at my end and forward this document for your information. I feel that this is unjust to the personnel living in the dormitories and to *Penthouse* magazine. I would be interested as to any action taken on your behalf.

Respectfully, due to the chance of repercussions, I request that you withhold my name.—*Name withheld, Castle AFB, Calif.*

From the Squadron Bulletin:

"3. *ATTN ALL PERSONNEL:* On Friday, 30 Nov. 73, the Commander-In-Chief of SAC, General John C. Meyer will be on Castle AFB. In preparation for his visit all facilities, and particularly the dormitories, must be in inspection order. Advance information indicates that Gen. Meyer has very strong opinions as to what material is appropriate for display in dormitory rooms. Therefore, the following standards will apply: No more than six posters, including 'pinup' type posters, may be displayed in any one room. The only 'pinup' pictures permissible are 'Playboy' centerfolds. Not 'Playboy' type—'Playboy.' All other 'pinup' type posters must be removed, including 'Penthouse,' 'Oui,' or any other 'girlie' magazine photos. Additional guidance on this subject will be disseminated after Gen Meyer's visit."

Forum readers might remember that in the November 1973 issue we published a letter thanking us for permission to reprint several Penthouse *articles in a notebook to be used in the Military Police Officer Advanced Course at Fort Gordon, Georgia. Wouldn't it be ironic if an MP who was trained with* Penthouse *articles arrested an enlisted man for displaying* Penthouse *Pets?—Editor*

The *Vietnam Amnesty* article by William R. Corson in the October issue of your magazine struck me as having great insight. As a person acquainted with military law, I would like to point out that desertion carries a maximum penalty of three years imprisonment and a dishonorable discharge. Also, desertion is extremely difficult to prove if the accused surrenders himself.

If a person isn't charged with desertion, he is charged with unauthorized absence, which carries a maximum sentence of one year confinement and a dishonorable discharge. Unauthorized absence had a two-year statute of limitations until the U.S. Military Court of Appeals ruled in

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Let a Minolta SR-T help you cast caution to the wind. For more information, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

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1968 that the U.S. was "in a state of war" with North Vietnam, and the statute of limitations was "inoperative" in time of war. It would seem that the military has a way to resolve the amnesty issue with regard to deserters. It is also interesting to note that there has been no higher federal court ruling on whether or not the U.S. was constitutionally "in a state of war" with North Vietnam during the above-mentioned time.

I am currently on trial in a general court-martial, charged with and found guilty of unauthorized absence, stemming from my delayed return from Vietnam from August 1968 until 20 August 1973. The sentencing portion of my court-martial is coming up soon. And I might add that my prospects for not being confined are small indeed. *—Name and address withheld*

I read with great interest Mr. Allison's letter in the December *Penthouse*. I am an enlisted member of the U.S. Navy, and I can't help but sympathize with Mr. Allison's plight. I would like to comment on both the military class system and the judicial system.

First the class system. The upper class are the officers. The middle class is E-6 through E-9. And the lower class is E-5 and below. I am an E-4.

The expression "shit rolls downhill" had to be invented in the military. We (I speak for the lower class) often feel like we're the lowest form of life on earth. We have last priority on everything—pay and allowances, berthing, food . . . everything! This can be true in civilian life, but nowhere in the free world is it more profound than in the military. Simply because we did not choose to commit ourselves to more than three or four years, we're looked down upon as a bunch of ignorant, immature slobs. Very rarely does the upper echelon show any appreciation for what we do. Frankly, a personal "well done" from one of them is a shock! Usually they sit on their high horses and take all the glory while we do all the work. They fail to realize that the enlisted man is the backbone of the military. If it weren't for us maintaining their glory machines, there would be no military! Yet, we're treated poorly. Which brings me to the judicial system.

Article 15 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice provides the guidelines for Commanding Officer's Non-Judicial Punishment. The C.O. can bust us, fine us, restrict us, or confine us without trial! He has his restrictions, though, and any offender who requires greater punishment is sent to court-martial, which is just as good as sending us to hell. A court-martial is presided over by an officer and, unless the defendant can afford a civilian lawyer, he's represented by an officer. Now, I ask you, what chance have we got there? Officers have careers and reputations to keep up, so they'd rather convict us than raise any doubts about themselves.

Also, if we commit a civilian offense off base, we're punished twice for it—by both the military *and* civilian authorities!

If you people out there care at all about your men and women in the military, please write your congressmen and do anything you can to abolish trial by court-martial and double jeopardy in the armed forces. We want only one trial, and a fair one, like anyone else.

Thank you for letting me have my say. To protect myself from getting an undesirable discharge for being a radical, I'll have to ask you to refrain from printing my name.*—Name withheld, FPO San Francisco, Calif.*

I take issue with what the young soldier wrote in his letter on military justice in your December issue. In the first place, I myself spent seven years in the service. I went practically everywhere and

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Break open the filters of a smoked and unsmoked Lark. Smell the difference. This easy sniff test proves Lark's famous cellulose and Activated Charcoal filter really works. It helps reduce harsh-tasting gases, "tar" and nicotine. And gives you a flavor that's smooth and light and fresh tasting. Have a Lark. So smooth, there's no other cigarette like it. Nope, not one.

King: 17 mg."tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine.
Extra Long: 18 mg."tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Aug.'73.)

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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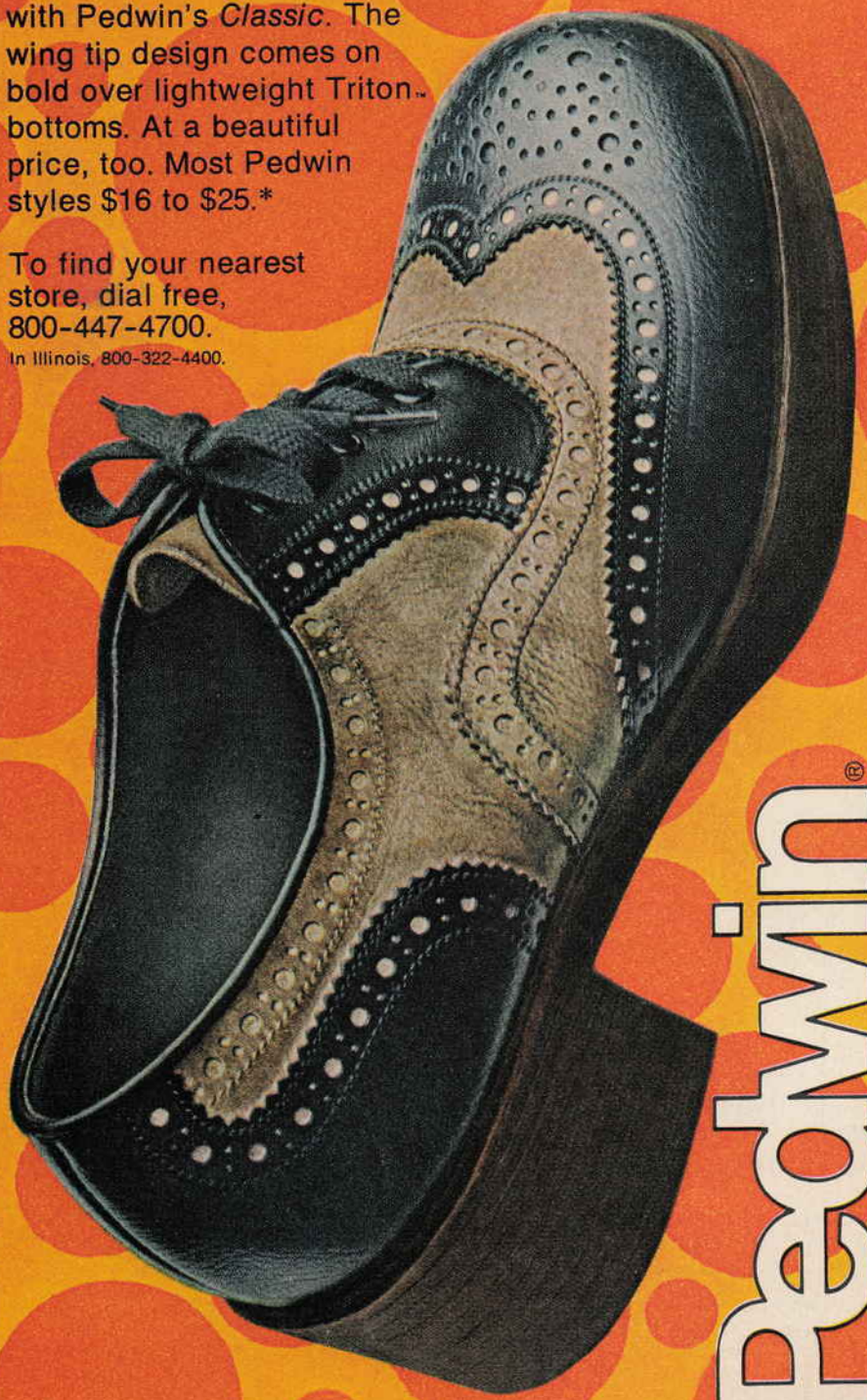

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did almost everything. I am not a lifer, nor am I anti-service—I believe in the service and what it stands for. If you go in looking for a bed of roses you will shortly find yourself in a thicket of thorns. Anyone on the bottom looking up at the top is always disgruntled because he's not there. But not *all* the people on top are bastards, just a few. Not every soldier is a slave, just those who think they are because this feeds their inferiority complex. Most of the E-6's and E-7's I knew worked as hard, or harder, than my companions and I. And don't tell me that is the exception—I've been too many places to believe it. I think many soldiers suffer from a lack of discipline. Not everyone can be the king, someone has to be the subject. By necessity the military can hardly be democratic (Lt.: "Let's take that hill. Do I hear a vote?" Sgt.: "All those in favor say aye, those against nay"). I mean, come on, really.

Some people say inspections are senseless. Well, I have worked in areas where there were no inspections. Often (not always) the results were men who stunk and looked like cruds. They bitched the loudest about inspections.

Most classes are boring. Some of my college classes bore me to tears, but all classes are boring when a person does not believe in their purpose, hence he cannot believe in the classes. In short, soldiers should quit feeling sorry for themselves and start acting like mature adults who realize nothing's perfect.

Also, having spent some years as an M.P., I have never yet seen a guilty man in prison. They're all innocent and were framed, just ask them.

Keep up the good work, *Penthouse*. You are an innovative and progressive magazine.—*A.J., Eugene, Oregon*

Old king coal

In view of the current energy crisis, I feel that your article, *American Moonscape*, by Frank Browning (December), is most timely and informative. As your Fred Darwin's Guru Badou says: Believers "add to the problems and retard progress." There seem to be far too many "believers" in our nation's leading industries trying to find the solution. A solution there must be, but companies like Peabody can only stall for time and make matters worse in the process.

I would like to add that I have found, over the past year and a half, an increasing quality in your magazine, both in your articles and your tasteful pictorial studies of females. Keep it up!

I would like to see some references to the changing marijuana laws, as this is another area of "believers" misconception.—*Andrew P. Lewis, Lompoc, Calif.*

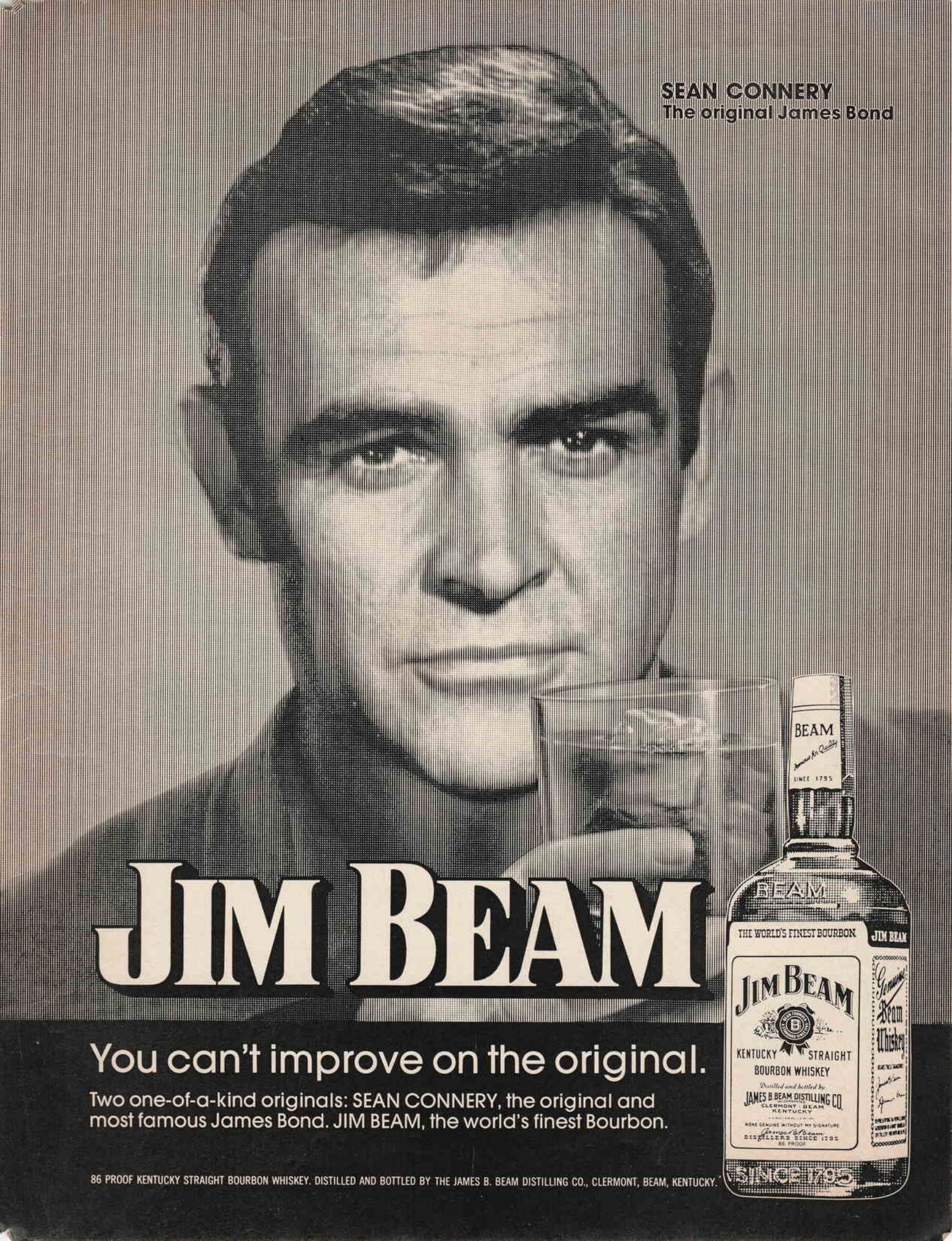
Through rain, sleet, or snow . . .

I was reading my December issue of *Penthouse* with pleasure until I got to page 30 where I saw you try to blame a missing magazine on a "greedy postman." I cannot speak for all postmen, but I subscribe to your magazine and I do not think that I would accuse a group of people of dishonesty just because it is convenient.

Postmen, or Letter Carriers as I call them, are carefully screened for their honesty before they are hired and even though a few bad apples do sneak through, they are a very small minority.

I do think that you owe us an apology and I sincerely wish you luck in your fight to keep *Penthouse* on the newsstands.—*Joe M. Erber, Vice President, Mississippi State Association of Letter Carriers, Greenwood, Miss.*

We did not intend to slur the entire profession of letter carriers. The rotten apples, of course, make up a very small percentage in any barrel. What we



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Deluxe turntables from other companies do much the same thing, but they use many more parts—scads of separate swinging arms, gears, plates, and springs—in an arrangement that is not nearly as mechanically elegant, or as quiet or reliable; that produces considerably more vibration, and is much more susceptible to mechanical shock than the BSR sequential cam shaft system.
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meant was that a copy of Penthouse *might make a tempting target for the occasional greedy apple. —Editor*

Sounds off

In reviewing the Osborne Brothers for the Sounds section of your December issue, John Gabree makes the statement that the dobro is "not a traditional bluegrass instrument."

This is incorrect. While it is true that Bill Monroe, often acknowledged as the father of bluegrass, has never had a dobro in his band, other groups have used it since Day One. Buck "Uncle Josh" Graves joined Flatt & Scruggs's Foggy Mountain Boys shortly after the group was formed in 1948, and Cliff Carlisle was a bluegrass virtuoso on the dobro before Graves. While it is not as common as the guitar, banjo, or fiddle, the dobro is an integral part of many bluegrass bands—and has been from the beginning.—*A.G. Rockhold, San Mateo, Calif.*

Pet partisans

I would like to commend you on the excellent December 1973 Pet of the Month pictorial. The man and woman having sex adds tremendously to the effect of the entire pictorial. I only regret that you did not include any penis-vagina shots in these pictures, but I realize that Big Brother (the Supreme Court) is watching you.

I think that your approach is much more stimulating than that of your competitor, who shows nude women on one page and nude men on the other. No one wants to see a penis in a men's magazine pictorial unless it's in action! —*S.S., Waco, Texas*

I believe in giving credit where credit is due, and you deserve it. Recently, I wrote a complaining letter to *Penthouse*, in which I attacked you for neglecting the most beautiful part of a woman's anatomy—namely, her derriere. Well, I find now that I must retract this charge against you and eat my words. I purchased several back issues, and I came across three of the loveliest rear ends I have ever seen, personal experience included. These tantalizing fannies belong to, respectively, beginning with the roundest and plumpest, Miss Billie Deane (March '72), Miss Angela Adams (Nov. '72), and Miss Isobel Garcia (Sept. '72). In addition, I am an avid believer in applying the palm of the hand to the naughty female rear on certain occasions, and I have never seen more "spankable" bottoms than these three. The delightful thing about the *Penthouse* girls is that they are always so young and innocent-looking, unlike other well-known men's magazines, and this makes it easier to fantasize their tender, chubby cheeks being bared for a sound paddling. I would certainly love to see more photos of any one of these gals, especially Angela Adams, who obviously possesses a very sexy rump and knows how to display it very temptingly. Or better yet, how about a special pictorial on lovely fannies, such as Joey Heatherton's luscious rear, and other Hollywood starlets with particularly well-developed posteriors, like Gloria Loring (who measures a fantastic 39" across her seat) or Jill St. John? Thanks, and keep up the great work.—*Name and address withheld*

Computer crime

I was very interested in your article *Computer Crime* by Michael Fooner in the December *Penthouse*. I have just recently started taking computer science courses at college and have already learned how to "get" computer time free. Also, from what I have seen, this is a fairly common practice at this university. All the theft involves is finding a discarded IBM card that has the account number and password on it. Once this information is obtained, there are about fifteen remote terminals that can be used, some open twenty-four hours a day.

The computer I work with is used extensively to keep track of such things as schedules and payment of fees. Any ambitious student could use the computer to benefit his own needs and most likely get away with it. I am sure there are many people who have taken advantage of the availability of these records and made use of them—*Name and address withheld*

Hair and where

In your December issue Xaviera Hollander tells a would-be traveler to Europe that he won't find the women in Italy pretty because of their mustaches. I am intrigued by this statement because I find that a mustache on a shapely body can be very sexy. Furthermore, in the past I've been intimate with two young women who really turned me on—when undressing they revealed large breasts with long black hairs growing around the nipples (the feel of them against your face when kissing the breast is really something else!).

I am wondering if other readers share the same opinions because I've never seen letters or discussion on this subject.

Thanks for a great magazine. Until *Penthouse* came along my interest in men's magazines was practically zero, now it's soaring high! Keep those issues coming and let's hope they don't start rationing paper like gasoline.—*Name and address withheld*

Death wish

I have been reading the Forum section of your magazine for quite some time and am impressed with the controversial issues you discuss. I have a problem, however, which should serve to challenge your liberalism if not your intellect.

I am a necrophiliac. I know that this arouses feelings of repugnance in more "normal" people, and because of this I am forced to hide my feelings. I can't help thinking that there are many more like myself who share the same desires but, for obvious reasons, one never hears about them. In fact, I will not sign this or give my address because of the risk of police harassment or of receiving the blame for every unsolved murder in the area.

To consult a psychiatrist is a frightening thought simply because of the threat of institutionalization for something psychiatry cannot understand, let alone cure. I do not wish to become one of the nameless victims of a profession that deals out torture under the guise of therapy (shock treatment). I feel that my life is valuable and that I have a lot to contribute to this society, which I could not do behind bars or in a padded cell. Despite these feelings, I am a very ethical individual and would never think of hurting others because of my perversion. I realize that there are people who commit murder to gratify necrophilia, just as there are others who commit crimes to gratify other perversions. I certainly am not one of them.

People who have other, more socially acceptable problems have ways to contact each other (sadomasochists, homosexuals, etc.). I wonder if it would ever be possible for me to contact others of my own kind?—*Name and address withheld*

Pain and pleasure

I'd like to relate some experiences I had two years ago. My sister asked if I'd fill in a hand in her weekly card game, which I did. We got very involved in the game and didn't notice the time.

WHEN YOU CONSIDER WHAT A FIAT 128 COMES WITH, YOU PROBABLY WON'T BELIEVE WHAT IT GOES FOR.

This year, more Americans than ever will be going out and buying small cars. Many will be disappointed.

Mainly because most people, while accepting the idea of a small car, still don't want to give up the comfort and performance of a big car.

We suggest these people take a look at a Fiat 128.

The Fiat 128 has more legroom inside than an Eldorado, yet it's smaller outside than a Volkswagen Super Beetle.

And you'll not only feel more comfortable sitting in it, but you'll feel more comfortable driving it, as well.

It has a longer wheel base than Toyota and Datsun and the Fiat's radial tires are standard (they usually run about $100 extra).

The 128 has all-independent suspension. And the same rack-and-pinion steering found in cars like Ferraris and Porsches.

The 128 has an overhead cam engine for quick acceleration, yet it still gets you about 34 miles to a gallon, according to an August, 1973 Motor Trend test. And it has self-adjusting, power-assisted front-disc brakes for quick, sure stops.

And if you live in a place where the winters are bad, you won't believe how the Fiat's front-wheel drive gets you through ice and snow.

The Fiat 128 comes in 2-door, 4-door, station wagon, and sport coupe models.

What exactly does each of these Fiats go for?

Why not see for yourself when you test drive a 128 at your local Fiat showroom.

After all, if we tell you everything now, we won't have anything left to tell you when you get there.

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.

Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.

About 6:30 P.M., my sister's husband came home to discover that supper hadn't been prepared. Without saying a word he left, but returned shortly with the other three husbands. He announced that the women were to be taught a lesson and would be spanked. I didn't struggle as I expected only a few playful slaps on my woolen slacks. Imagine my surprise when my husband lowered my slacks to my knees, and my further surprise when my panties followed. From the corner of my eye I could see the others were being bared in a like manner. Next I felt the sting of a good hard slap, followed by about a dozen more. My eyes and ears told me the others were getting the same treatment. A burning sensation told me my bottom was getting as red as theirs, if not more so.

We were then asked if we were ready to agree to have supper ready on time. My sister and another weren't, so my sister's husband said, "We must show them that we're in this together." We were then passed around to each husband, who gave us a dozen smacks. Finally we reached our own husbands, where we got a dozen more to remind us to whom we belonged. At this point we were all beet red and ready to promise anything. We were released with the warning that the same thing would take place should supper be late again. So far it hasn't.

At cards a few weeks later eight of us were discussing the spanking when one girl was caught cheating. Another girl laughingly suggested that she be spanked for her errant ways. Our hostess promptly brought her hairbrush and the three girls at the cheater's table took down her pants and gave her bare rump a good workout of about a dozen slaps each. She was very red and how she kept from crying, I'll never know. We then decided that each week the low scorer would get a bare-bottomed spanking from the other three at her table. My sister and a few of the others admitted that they were no strangers to the hairbrush or the strap, being on the receiving end from their husbands. One girl swore that she had never been caned by her husband. As luck would have it, a couple of weeks later she was low scorer. As her bottom was bared for the spanking, the girl over whose knees she lay let out a cry of surprise. We all looked and noticed that Susan's bottom was a bright crimson. She then admitted that she was a frequent victim of her husband's hairbrush, and he had in fact administered a severe session the night before.

One girl suggested that she be paddled by all seven for her lying, but that was voted down as it was pointed out that her bottom was quite sore.

My husband tells me that as long as I act like a child, he'll be obliged to punish me like a child and continue the spankings. It's certainly no fun and I wind up with my head down and bared bottom up over his knee at least twice a month.

I'd like to hear from others who've had similar experiences.—*Name and address withheld*

Your letters about spanking really turn me on. I wish you'd run a lot more of them.

I must have been born a masochist. I can remember when I was seven and eight years old becoming wildly excited whenever my daddy would lay me across his lap, yank down my panties, and spank me hard enough so I couldn't sit down for a little while.

When I was in tenth grade, I did everything I could to force the principal to spank me. He took me into this office, made me take my panties down, bent me across his knee, and whacked me with a ruler until I could hardly cry anymore. This happened twice. There is something about a spanking that is sexual and intimate at the same time. When we passed each other in the hall after that, he'd look at me in a certain way and I'd look back the same way. He knew I loved every minute of it in spite of how it hurt.

I am twenty-three now and have been married for three and a half years, and I make my husband spank me as often as I can. Luckily, spanking my bare behind turns him on as much as it does me. I can't sit for hours after he's finished, but that doesn't stop us from balling like crazy. Lighting a fire on my behind seems to light one around in front as well. And though I am usually crying very hard when we go to bed together, I wouldn't change it for the world.

Every month I can't wait for *Penthouse* to come out. The only thing that would make it better, as far as I am concerned, is more and more mail about spanking, and even a few pictures, if that is possible. Keep up the good work.—*Name withheld, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Beyond stereotypes

According to the *Penthouse* Sexindex in January, sex is more enjoyable for a woman than it is for a man. This opinion is to be expected because the idea that it's unfitting for a man to express emotion still survives. An artificial man/woman dichotomy exists for many people: "Man is stern and rugged; woman soft and sensual." In the typical cinematic fuck scene, the male is a superstud who can ream a cunt vigorously while remaining completely calm and unemotional himself. With all the emphasis on performance, control, and technique (the words themselves connote lack of passion), it's easy to see why sex really isn't sensually stimulating to lots of men—they're too busy struggling for supremacy. For them, the climax is a momentary weakness that no self-respecting man would admit to; all outward signs of enjoyment must be suppressed.

Shit, that's no way to get it on with a woman! It would be the height of conceit to deny the ecstasy that I feel and boast that my partner needs it more than I do, and that I'm doing her a favor when we ball. Obviously, sex is fun for everyone, man and woman alike. Fucking is its own reward; no need to turn it into a one-upmanship context.—*Name withheld, Laurel, Md.*

Body art

In your December 1973 issue I was pleased to read the letter from John Williams, Louisville, Ky.

He, too, is turned on by girls with sexy little tattoos! There really are a lot of us tattooed people out here. I was fortunate to locate an excellent tattoo artist named "Beachcomber Bill," and the man is pure genius with a tattoo gun. I have a small, delicate butterfly, complimented with a tiny flower, tattooed on my hip. It's positioned so it is hidden by my bikini bottoms—therefore, the only people who see it are those I choose to show it to. I have since brought three of my friends to the friendly tattoo parlor—two chicks and one guy, who, combined, had one snake and a variety of flowers tattooed. And each one of us felt like gleefully shouting, "I got a tattoo," on the subway ride back home. It really is an exhilarating experience, and definitely no longer only associated with drunken sailors and carnival queens.

I'm a twenty-two-year-old housewife, and my three friends are a nurse, a model, and an electrician. Tattoos are beautiful, sensuous, and deserve more recognition of their newfound acceptance and popularity. I hope you and your readers will help the cause of the art form of tattoos.

Thanks for publishing such an enchanting magazine.—*A.A., Tornoto, Ontario*

I was interested in John William's letter (December 1973) concerning tattooed girls. I too am turned on by girls with tattoos and would very much enjoy a pictorial feature on the subject. I

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Don't say you can't afford it. Now, you can. Now, you can experience the whole Torremolinos thing—Penthouse style—for only $439, flying out of New York on a Pan Am jumbo 747 superjet, plus a two-day stop in Madrid including dinner and a flamenco show, and a one-day stop in Granada, at deluxe hotels, and all sightseeing.

In Torremolinos, you'll be staying in a super place...the Playamar. It's like nothing you've ever seen or heard of before.

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So, set aside 14 days in June, July or August to swing in the swingingest spot in the world. Bring a friend or find one there.

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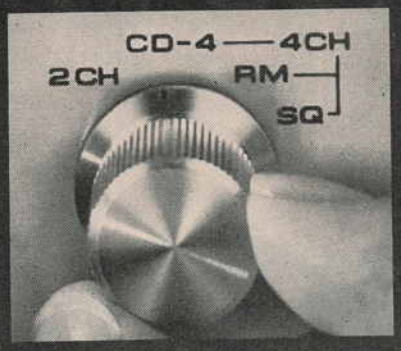

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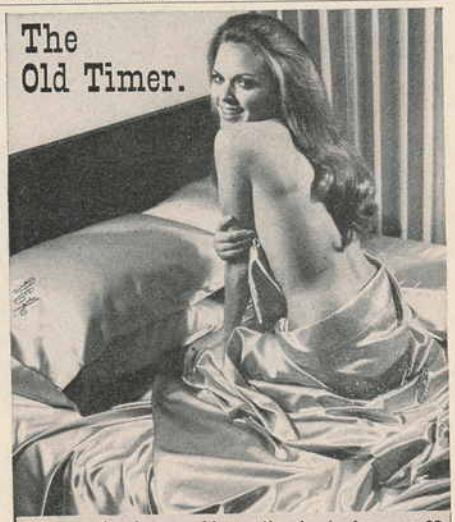
The Old Timer.



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personally know a number of people who share this interest and have taken great delight in acquiring designs that accentuate the attractive features of their bodies. Both my wife and I are tattooed and enjoy displaying our designs. I take exception to Mr. William's comment about this being a new phenomenon, however, for tattooing dates back to early Egyptian times—and has been brought to a high state of art in Japan.

Hope that others express their interest and that you'll be able to feature "decorated dolls" in the near future.—*D.G., McLean, Va.*

A pleasing note

Having read many interesting letters in your Forum, I thought that I would write and describe some of my experiences with masturbation—truly one of the most widely practiced sexual practices in today's world.

Having lived with my girl friend for three years here at the University of Virginia, I have found many ways to work masturbation in as an integral part of our sex lives. One of the most gratifying ways my girl friend has found to alleviate sexual tensions is to gently massage the insides of my thighs, and then turn my stereo up to maximum level and place the headphones, one cup each, around my testicles. The vibration drives my penis to a rigid erection. At the same time, my girl friend sits across my speakers and the vibration, particularly during bass notes, gives her extreme sensual pleasure.

Sometimes, after servicing my testicles with the headphones, she pours natural honey on my erect penis and then proceeds to lick it off. The sensuous pressure of her tongue, particularly around the head of my penis, drives me to almost unbearable ecstasy.

While these practices may sound unusual, they have had an amazing effect on our sex life. And, truly, the measure of a mutual practice in the art of sex is not how conventional it is, but rather how much it is enjoyed by those who practice it.—*Name withheld, Charlottesville, Va.*

But will the vegetable respond?

Your pictorial in the January issue, *Memoirs of a Casabanova*, reminded me of numerous striking resemblances I've observed between sexual organs in the human anatomy and related structures in the plant world.

A cross-sectional drawing of the ovary and surrounding duct system of a typical flower almost perfectly duplicates a diagram of the human ovaries. The first time I observed the furry crease of a kernel of wheat through a magnifying glass, my mind drifted far from the laboratory.

There are probably enough such resemblances in nature to fill several theses. There is an unknown area within the great void between zoology and botany. Although the pictorial was intended as intelligent satire, and it was, it also exhibited the great "thread of life" that interconnects all species on Earth. Great work, *Penthouse.*—*J.S., Fredonia, Kan.*

Risky whisky

First, I would like to tell you I think you have a very good magazine.

Now, I would like to tell you a story. I was a virgin until my high school graduation night. My girl friend, who normally wouldn't do such a thing, got drunk and I literally raped her. I was drunk also and didn't realize what I was doing. I've kicked my ass a thousand times for that night, because that ended our relationship. She was the first girl I ever said "I love you" to. She was the first girl I ever really did love. Well, I can't do it over again in a better way so I guess I'll try and forget about it. I just thought this might make some guys

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think a little before they get a girl drunk so they can get a piece of ass. That is, if they care about her at all.—*Name withheld, Kennewick, Wash.*

A matter of taste

The photographs in your magazine have left competition far behind. You have discovered a way of almost coming upon a girl by surprise, discovering her in some intimate act which crosses over the borderline into the world of an autoerotic sex fantasy.

The female genitalia you display are ones of fantasy—idealized and not at all like the reality. Like any ideal, they don't exist. But here the camera is lying and the enthusiasms of the reader for the illusion express themselves in terms of oral eroticism and anal activity.

The open vulva as an aesthetic object cannot survive a strong light or a truly disinterested look—such as gynecologists might frequently get. The color, labia, skin textures, sebaceous cysts, and other assorted blemishes hardly make it an object to which one would feel compelled to apply his or her mouth—or use the mouth as a sex organ. The practioner of oral sex on the vulva, clitoris, and vagina must overcome a sense of loathing to find titillation.

Adding to this, there are extremely unpleasant odors—the proverbial "fishiness" and other bacterial fermentations, yeasts, trichomonas, and odorous discharges often (but not invariably) associated with the vagina, supporting my suspicion that these devotees, as they reveal themselves in letters to your magazine, are indeed exhibiting a psychopathology that is perhaps similar in its substructure to coprophilia.—*Name and address withheld*

Viva voice

I just read a smartass review of your new magazine *Viva* in *New York* magazine. What a crock of balderdash! This broad objects to *Viva* because the publisher is male. Then she starts badmouthing *Viva* and *Penthouse* because a man couldn't know what women want. Okay, I might buy that. But the broad then starts passing judgment on *Penthouse* with cheap shots about dirty pictures and bad articles. She should go back to *Cosmopolitan*. She is like my frat brothers at the University of Washington. They pretend *Penthouse* is cheap—then the bastards sneak my copy out of my rucksack.—*Name withheld, Seattle, Wash.*

Pet requests

Your *Penthouse* Pets are very explicitly and provocatively pictured and are a real delight to behold. The only detraction from their sheer naked beauty is the covering of pubic hair. Some of the Pets have had their pubic hair trimmed, cropped, teased, or otherwise groomed. But how much more sensuous would be the completely smooth, shaved pussy?

With the increasing acceptance of nudity, it seems that a girl could turn a man on by showing off her treasure box without hiding behind the bush. We have come to consider it good grooming, and a self-conscious statement of pride and feminine attractiveness to remove hair from the upper lip, underarms, and legs. Hair in these areas looks as if a woman doesn't care about her attractiveness to men. With more transparent clothing and ultra-brief bikinis, girls commonly thin or trim their fur to look more acceptable. A mat of foliage obscures the naked beauty of the cunt, and hair sticking out under panties shows poor grooming. Yet, we still find models posed with a covering of underbrush.

A most beautiful example of the unadorned nude beauty with a smooth-shaven pussy was in the February 1973 issue on page 46. She was a delight. She excited me as much as my wife did when she first shaved. It was so exciting to have her smooth softness and warmth completely revealed and ready for action. She finds the regular daily shaving little inconvenience. She prepares for me by shaving in the bathtub, then follows with baby oil and a touch-up with the razor. She permits no stubble to grow and there is no itching. It takes only a few minutes and she is sleek and sexy from head to toe for our bedroom activities.

When a girl is clean-shaven, there is no doubt that she is clean and without odor. It is an open invitation to unrestricted enjoyment. The smoothness, softness, and warmth make complete sex more exciting. I'm glad my wife is proud of her pussy and wants to show it off to me to best advantage. I would hate to go back to coping with the underbrush.

Am I the only male who prefers womanhood in all its glory without the fuzzy coating? I, for one, vote for more nude, smooth, clean-shaven women. It's more than beautiful, it's a statement that a girl cares enough to bare her very best.—*Name withheld, Baton Rouge, La.*

There must be many men such as myself who enjoy the sight of a lovely and appealing woman with her hands tied. The material commercially available in the so-called bondage category seems to be uniformly grotesque and, to me, of little erotic value. An occasional photograph of this nature, handled with your customary grace and wit, would be most welcome.—*Name and address withheld*

I have waited two years to write this letter thinking that surely somebody would pick up on the idea before this, but I suppose that is not to be.

Please do an illustrated article on the young English actress Susan George who played Amy in Sam Peckinpah's *Straw Dogs*. She is certainly one of the most spectacular looking gals to come along in years, and the stills from *Straw Dogs* alone would make an incredible article . . . but information about her and her recent pictures would be even more incredible.—*H.H., Washington, D.C.*

Secret sex signals

The letters in Forum concerning secret sex signals have been of great personal interest to me, since I have been trying to develop certain signals of my own. My first approach was the common wink method:

1 wink: Let's ball.
2 winks back: Okay!
3 winks: Your place or mine?
4 winks: Yours.
5 winks: Mine.
6 winks: I hope you're not a masochist.

This worked well until I got her in bed. However, by that time we both had great headaches and all I got out of it was a lot of rapid eye movement. I soon revised the method and switched the signal to tugs on the nose:

1 tug on left nostril: Okay?
2 tugs on left nostril: Okay!
3 tugs on right nostril: No foolin'?
4 tugs on right nostril: No foolin'!
5 tugs on both nostrils: Do you have any Kleenex?
6 tugs: I don't believe in fellatio.

Although this method worked well, it was rather messy. Today I am still in search for a soundproof system. A friend of mine came up with an idea that was rather ridiculous. He suggested that if you want to get it on with a girl, you should—imagine this—go up and actually "talk" to her! How primitive can one get?—*J.F., Carbondale, Ill.*

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The Madras.

(How to do what we couldn't.)

People who mean well are always advising us to mix Smirnoff with something it ought to mix with but doesn't. We've got a whole list of promising possibilities that always turn out yukky.

Cranberry juice used to be in the number one spot. Then an interested bystander combined it with orange juice and Smirnoff and invented a good drink called the Madras. We hope it was just beginner's luck. Because we'd hate to be shown up twice.

To make a Madras, pour 1½ ozs. Smirnoff, 3 ozs. of cranberry juice and 1½ ozs. of orange juice into a glass of ice and stir.

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Coming in for the tide
I very much enjoyed the story *The Tide* by Whitfield Cook which appeared in the November issue of your magazine. I hope to see more stories by this author in *Penthouse.—Kenneth Acker, Marina Del Rey, Calif.*

Pet partisans
Your November cover girl was actually boo'ful, if you know what I mean.—*D.K., New York, N.Y.*

To my delight, Helga, on page 145 of the December *Penthouse*, displays your first peek at the growing trend toward *hair-free* pubic areas. Give us more!

Please continue your interesting enema-fetish letters, too. The entire Forum is a great treat.—*Name and address withheld*

I would like to commend you on your November Pet, Miss Debbie Griffin. You finally found a person who didn't let her body put her mind on an ego trip. She also had a practical way of looking at life. I wouldn't consider her prudish at all.—*J.F., Baltimore, Md.*

I started receiving my *Penthouse* in September and have really been turned on by your picture spreads and I enjoy your articles very much.

I blew my brains out over your Pet of the Year, Miss Patricia Barrett, in the October issue. She is just fantastic and she proves once again that girls from Texas are tops. I wouldn't mind going for a ride with her in her Jag V-12.

One suggestion if I may—can you make your centerfold a half page larger? I'd like to cover my walls with *Penthouse* centerfolds!

Hang tough, *Penthouse*. You're doing a great job, so don't let any of those behind-the-times jerks push you around.—*Name withheld, Millhaven Maximum Prison, Bath, Ontario*

As a reporter for the *Northern Star*, the ninth-largest college newspaper in the United States, I had the good fortune to meet Avril Lund, your March 1973 Pet.

Miss Lund came here along with Mike Fillicio, midwest manager for *Penthouse*, as part of a promotional talk on *Penthouse*'s marketing philosophy. They appeared before the Northern Illinois University marketing department. I covered the speech and had an hour's interview with Miss Lund. I wrote two articles that appeared in the *Northern Star*.

I imagine you'll be pleased to know the articles I wrote (favorably) about *Penthouse* reached an estimated audience of over twenty-five thousand persons.—*Michael Hill, DeKalb, Ill.*

Too much of a good thing
The letter from C.H. in the November issue of *Penthouse* sounded so much like me, my husband asked me if I wrote it.

I too am twenty-four and happily married. Like C.H. I enjoy coitus but have a wild desire for fellatio. Of course, my husband is very happy about my love for fellatio. I too have engaged in fellatio with some male friends while my husband was watching and enjoying every minute of it.

Unlike C.H. I don't consider this desire a problem at all, but a pleasure.—*Name and address withheld*

I have an interesting problem. It concerns a strange habit my wife has. We were married two years ago. I had always enjoyed fellatio, and my wife, I found soon after our marriage, loved to perform it. We enjoyed straight sex (missionary position) with a little fellatio on the side, and also the sixty-nine position—but soon after the honeymoon she began to put more and more emphasis on fellatio. After six months I would wake up to find her down on me. She lost all interest in any other kind of sex. We had an accident on the freeway about three months ago when I climaxed while driving at sixty miles an hour!

She began to punish me by actually chewing on my member—I still have scars!

By the end of eighteen months, I would lose sleep every night for fear of her coming down on me again (which happened several times every night). Soon thereafter I lost my job with an excuse from my employer that I had lost interest in my work. I learned later that the real reason was that he saw my wife performing on me in the parking lot during my coffee break.

I have separated from my wife now and have enrolled in night school. I found another girl who hates to perform fellatio (to my relief). But my problem is that I can no longer command an erection, which my doctor says is a psychosomatic condition brought on by my fear of fellatio.

I feel I am slowly overcoming (no pun intended) my problem, but I wonder how many other of my fellow avid *Penthouse* readers have had a similar problem.—*Name and address withheld*

Afterglow
I recently had the pleasure of being fucked by a man who truly likes women. I thoroughly enjoyed the feelings, the fun, and the man, and will repeat it if the opportunity arises!

I just wanted to tell someone—anyone—how nice it was, how delightfully exhausting, and what a nice place he left my head at, not to mention my body!

I especially like the "I just got laid" glow. Thank you for listening.—*Name and address withheld*

Special preference
Thank heavens for *Penthouse*! I was beginning to think that I had the only sexual hang-up of its kind in existence. By which, of course, I mean my favorite immoral pastime . . . enemas. After recently reading your magazine for the first time, I feel much, much better. It's comforting to know that others share this erotic compulsion with me!

I must admit I'm struck by the number of men who write you on the subject. I would have thought that enemas, for whatever purpose, were more in the female line. I suppose, though, all of us have to discover our own anal sensitivities, as well as just how nicely an enema can stimulate this intimate little place. Still, it seems to me that women, with their practical experience in such matters, would be more likely to find out than men would. Playing nurse, after all, is our cup of tea, and believe me, a soapsuds enema is no stranger to most of us—for the kids and the rest of the family, certainly for ourselves, and, when the occasion demands, for a girl friend or roommate. Which brings up an interesting point. There's a subtle difference in the physical relationships shared between women that makes it more natural for us to minister each other, even in the most personal ways, without having our intentions suspected. This, as it happens, is how I found out about enemas—and I'm not exactly what you'd call naive in affairs of the body.

The clown I'm married to had taken the youngsters camping and I was blissfully alone when a friend dropped by. She was about my age; we'd met at a club several weeks before and hit it off. I really liked her! After chatting over a few drinks, she embarrassedly asked me if I'd help her. She had an awful tummy ache, she said, and needed an enema real bad but didn't know quite how to do it. Without another thought, I told her of course I would. The kids had had their share of enemas and I couldn't see how giving my friend one would be any different. After all, the process is just the same, though perhaps you don't take a grown-up woman across your lap—or use a four-ounce bulb syringe. My friend, I decided, was going to need two whole quarts.

To make a long story short, we finished our drinks and I took her upstairs to my bedroom to undress while I got everything ready. It didn't take long. I stripped to my bra and panties, and when I came out of the bathroom with the full rubber fountain bag dripping in my hand, she was already lying naked on the bed waiting. She looked kind of flushed, I thought, and I could hear her quick breathing as I hung the bag over the foot of the bed. By the time I was ready for her, I must admit I'd become pretty nervous myself! But she numbly let me turn her over on her tummy and part her legs so I could find what I was looking for. It just didn't seem possible that the adult nozzle I'd attached would fit into the tender pink hole she presented to me. It did though! With lots of Vaseline and some gentle urging, including a little arching on her part, I managed to get it all the way in. Naturally, this meant spreading her cheeks apart and exposing everything between her legs in a most unladylike way. Well, you can imagine my surprise when I saw how excited the enema was making her. She began moaning and wriggling so passionately that I had to hold the rectal tip to keep it from slipping out.

I'm not a lesbian, but when I recovered from the shock of seeing her all sexed-up like that, you can hardly blame me for trying my best to help her—and, she told me afterwards, I was pretty good for a beginner!

Unfortunately, my friend had to move to the West Coast a few months later, though not before she'd taught me things about enemas I'd never dreamed of. Since then, and that was almost a year ago, I've had to play by myself, not the most satisfying way to explore new sexual techniques you yearn to try on someone else. I wonder at the apparent ease with which so many of your letter writers find compatible partners.—*Name and address withheld*

Justice and injustice
I am a soldier presently stationed in Schwabach, Germany. With practically no knowledge about the military, I foolishly enlisted for three years. A supposed forty-week medical school was guaranteed in writing.

A short while after entering the army, I found that there was no such school in existence. This was approximately December 1, 1972. However, clinging to a disillusioned trust in our mighty military, I was still hoping for my nonexistent school to somehow materialize. This never happened.

In April of 1973 I told the battalion commander of the unit I'm presently assigned to that I wanted out! I'd had enough of this ridiculous organization with their false promises and high ideals. My case was a clear-cut breach of contract. It would be only justice to give me an honorable discharge.

Since that April I have made every effort to obtain justice. I have gone through command channels and I have made a special trip to Washington, D.C., to plead my case. I have personally visited my state senator. The secretary of the army was notified. All these high-ranking "competent" individuals agreed that I was right. And the results—nothing. Over a year has passed and I'm still sitting in Schwabach, Germany.

So where do I turn now? How does one go about obtaining justice in the United States Army? Am I doomed to be just another piece of paperwork entangled forever in this ridiculous organization? If I leave without proper authorization, I am labeled a deserter and will be duly punished if

I am ever apprehended.

I was once taught that slavery was abolished in the Civil War. But I'm afraid I must argue this point: slavery is alive and well in Schwabach, Germany. So where does a modern day slave seek liberation these days?—*Name withheld*

Two months ago when I was visiting a girl I knew in Boston, we were interrupted in our lovemaking by a loud crash at her apartment door. Within seconds four police officers were in our bedroom, pulling the bedclothes from us and calling us all sorts of obscenities such as "hippy perverts" and "low-class scum." Despite my physical objections (which earned me a bloody face) they hauled us out of the bed and read to us a warrant for the arrest of some guy on charges of narcotics trafficking and pimping. Neither my girl nor I had ever heard of him. However, despite our saying so, we were taken to a nearby police station. We were allowed to dress but I managed to get only my jeans on, and my girl was forced to go along in only bra and panties. At the station I was separated from my girl for about an hour and left alone in a large room with no windows and a locked door. Presently I was joined by two detectives who grilled me severely. By this time I was on such an edge I struck one of them in the face, causing his nose to bleed. I do not remember anything after that.

I awoke in a cell, my head bleeding from a gun-butt wound. Several hours later I was taken from the cell, rejoined by my girl (who had undergone a check for drugs, having her vagina and anus probed) and told to leave. The police offered no apologies and no assistance. We ended up walking about a block before calling some friends from a phone booth. At home, my girl collapsed. I am a Canadian citizen, and though I screamed this out several times to the policemen and detectives, it got no result other than one cop calling me a "johnny canuck."

Since that nightmarish incident I have talked to several lawyers and people at the Canadian consolate in New York City as well as a Canadian government agent in Ottawa. I have subsequently launched a lawsuit against the Boston Police Department, though I have been repeatedly told it will do little good.

My girl has since come to live with me in Canada and she is about to renounce her American citizenship.

The United States is transforming itself from "the land of the free" into a carbon copy of Nazi Germany with the police having no respect for private citizens' rights. The American people must take action now before it is too late.—*Name withheld, Montreal, Quebec*

Monopede mania

I have been reading your magazine now for the past several months, and I have noticed that many of your readers have a great interest in female amputees. Last summer, I met a beautiful girl who had lost her right leg above the knee, and we are going to get married this fall. I, like most men, thought that making love with an amputee would not be a very erotic experience. Well, I proved myself wrong and I would like to relate to your readers my first experience with her. One day last summer, I went to a less crowded area of a large Long Island beach and to my surprise I saw this girl, who was extremely beautiful with firm, full breasts and a perfectly proportioned figure, lying on a blanket in a very skimpy two-piece bathing suit. It wasn't until she sat up that I noticed that she didn't have a right leg. She had her stump fully exposed and when I saw this I got an immediate hard-on. She had noticed that I was staring at her and she also spotted my erection. I was terribly

Raph Richman fell hard for beautiful Sonia Katz. But she remained unimpressed. The young intern tried gin, vodka, scotch, rum and even wine. "Thanks, but no thanks," sighed Sonia Katz. Finally, Raph whipped up an Instant EarlyTimes Pussycat. What happened? That sweet-sour taste instantly won her over. Forever.

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Gary Wood and Kathie Smith (right) are the subjects of this month's 11 page pictorial love story in Viva.

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embarrassed but I built up enough nerve to go over to speak to her. For the next couple of hours, I found her to be an extremely warm, intelligent, and personable individual. I asked her out to dinner that evening but she suggested that we have dinner at her apartment instead. From the moment I left her on the beach all I could think about was her stump, which seemed to excite me no end. When I arrived at her place she was wearing a tight sweater without a bra (which is sufficient enough to excite me), but when I saw that she was wearing a mini-skirt with her stump exposed and wiggling about, well, that put me over the top. All through dinner I had the urge to go to bed with her, but I didn't know how to approach her. After dinner we were sitting on the sofa talking but she noticed that I was staring at her stump and that I had an erection that bulged through my pants. To my surprise, she placed her hand upon the bulge and then unfastened my pants. After caressing my penis for a while, she rearranged her position on the sofa so that she could rub my penis with her stump. Needless to say, I was ready. We went into her bedroom and for the next several hours I made love with a woman who knows what lovemaking is all about. I am not ashamed to say that when it comes to having sex, she is the only one who can fulfill my desires. As far as I'm concerned my fiancée can make love better than any two-legged woman and I am proud to know that she will be my wife.—*Name and address withheld*

As a regular reader of *Penthouse,* I have been puzzled by the letters printed in Forum concerning female amputees. I just couldn't understand how an amputated stump could be sexually stimulating to a man. Like most other single men approaching age thirty, I have had experiences with various young ladies while looking for the right one to settle down with. Some of them I have had the pleasure of taking to bed; some I have not. Several just haven't been the right girls for me for other reasons. Trying to understand this professed stump attraction, I thought of how I would react to each of the girls I have known if they had only one leg. I decided that it would turn me off in some cases, while if I really liked the girl I could overlook her amputation and still enjoy being with her. However, using my wildest imagination, I was unable to see how I could become aroused by her stump. Now, I still don't understand it, but have found that I am just as aroused and stimulated by the look and feel of the thigh stump as any of the others who have written you.

I met a fantastic young woman while I was visiting relatives in Florida. She lives with her parents next door and, having become good friends with my aunt, often comes over for coffee in the mornings. The first time I saw her, I was immediately aware of a strong desire to know her better. Not only is she very beautiful and well-built, but she has that quality of liking people and being very easy to talk to. I talked with her and my aunt for about an hour and, just before she left, I asked her for a date that evening. She accepted, then got up to leave. I was startled when she picked up a crutch and swung out on one very well-shaped leg. She had been sitting at the breakfast table when I came in and I had not seen the crutch or been aware of her having only one leg.

Watching her leave, I found I was becoming very aroused. She was wearing a short skirt and, while I couldn't see how much of her leg had been amputated, the sight of just one shapely leg extending from under her skirt was strangely erotic.

On our first date, we found that we enjoyed each other's company very much, although our relationship didn't progress beyond a casual good-night kiss. The second evening I took her out, however, was different. When I took her home, she informed me that her parents were gone for the night and invited me in. We were soon fooling around on the sofa and she made no protests as I caressed her ample breasts and stroked her one leg. When I slipped my hand up under her skirt and placed it on her little stump, which I had not yet seen, I thought I had blown it. She immediately stiffened up and I was afraid she was going to demand that I leave. But, as I gently massaged her stump, she gradually relaxed and soon was as excited as I was.

After we had thoroughly exhausted each other, we were lying on her bed talking and I learned that I was the first man she had been with since losing her leg almost a year before. She was very self-conscious about her stump and her reaction to my touching it had been caused by a fear that I would find it repulsive. Instead, she soon found that she was stimulated by my fondling it.

By the time I left Florida last week, she was no longer self-conscious and, instead, seemed to enjoy my playing with her stump as much as I did.

Now that we have been apart for a week, I am very anxious to see her again as soon as possible. Trying to figure out just how much her being one-legged has affected our relationship, I have given it much thought and again played the mental game of imagining how I would feel about the girls I have known if they had only one leg.

My conclusions may be all wrong, but I believe that the stump of an amputated leg or arm can be sexually stimulating, but only when one is attracted to the amputee for some other reason. I don't think that a girl that I am not sexually attracted to would suddenly become a sexual object if she had a leg cut off. On the other hand, if I have had a good time in bed with a girl, I would enjoy her more if she should lose a leg. Anyway, I no longer think that those who have written you letters are a bunch of kooks.—*Name and address withheld*

After reading several of the letters sent to Forum about amputees, I have finally worked up enough nerve to tell you what happened to me. First off, I guess I should tell you that I too am an amputee, having had my leg cut off after an auto accident. But unlike the others, I am a man and do not feel hampered by the loss. Of course, I did not always feel this way—right after the accident I went into deep depression, feeling sorry for myself and acting as though the world had come to an end.

I moved to California and hoped for a new life. I found it. I got a job that is ideal for me. I work the graveyard shift for a hotel as night auditor. It was at work that my experience took place.

A girl about twenty-eight years old checked into our place at about midnight. I gave her a room and went about doing my books. At about 5 A.M. she called down to the desk and said she was looking for someone to talk to. I couldn't leave the desk alone, so she asked if she could join me. I said okay. We talked for a while and then I got up from my desk and I guess she noticed I was limping. She asked what I had done to my foot, and I explained what happened. When the day auditor came on, we both went for breakfast. We started talking about sex. She asked me if I was able to get it on, a thought I hadn't dwelled on until then. The doctors had assured me that I could perform but to tell the truth I didn't believe them. Anyway we did get it on and I had the wildest sex ever. After getting undressed she caressed my shortened leg and this turned both of us on. She went down on me and soon I couldn't hold back. I'm happy to say that this went on for three days.

This girl changed my outlook. For every girl turned off by the loss of a limb there are, I'm sure, the same number that are not.—*Name and address withheld*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

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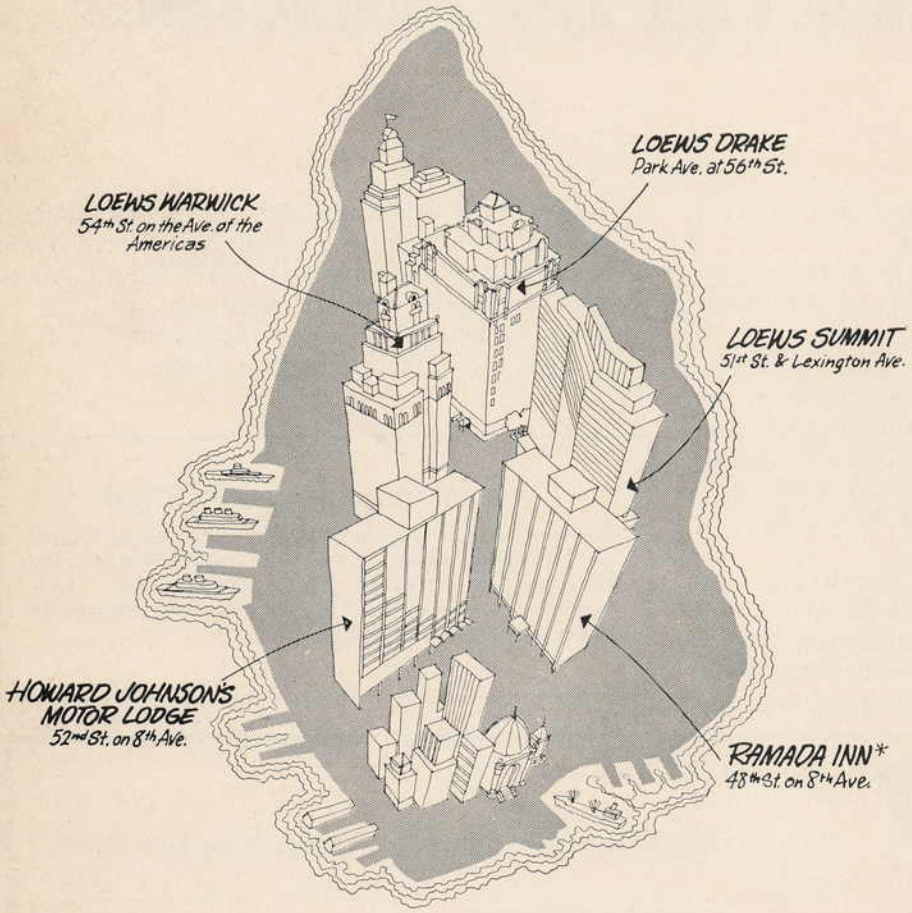
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Concerning H.K.'s letter in your November issue, I suppose I would qualify as one "turned on" by orthopedically handicapped girls, not specifically amputees.

This has not been a lifelong attraction for me, but rather one fostered as a result of my late wife's becoming handicapped. As a result of cancer surgery, she lost use of her right leg, although she retained the limb. The last several years of her life were spent mainly in a wheelchair, since she never became very adept with crutches.

These last years were the happiest of a very successful marriage. Part of this was due to the sharing and understanding between us necessary for her rehabilitation to a very full and active life. However, part was also due to a marvelous enrichment of our sexual experience. I never ceased to be thrilled when lifting her in or out of her chair. I did this, when we were alone, long after any physical necessity had passed. Her feet, soft and uncallused from disuse, became close to a fetish for me. Helping her undress before bed became for us the center of foreplay.

I have begun to date again and am convinced that any future meaningful relationship in my life must be with a handicapped girl. I always wondered whether the wiring diagram of my psyche was particularly unique in this respect—after reading several months of Monopede Mania, I rather doubt it. Therefore H.K., take heart, there are a few of us guys around.—*Name and address withheld*

Mutual fantasies

I lived with a girl for two years and, while our sex life was good by most standards, we really weren't liberated until it was almost over and the fear of emotional loss was gone. We both took the risk to express our mutual fantasies and the result was unbounded sexual pleasure.

She used to enjoy riding my penis while I read aloud to her from pornographic novels. We would turn each other on while balling by telling each other erotic stories. We both seemed to especially like hearing tales regarding ourselves in homosexual relationships. We became pretty good storytellers. I still fantasize her in lesbian and straight relationships.

The only fantasy we turned to reality was one in which she would tie a young boy with silk scarves to the bedposts and then tantalize him with feathers and her mouth until he was begging to get laid. In the transference, however, it was she I tied to the bedposts.

I began to give her a light spanking and she really went bananas. Her botton ended up quite red, but it never stopped moving. She lost count of the orgasms. From then on we frequently had sex with the added enjoyment of verbal fantasies, mirrors, and dildos, but never repeated the bondage and spanking. Once was apparently enough.

The added benefit was the personal liberation we achieved individually. I stopped hiding my pornography as well as any desires I had. I freely masturbated and had no compunction about telling anyone. She arrived at the same freedoms. We both have shed tons of guilt carried since childhood. Bravo, *Penthouse*! Keep up the good work! Please withhold my name as the girl is out of the country and knows nothing of this letter. —*M.C., Buffalo, N.Y.*

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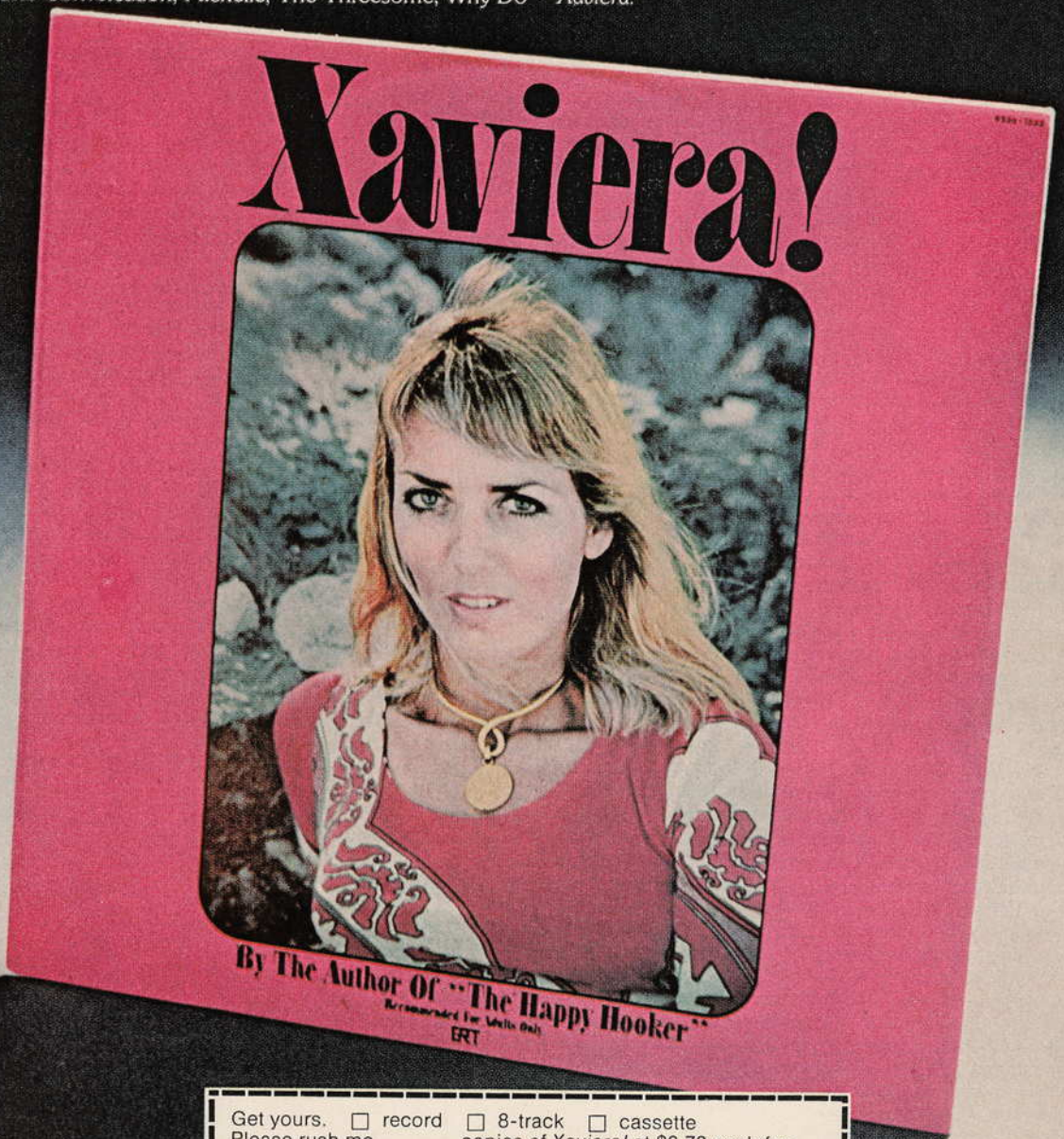

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Ruskin, John (1819–1900): English art critic and prolific author (his collected works run to thirty-nine volumes). The son of a prosperous wine merchant and overpossessive mother, he was educated by private tutors instead of going to school, which may account for his later naiveté toward sex. He admitted that he was "virtually convent-bred," and that in the presence of a mature woman, he felt "like nothing so much as a skate in an Aquarium trying to get up the glass." Thus the omens were already bad when, at the age of twenty-nine and still a virgin, he married the vivacious, nineteen-year-old Effie Gray. On his wedding night, Ruskin claimed, "my own passion was much subdued by anxiety," and the couple agreed to postpone consummation until after the honeymoon. Later they agreed—or rather, Ruskin insisted—that they should postpone it until Effie was twenty-five. Ruskin later said of his wife, "Though her face was beautiful, her person was not formed to excite passion. On the contrary, there were certain circumstances in her person which completely checked it." A doctor who later examined Effie found that she was "naturally and perfectly formed." So what were the "certain circumstances" that put Ruskin off? Most biographers believe that it was pubic hair—Ruskin had only seen naked women in statues and they were invariably bald. Whatever the reason, Effie remained untouched until 1835 when she met and fell in love with the painter Millais. After undergoing a medical examination to prove that she was still a virgin, she successfully won an annulment of her marriage and went on to marry Millais. Ruskin, meanwhile, resorted to masturbation—or at least that seems to be the implication of certain veiled diary references to "the quality of love which we betray by our vices. . . . It is suicide committed daily." But during the 1860's his sex life took a more perverse form when he started falling in love with pubescent girls. He got a job at a girls' school and wrote gleefully to his father about one playacting session: "I got a nice blue-eyed girl to be Minerva. . . . I had studied curtseying all the afternoon before, in order to get myself nicely up as Venus." He also expressed a degree of enthusiasm for Kate Greenaway's children's book illustrations, which must have amazed his colleagues in the art world. Writing about one of her pictures, Ruskin noted that: "Of course the Queen of them all is the little one in front—but she's just a month or six weeks too young for me. Then there's the staff bearer on the right turning round !!!! but she's just three days and a minute or two too *old* for me." His main child-love was Rose La Touche, an Irish girl of good family, to whom he gave drawing lessons. She called him "Crumpet" and was evidently fond of him—but not as fond as he was of her. Against each of his diary entries for this period there is a number: the number of days until Rose would be twenty-one and he could marry her. But Effie Gray got wind of this scheme and wrote to Rose's parents, telling them of her own disastrous experiences, and they quashed the idea. Rose turned into a religious maniac in her teens and died at twenty-three. Ruskin attended séances in the hope of contacting her and identified her in his disordered brain with St. Ursula. His later years were spent between bouts of sanity and madness at Brantwood in the Lake District, where a servant would come in every evening to announce "The sunset, sir," and Ruskin would reverently go outside and watch it.

Sacher-Masoch, Leopold von (1836–95): Austrian writer and the original "masochist." He was born in Lemberg, the son of the chief of police. He studied jurisprudence and later taught it at Graz University, but he soon gave up his academic career to devote himself wholly to writing. Incredibly prolific, he wrote several successful historical novels, short stories, humorous vignettes, journalistic essays, etc., as well as his one remembered work, *Venus in Furs*. If his wife's memoirs are to be believed, his masochism developed early, with a childhood crush on his aunt Zenobia. On one particularly ecstatic occasion, he hid in her wardrobe among her fur coats (he was also a fur-fetishist) and watched her having sex with her lover, until he was detected, dragged out, and beaten. This scene was to have many repeat performances throughout his life. At twenty-five, he met a rich doctor's wife named Anna von Kottowitz and, after challenging her husband to a duel (which he ungallantly refused), took her to live with him. She apparently shared his tastes for whips and bondage and was quite happy to play the role of the dominant mistress. With Sacher-Masoch's prompting she took a lover and tortured her "slave" deliciously by telling him about her infidelity. But the liaison came to a hurried end when Anna caught VD and Sacher-Masoch sent her packing. His next affair was with Fanny Pistor, the self-styled "Baroness Bogdanoff," who proved even more amenable to the mistress-slave scenario. She signed a contract with him, which read in part: "The Mistress (Fanny Pistor) has the right to punish her Slave (L v S-M) in any way she thinks fit for all errors, carelessness, or crimes of lèse-majesté on his part. He . . . must accord his mistress a wholly servile obedience and accept as an exquisite condescension any favorable treatment she may extend to him. He recognizes that he has no claim on her love. . . . Fanny Pistor, on her side, promises to wear furs as often as possible, especially when she is in a cruel mood." On this basis, the partners traveled to Italy, with Sacher-Masoch disguised as a manservant. In Venice, Fanny obligingly took a lover, a third-rate actor named Salvini, and Sacher-Masoch waited on them at the table and spied on them through keyholes. It was this relationship that provided the inspiration for *Venus in Furs* (1870), with Fanny as "Wanda," Sacher-Masoch as "Severin," her slave, and Salvini as "the Greek," her lover. In his diary for April 1872, Sacher-Masoch neatly paraphrases the situation: "I do not wish to be ill-treated by someone who loves me too much but by someone who loves me too little. I find jealousy excruciating and yet I am enraptured if a woman makes me jealous, betrays me, and behaves badly to me. Severin gets into a very pitiable position At the very moment when he finds his servitude intolerable she obliges him to continue in it. For me, to love a woman means to be afraid of her " But Fanny eventually tired of her slave and left, to be replaced by Aurora von Rumelin, who took the name of Wanda and bullied Sacher-Masoch into marriage. She proved rather a reluctant mistress, but one weekend, when the children were away, she did agree to go through the infidelity scene with a somewhat baffled young student named Sandor Sacher-Masoch recorded the event in his diary: "Wanda closed the door. I almost fainted It was an appalling moment when I heard the key turn in the lock. The idea that she was now free of me and could do what she liked without my being able to stop her was terrible I turned out the lamp, laid a cushion against the door, knelt down and peered through the keyhole." And so it went on. Wanda, too, eventually grew bored with the playacting and left. Sacher-Masoch's mind weakened, and fact and fantasy became inextricably confused. His last marriage, appropriately enough, was to his children's governess.

Sade, Marquis de (1740–1814): French writer whose life and works make him the original

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

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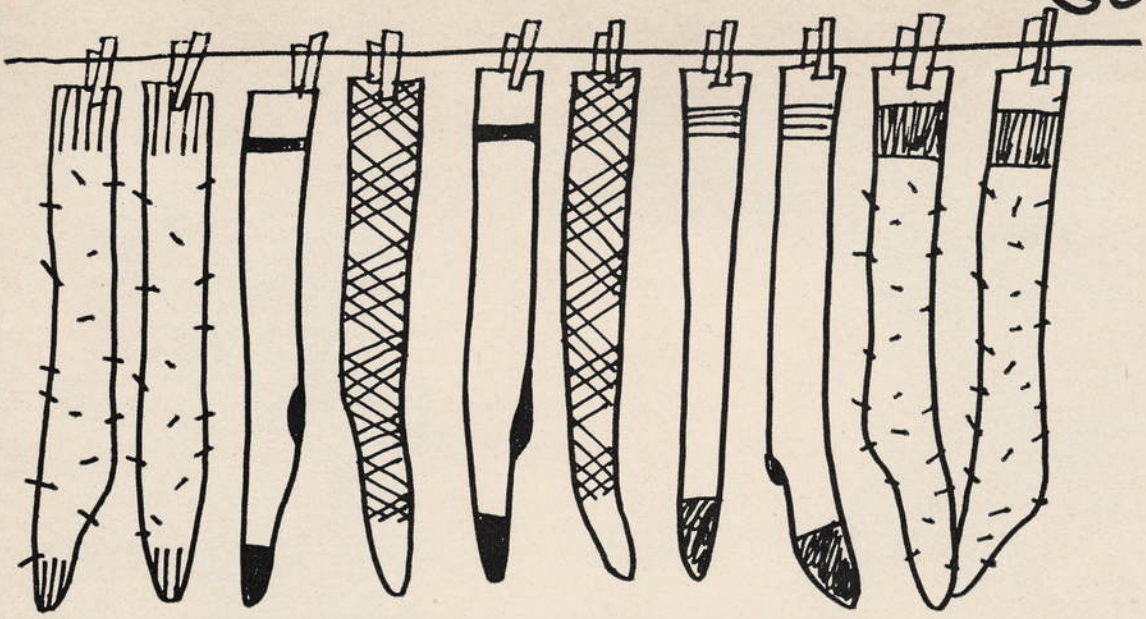

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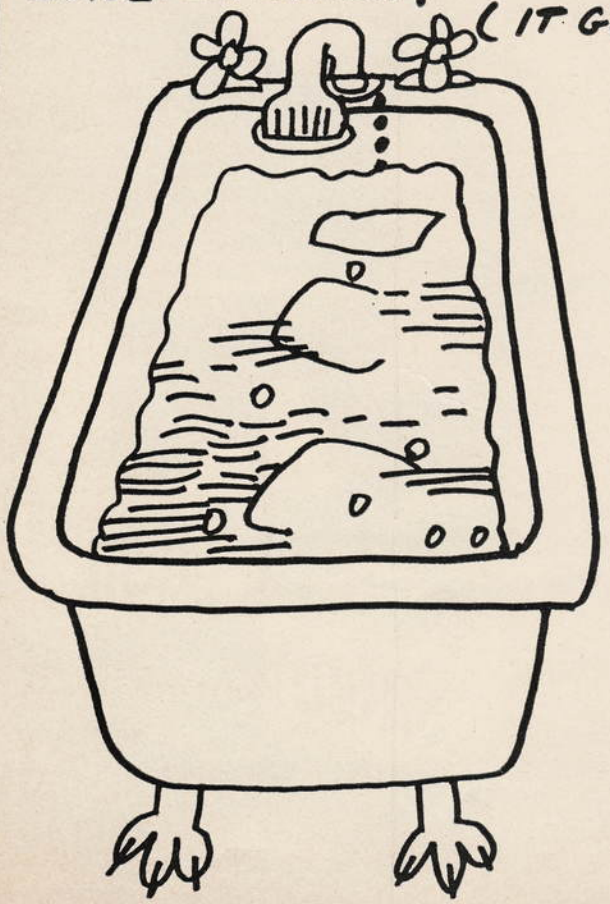

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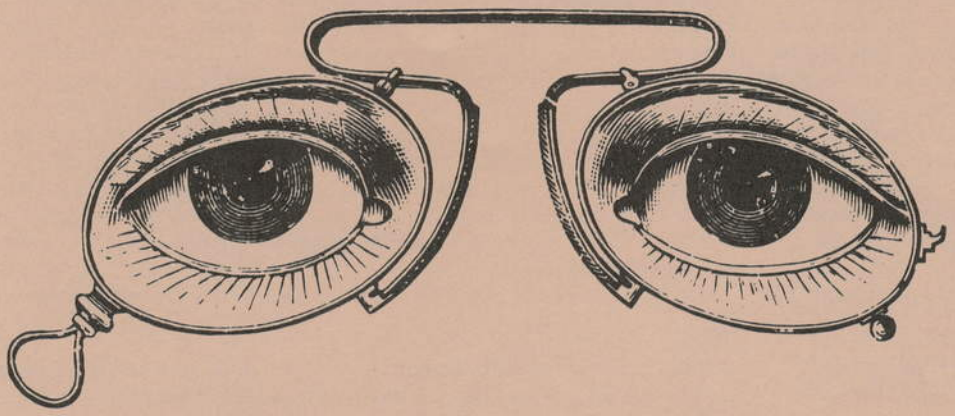


THE IRS BLUES

No question about it, you really have to hand it to the Internal Revenue Service. Especially around this time of year. If you don't, they'll put the arm on you. And the odds are a lot better than even money—roughly four to one as a matter of fact—that if it goes to court you lose. But their record is actually much better than even that would indicate. Because most citizens who get caught in a difference of opinion with the IRS simply pay up or settle out of court.

James Otis, more than two centuries ago, got the American colonists pretty steamed up by declaring that "taxation without representation is tyranny." Lately, a number of us have noticed that it isn't too thrilling *with* representation either.

Still, you've got to concede the revenooers one thing besides the money: they do try to make it as painless as possible. They're impeccably polite as they extract it from you. And in most cases they arrange to have your employer withhold it from your salary, so you never even see or handle their share. That way they hope you'll be less inclined to notice the size of the bite. It's called "pay as you go." Which really means *you* pay as *they* go. In addition, they stand ready to answer your questions at any time. They don't want you to pay a penny more than you should. They want you to take advantage of every deduction the law allows. And during the season, like now, they even stay open late to help you fill out your return. (Somehow, taking advantage of that offer has always struck me as a little like inviting Lucrezia Borgia to your party to help mix the drinks.)

Beyond that, they keep working to make the forms ever simpler and easier to understand. Some years ago it was rumored they had on the drawing boards what was then regarded as the *ultimate* short form. A form that was literally as simple as ABC:

A. How much did you make?
B. How much is left?
C. Send B.

Now, the story goes, it has had to be revised. Under "C" on the new form, it will say "Send A."

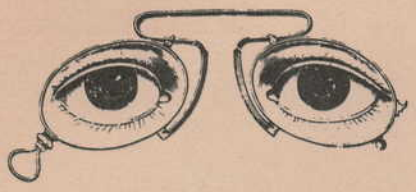
Of course, they're always worrying about their image and devising new ways to improve it. They seem to have this constant fear of appearing ruthless and coercive. Which, obviously, is why they changed their name a while back from the Bureau of Internal Revenue to the Internal Revenue *Service.* And you'll have to admit that was a stroke of pure genius. I mean, who else do you know that would have the gall fo take your money, give nothing in return, and call it a "service"? Can you picture Blackbeard advertising his operation as the Atlantic and North Carolina Piracy Service?

No doubt a good part of their success can also be traced to the fact that they started out very small and grew up in a sort of geometric progression. The modern GIT (Graduated Income Tax) began with the adoption of the Sixteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution in 1913. This was followed by a tax law fixing the basic rate at a rather modest 1 percent on individual incomes over $3,000—of which there were very few—for single persons, or over $4,000 for married ones. There were surtax rates for the phenomenally wealthy making over $20,000, ranging from 1 percent all the way up to 6 percent. Profits of corporations were taxed at a flat 1 percent.

In 1915 Internal Revenue collected an average tax of $4.13 per person. By last year that figure had multiplied by more than 242 times to a nice round $1,000 for each man, woman, and child in America. And corporations were assessed at roughly half their income over $25,000—making Uncle Sam an equal partner in nearly every major enterprise. The Law of Gravitation, they say, does not apply to taxes.

In all fairness, it's the Congress and not the Internal Revenue "Service" that fixes the tax rates. The IRS is responsible only for doing an efficient job of raking it in. And in less than sixty years they have reduced the cost of collecting a hundred dollars from $1.64 to a mere forty-five cents. Proving once again that it pays to do business on a volume basis.

Some of the credit has to go to the use of computers and data banks, of course, but there is also the fact that the IRS doesn't really have to employ tax "collectors" as such. The people do their own collecting—from themselves and from each other—for the government. And the people pay most of the cost. The law requires each citizen to keep accurate records of all transactions that may involve taxes and be ready to produce them on demand to justify deductions. (When it comes to taxes, you are presumed guilty until proven



innocent.) Employers are required to compute their workers' payroll withholdings —again keeping accurate records—and send the money in periodically to the Treasury.

So most of the so-called collection expense really goes for such things as handling the mail, counting the money, and conducting audits to see if you cheated on your homework. Or more recently, as it turns out, to screw you for making the Dean's list of Nixon administration "enemies." As the Supreme Court said (Evans vs. Gore, 1920), "The power to tax carries with it the power to embarrass and destroy."

It also carries the power to manipulate the economy. And the people. Economists describe this aspect of tax law as the device of "restructuring incentives." It can be used, for example, to encourage people to marry and have children. To buy their own homes rather than rent. To encourage the wealthy to make charitable contributions. To provide incentives for oil and gas companies to gamble on new wells through depletion allowances. To encourage or discourage consumption of booze and tobacco products. Or to entice a president to donate his vice-presidential papers to the archives in exchange for a half-million-dollar deduction.

Hardly anybody can afford to make a move these days without checking to see what the effect will be taxwise. Even tax consultants have tax consultants.

And, of course, hardly anybody would be foolish enough to prepare his or her own return. Having to file one used to be regarded as a mark of status. As late as 1936, only three million individuals or married couples were required to file. Last year more than 75 million people filed. That's a lot of writing.

Which is why it is said that the preparation of income tax returns is responsible for the greatest renaissance ever in American fiction.

All those fabulous stories of "untold" wealth!—*Fred Darwin*

HAPPENINGS

ASSES

Because of a convulsion in the English language which began back in the Middle Ages, the noble beast known as the ass now finds himself an object of ridicule. His name has become a synonym for the butt end of just anything at all, and, without good reason, we also use "ass" as a derogatory term for people we don't like.

This causes great pain to all ass lovers, including the American Ass Society, the American Council of Spotted Asses, and an unusual man named Dr. Horace Allison.

Dr. Allison is a story in himself. He is six feet, four inches tall; wears long hair; is rail-splitter thin; and has a craggy face to match. He wears a lot of homemade clothes because Mrs. Allison is a thrifty woman and a skilled seamstress. The doctor has taught his family to love nature and live off the land harmoniously—not just to depend on inflated fees. He would never make it on Park Avenue.

Dr. Allison hails from Carthage, Texas, and now practices medicine in Presque Isle, Maine, where he lives with his wife, Dana, five children, twenty-five asses, and assorted livestock. Since he is a pediatrician, he often uses his asses and other animals to win the confidence of his small patients, making his house calls in an ass-drawn carriage. For fun, he carves gigantic horns—ten and twelve feet long—out of cedar and cypress logs. He uses them to play folk songs and symphonic themes and often appears at music festivals across the nation.

When the Allisons move cross-country they create consternation on the highways. Other drivers can't believe that they are really seeing seven people wedged into one car, with all their luggage and a couple of twelve-foot horns tied on top and a braying ass in a trailer bringing up the rear.

Dr. Allison got into the ass business when he swapped a pair of baby skunks for one spotted ass. He's never been sorry.

"The ass has served human beings for a long time," he says. "He's a placid, even-tempered creature, who will give his all if you treat him right, but if you push him beyond endurance he is capable of kicking your head off. An ass can be a tough customer in a fight. Attacked by large members of the cat family, the ass has been known to throw himself in the air and land on his back with a broken cat underneath him."

But what about the ass's reputation for sitting down and stubbornly refusing to move?

"Not so," says the doctor. "He'll only do that if you mistreat him. No one ever got anywhere by kicking an ass. If an ass stops suddenly, he's not being stubborn. He may have seen a crack in the road that has made him nervous. They do that a lot—stop to test the ground. A very sensible animal."

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

But what can an ass do that a horse can't do better?

"The ass is more intelligent. He learns quicker and he doesn't forget. An ass will never take you through a gate that's too narrow for the cart he's pulling. But just try it with a horse. If he can personally make it, the horse just doesn't care whether you rip your wheels off on the gateposts.

"Another thing," adds Mr. Allison, "throughout history, asses, house cats, and intellectuals have been despised and downgraded. And all for the same reason. They refuse to be pushed into things. You can get along with them only on terms of mutual respect."

We asked about how the word "ass" came to be misused. Apparently it began back around A.D. 1200. In those days, "ass" meant the animal and "erse" referred to the human buttocks. Gradually, "erse" became "arse." The theory is that when "arse" crossed the ocean, New Englanders got hold of it, and dropped the "r."

Thus, by the 19th century, a proper Bostonian couldn't distinguish his "ass" from his "ahhs." That's why polite society took to calling the ass a "donkey."

"Donkey is really an insulting term," says Dr. Allison. "It stems from the word 'dung' plus the word 'key'—meaning hue or color. So 'donkey' really means manure-colored."

One of the nice things about the ass is that he is cheap and easy to care for. He can graze and find food where other animals would starve. He has very supple, muscular lips—almost prehensile—and he can snake these lips in among cactus spines and chew out the juicy, edible parts. Also, he can suck moisture from the dew to keep himself going in the desert.

An ass will never drink too much—and how many of *us* can make that statement? Studies at the University of Nevada have revealed that the ass has a great system for regulating body fluids: his temperature automatically rises in hot weather. This enables him to retain moisture which a horse would expend in sweat.

One of the reasons why the ass has been treated with disdain is that he hates war. Although it's difficult, sometimes impossible, to ride a horse into battle, it was still Don Quixote, on a horse, who charged the windmill.

Sancho Panza, on his ass, simply stood by and watched.

The ass was thus consigned to second-class status as a hauler and carrier, a perpetual member of the services of supply. The ass came to be thought of as a peasant's animal, while the dumber horse became the darling of the gentry. The military horse was petted, fondled, and cared for until the day of the big battle; then he was ridden half to death and maybe wound up with an arrow in his . . . uh-h . . . rump.

There have been very few cases of an ass dying from overwork. If his load is too heavy, or if he begins to tire, he stops and rests.

The horse, on the other hand, will trust to human mercy and, as a result, millions of them have dropped dead while trying to take just one more step for old massa.

Asses come in all sizes from tiny, three-foot burros all the way up to the American mammoth ass, which may reach a height of sixty-eight inches at the shoulder.

Males are called "jacks" and females are "jennets" or "jennies." If you cross a jack with a mare, you get a mule—usually. Mules are big and strong and were the basic source of animal power for ante-bellum Southern plantations. (Incidentally, George Washington was the first to breed mules in America; he used some jackasses given to him by the king of Spain.)

The mule is still generally regarded as a symbol of the poor, as witness the Reverend Ralph Abernathy's mule teams that led the poverty march on Washington. Actually, however, in the Ozarks and Appalachians at least, the mule is a symbol of affluence.

The mule, alas, is sterile. But, as always, there is a silver lining. We have no evidence that he is impotent.

Getting back to the ass, we should mention that he does have one bad habit. If he is happy, he may express himself by running —whether you want him to or not.

"Best thing to do in that case," says Dr. Allison, "is to let him get it out of his system. When he is worn out he'll resume his old, placid ways."

As we were preparing to leave, Dr. Allison asked if we had become believers. "Are you going to write good things about the ass?"

"Bet your sweet donkey," we said.

—Richard Ballad

SHOWS

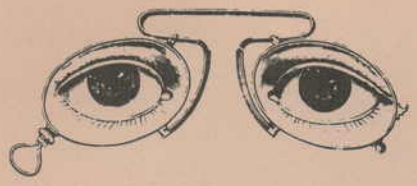
A KING IN NEW YORK

Charlie Chaplin's *A King in New York* opened in London in 1957, seventeen years ago. But it didn't open in New York until last December, and it didn't make its way into national distribution until this spring.

In an odd way, the delay was a good deal more famous than the movie. Everybody deplored a missing Chaplin film, but nobody seemed terribly anxious to see it. Actually, it could be seen frequently enough in Europe, and the reports were not too encouraging. Late Chaplin, from *Monsieur Verdoux* (1947) through *A Countess from Hong Kong* (1966), has presented a problem for those who have seen, say, *The Gold Rush* and thought they knew what Charlie was all about. *A King in New York* compounds the problem, having grown notorious in its absence as Chaplin's answer to the House Un-American Activities Committee. Everyone knew what Chaplin had been through in the late 1940's and early 1950's—the almost ritual indignation at his mild political nonconformity, at his success, his sex life, his refusal to become a citizen, his beautiful young wife. The American Legion fought him, the Catholic War Veterans picketed him; playdates were canceled for *Monsieur Verdoux*; when he left the country after finishing *Limelight* (1953) he was barred from coming back.

Chaplin made *A King in New York* in England. All the exteriors are stock footage in obvious back projection. As it turns out, the lack of simple realism is a virtue. I don't know what I expected of the film; considering its politics, perhaps something like a harangue from the Hollywood Ten. That was all wrong. It is a gentle, surprisingly unassertive film. It opposes the Un-American Activities Committee, all right—but not in the name of left-wing politics. Like all the late Chaplin movies, and as their titles begin to suggest (*Monsieur . . ., A King . . ., A Countess . . .*), its ideal is a decent, dated, somewhat displaced aristocracy. The heroes of these movies aren't the archetypal Little Tramp; but they are his fancy cousins. Whatever their pasts, they are now only pretenders to position and power. Except for the busy wife-murderer Verdoux, they have no jobs. They are all a little short of funds.

Even King Shadhov (Charlie Chaplin), fleeing revolution, feels the pinch when the national treasury, which he thought was safely awaiting him in his New York exile, is spirited off to South America by his unscrupulous prime minister. Tempted, and masterminded, by a voluptuous vision in a hotel bathtub (Dawn Addams), Shadhov turns to advertising—royal testimonials on TV, billboards above Times Square—and he almost succeeds in winning the rat race, until a little child he befriends pushes him into facing the tragedy inherent in the historical process. The kid (Michael Chaplin—possibly the best performance by a Chaplin offspring in any movie, which isn't saying much) spouts a sort of neo-Marxist litany by fanatical rote. But he is a bright and immensely likable kid. And by a stroke of fine dramatic intuition, it is he and not the suave Shadhov who is brought low, when the Committee gets him to reveal the names of former Communists for whom his radical schoolteacher parents would go to jail



rather than betray. The boy's betrayal is both sadder and less shattering than any adult's. He will grow out of it. Even in the perspective of 1957 the Committee's terror must have seemed greatly diminished. Moved, but for practical purposes untouched, Shadhov returns to Europe. Not to his kingdom, but to his queen, now living in Paris on her own personal wealth—enough money to support him in the genteel extravagance to which he is happily accustomed.

There is a lot of topical cultural satire in *A King in New York*—about wide-screen movies, the way kids dance (whatever it was that preceded the Twist), TV commercials, progressive education—none of it too startlingly on target. An extended takeoff on face lifting, when Chaplin acceeds to Dawn Addams's desire for a more photogenically young-looking man, simply lacks the invention to justify its time. But then Charlie will violently throw himself on Dawn Addams—after a buildup of the most inappropriate sweet talk and soft music—and the clown behind the king emerges in an explosion of vitality. It is moments like this, or the moments when Charlie laughs—that simpering, embarrassed, rather wicked laugh, giving away the nasty secret of a sixty-year-old monarch who really lusts after a girl in her twenties—that certify the style and the very meaning of *A King in New York.*

Essentially, it is an old man's film about the condition of being an old man—a complex, not entirely disagreeable condition. And it is at the same time a film about the power of sexual attraction, a power that, for Chaplin, outlasts its sublimated youthful forms—in the sweet pathos of the early features like *The Gold Rush* or *City Lights*—to become something much more serious. Also, funnier. So much of Chaplin's late humor stems from his capacity to suddenly lose, and just as suddenly to regain, composure, as if he were two utterly incompatible personalities living together with *almost* perfect control.

Sexual appetite can break that control, and its emergence means both a loss of psychic balance and an expression of physical vigor. In life, the vigor has been real enough—and prodigious. Chaplin was fifty-four when he married Eugene O'Neill's eighteen-year-old daughter, and he then fathered eight children. But on the screen, that vigor ultimately gives way to smiling regrets, to a sometimes bitter, more often bemused nostalgia for what might have been. Dawn Addams has never been the world's greatest movie actress. But she was (and still is) an elegantly beautiful woman. The image of Dawn Addams, radiant in feathers and furs, does as much to explain the impulses behind *A King in New York* as any concern for the political rights of man.

There are other images as well: the plump, vulnerable, handsome face of young Michael Chaplin; the dignified presence of Oliver Johnston, who plays King Shadhov's loyal ambassador to the United States, and who functions in the movie as Chaplin's straight man; above all, Maxine Audley as the queen, who appears for just one scene and is granted an aura of personal glamour not even allowed Dawn Addams. All these people are seen with a directness and a formal simplicity that may have seemed crude to the advanced tastes of 1957, but that seems just, perhaps even inspired, today. Some of the other crudities don't matter anymore—like the minor character actors, all British and all talking "American," as if everybody in New York City got his accent from southern Missouri. And some of the crudities—like the obvious back projection, the unreal handling of crowd scenes—merely enforce the sense that *A King in New York* is the product of an intensely personal vision. It is a marvelous vision, gracious and tough, tolerant and unillusioned. And whatever its qualities were at the start, in the great silent comedies that Chaplin made even before 1920, I think *A King in New York* became better toward the end—when the view of life had grown rich with backward glances and the sight of pleasures never to be explored.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

THE MYSTERIOUS B. TRAVEN

One of the dreams of people who write about books is to discover or rediscover a great talent languishing in obscurity and see it enshrined in the canon of "literature"—the stuff that is taught in schools. (A spectacular example was Raymond Weaver's promotion of Herman Melville in the Twenties, which was so successful that we now assume the first readers of *Moby Dick* exclaimed, "Wow, a classic of American literature," rather than, "Ugh, what a fat book.")

One writer who has been "rediscovered" no less than eight times in the last couple of decades is usually referred to as "the mysterious B. Traven" because about all that's known of him is that his name is not B. Traven. Every time the persistent and enterprising publisher Hill and Wang brings out another B. Traven novel about Mexico—there are now eight in English—at least one critic discovers him to be "the master storyteller of the 20th century," or proclaims him "the greatest proletarian novelist of the Western Hemisphere," or warns that "we dismiss Traven's genius at our own peril."

The guardians of literature seem oblivious of their peril. Except for a few cults in English Departments in the Southwest, B. Traven exists only as the author of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, a great movie, but not a book on reading lists.

There is no mystery behind Traven's failure to join the immortals. By the standards taught in Lit courses—structure, characterization, and especially English style—B. Traven is an atrocious writer. Nevertheless, I recommend you pick up on him.

Intellectuals are faced here with the irony of the proletarian novel written not by an intellectual who knows what makes literature, but by a real proletarian—a man who had worked from childhood at one hard, degrading job after another, and simply recorded what he knew. What he knew about himself was not degradation, but an unshakeable assurance of his own intrinsic worth. Thus his hardships became adventures—sometimes ruefully funny in their failure, sometimes grandiose in their triumph over incredible odds—always for negligible rewards. His belief in himself produced an active belief in the supreme importance of every individual, and this made Traven a revolutionary. He was not a Marxist theorist of a collective society, but a man whose one-to-one compassion for the most shit-upon Mexican peon called forth a direct anarchism.

The earlier books, such as *The Cotton Pickers* and *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, are about drifting worker-adventurers in Mexico. Traven's growing compassion for the Mexican Indians who were treated virtually as property by the Díaz dictatorship led him gradually to develop an epic account in six volumes of the Mexican revolution of 1910, told in the simple experiences of individual Indians in the primitive southern state of Chiapas. These are known as the "jungle novels": *Government, The Carreta, The March to the Monteria, The Troza* (unpublished in English), *The Rebellion of the Hanged*, and *The General from the Jungle.*

Traven's revolutionary philosophy appears to belong to that indigenously American anarchist movement, the International Workers of the World (or "Wobblies," as they were called). Their individualistic and romantic tilting at the growing industrial establishment is now chiefly remembered in legends and songs such as "Joe Hill."

Curiously, however, Traven was long thought to be European, and his fame and fortune as a writer were made abroad. Even now only about half his books have appeared in America, although many more were best-sellers in other countries. Traven's resolute and surprisingly successful secrecy about himself has, of course, bred legends. One has it that he was the illegitimate son of Kaiser Wilhelm; several others posit that he didn't exist, and one of these says his books were written by the sister of former President

Lopez Mateos of Mexico, who apparently worked briefly for Traven as a secretary. I have it that he existed from a friend of a friend who went to interview him and stayed to have an affair with him. He is known to have died in 1969.

His real name has been given as Berick Traven Torsvan, and probably more reliably, as Traven Torsvan Croves. He was born in Chicago, he once said, of Norwegian and Swedish parents. He is believed to have spent his youth in Germany, and has been identified as the revolutionary journalist Ret Marut, who edited a radical German anti-war magazine. He is said to have been a leader of the post-World War I revolution in Bavaria and to have escaped a death sentence by shipping out as a merchant seaman to Mexico.

His American publisher thinks Traven wrote his novels in German, because the English manuscripts received here are so unidiomatic. However, there is good evidence that at least his first novel, *The Death Ship*, was written in English, was refused by an American publisher, was bought by a German publisher who had it translated, was later translated back into English by an English publisher, and then was heavily edited for the American edition. This could adequately account, God knows, for the notorious awkwardness of Traven's language. In any case, all his books were first published in German. The appeal of the American frontier was enormous in post-war Germany, and the proletarian Traven evidently died a rich man. Now that the books are coming out in paperback, a variety of young Americans are discovering them, and there may yet be a Traven boom.

Quite apart from quirks of style that may be attributed to the German, Traven's writing is so far outside the expectations of fiction as it's taught that one is surprised at how compelling it proves to be. There is an innocence of craft that may conceal a great craft. In any case, it mysteriously works, once you get into the books. Despite an insouciance about structure that makes it difficult to perceive the beginning, middle, and end, Traven always has a point. While he aims to entertain—and succeeds—he is always a moralist, and he doesn't leave his moral points to be discovered; he simply states them right in the middle of the action.

As in the plays of Bertolt Brecht, his didactic passages form part of the action itself. One effect of this is to lift his work out of the level of leftist melodrama and give it the effect of antique—almost biblical—storytelling. Another result of his open moralizing is that it keeps the author present throughout, which lends the events a detachment that permits a reader to stomach the most ghastly violence and vicious injustices.

A good introduction to Traven's work is the volume of short stories, *The Night Visitor*. Along with homely incidents from modern Mexican life, there is a wry Indian folk version of the Faust legend entitled "Marcario," which was made into a prize-winning Mexican movie.

The title story relates a mystic encounter of an isolated American with Aztec ghosts, and there are other stories that reveal his passion for Central American archaeology. And there is Traven himself—as the hero at his most wish-fulfilling heroic—in "The Cattle Drive," in which Gales, who represents the author in several of the books, drives a herd of cattle 350 miles—over mountain, plain, and jungle—without having had any previous experience with cattle. He accomplished this in true Traven fashion by his innate feeling for the nature of the animals.

Throughout his works, Traven seems to be telling us that wisdom comes from *being* rather than *thinking*. Another notion that comes through is that the interdependency of people will work only when each person is free to make his contribution as *himself*.

The "jungle novels," by which Traven will probably be remembered, do not appear to be an account of the revolution until suddenly there it is. They begin with stories of Indian life in Chiapas, as in *The Carreta*, in which the oppression seems taken for granted, until in *The Rebellion of the Hanged*, the mahogany cutters can stand no more and turn their machetes on the bosses. The nature of the revolution is not clarified for the reader until the final volume, *The General from the Jungle*, which brings together a young revolutionary leader and a captured Federal general. In their interchange, the meaning of this and all other revolutions is beautifully explicated.

My favorite Traven novel, however, is his simplest, *The Bridge in the Jungle*, in which Gales appears only as a background observer and there is hardly any revolutionary moralizing. It is a tender, carefully detailed account of the loss of an Indian boy from one of the poorest villages in the jungle.

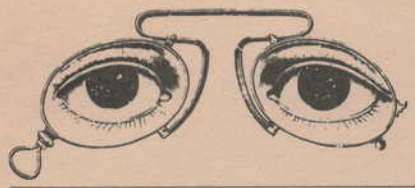
B. Traven is not to everybody's taste. As one of his editors remarked to me, "You have to prefer a glacier to an ice crystal on a Christmas tree. You can't examine a glacier with a microscope."

Humphrey Bogart and Walter Huston in *Treasure of the Sierra Madre.*

RECOMMENDED READING

An Agent on the Other Side, by George O'Toole (McKay, $5.95). O'Toole is a former CIA agent who has written one of the best spy thrillers in a long time. Incidentally—not as an exposé, but in the course of a good yarn—the conflicts and rivalries in the agency are convincingly revealed.

Plain Speaking, an Oral Biography by Merle Miller (Putnam, $8.95). Harry Truman was notorious as president for his sharp tongue, but he proves to have been a model of restraint when we learn in this book what was seething in him. Nobody escapes his scornful blasts. A single sample: "I didn't fire him [General MacArthur] because he was a dumb son of a bitch, although he was, but that's not against the law for generals. If it was, half to three-quarters of them would be in jail."—*Norman Hoss*



SOUNDS

GROWING PAINS

"Got a feeling inside that I can't explain." So sang Roger Daltrey of the Who in 1965, at the very beginning of the group's career, on their first single. It has taken them nine years, but they've now released a two-record set that takes seventy-eight minutes and fifty-four seconds to say the same thing as that very first 2:05 record.

In between, of course, the Who have left an indelible mark on rock history, primarily because of three things: (1) the smashing of their equipment as a climax to their stage act; (2) their introduction of amplifier feedback as a musical technique; and (3) their popularization of the so-called "rock opera" form, with *Tommy* in 1969 and now *Quadrophenia* (MCA2-10004).

Quadrophenia and *Tommy* have pushed the Who to a dangerous brink that may result in no Who at all in the very near future. It almost happened once already, in 1971.

This English rock 'n' roll foursome, acclaimed as one of the greatest bands in the world, overshadowed only by the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, returned to the United States last year for their first concert tour in over two years, concurrent with the release of *Quadrophenia*, their first album of new material in the same period of time. The Who's stature is such that all seats for their two weeks of one-nighters were sold out long before they arrived. During those two weeks, *Quadrophenia* was the best-selling record in the country.

Quadrophenia tells the tale of Jimmy, a rather ordinary Mod. The Mods were a motley crew of youth gangs in Great Britain in the early and mid-Sixties who were only slightly more acceptable to the English elders than the rowdier Rockers. Eventually, the Mods were turned into Edwardian pretty-boys by the "pop" culture that sprung up across England. This culture gave birth to and nurtured the Who during 1964–1966.

Peter Townshend, who wrote, arranged, and produced *Quadrophenia*—he writes, arranges, and produces almost all of the Who's recordings as well as playing all guitar parts—and Roger Daltrey, who sings Pete's lyrics as the front man in the Who, talked with *Penthouse* recently about the Who—past, present, and future.

"We were never really Mods," said Daltrey. "We were too old because we were already nineteen and twenty; Mods were fifteen or sixteen. We were just what the Mods wanted, though. You know, aggressive. We certainly looked like Mods, and they took us for being their own band."

Townshend added, "We were playing every week at the Marquee Club. We had a sort of fan club then called the 100 Faces, all boys, all friends of ours. They are all ace dancers, and very good Mod dressers. They got in free by posing as our equipment men, or they paid half-price. I don't think a lot of people realize how tough it was to be a really ace Mod. It was fucking difficult. It cost a lot of money, so you had to work very, very hard."

The Who rode the Mod wave to success by packing the clubs with their fans and creating excitement. When their record was released, they were set to appear on "Ready, Steady, Go," the British version, sort of, of "American Bandstand." You can imagine the effect their appearance had on the youth of England when they packed the studio with the 100 Faces and appeared to cause a riot on live television. The record was an instant hit. From then on, until *Tommy*, their Mod image was stressed to the hilt.

Their first recordings were full of raw, raucous, powerful rhythm-and-blues numbers, a lot of copies of American hits. Townshend was only beginning to write and hadn't developed his own style. On stage, the frenzy they created carried over into the audience, and they were one of the loudest rock 'n' roll bands of the time. The combination of their youthful aggression and talents, plus their farsighted management, worked in their favor. They appealed to young kids everywhere primarily because they were so successfully brash and defiant.

Meanwhile Pete Townshend was doing some heavy growing up, and when he unveiled *Tommy* on an unsuspecting public, all hell broke loose. It was the first popular "rock opera," and, as such, drew both praise and criticism. Supporters hailed it as a rock masterpiece on a par with the Beatles' *Sergeant Pepper* album. Detractors questioned the use of the word "opera" in describing it. As Townshend explained, "It's all a matter of what is and what is not an opera. Our manager Kit used to say, 'It's just like a genuine opera—it's incredibly difficult to follow the story!' Ha, ha. But, if you prefix any word with 'rock' it gives it a different meaning entirely. Rock church, rock theater . . . it is its own world. Ask somebody to define rock, and they can't. They could write a thick book about it, or write a record and say *that's* what rock is all about, or look at an event and say *that* is a rock event, but they can't define rock itself. It's an open-ended thing. The trouble with the word 'opera' is that it's a word with hundreds of years of tradition. It's *very* defined."

The Who reached new heights of popularity following *Tommy* and their appearance at the Woodstock festival. It took them almost two years to release an album of new material, *Who's Next* in 1971, the time of their last American tour before *Quadrophenia*. Mostly, they'd been doing *Tommy* for two years. Both *Who's Next* and the tour were highly acclaimed critically.

Then followed a very confusing two years, as nothing much was heard from the group as a unit, while both Daltrey and Townshend released solo albums, Townshend appeared in concert with Eric Clapton, and John Entwhistle released three solo albums. There was much speculation that the third greatest rock 'n' roll band in the world was no more.

Townshend explained, "We never really stopped working together, really. That's wrong. Right after the 1971 tour we went right into the studio with Glyn Johns, who had

helped produce *Who's Next*. We recorded a complete album, sort of like a continuation of *Who's Next*. Then we realized there was no point in putting that one out because it wasn't gonna do what we're required to do. Our main goal then became to produce something which would give us some substance for our stage act, because we'd drained all our material dry. We needed something with enough gut energy to sustain ourselves onstage in performance. Something to replace *Tommy* in our stage act. So while I was writing *Quadrophenia*, which took a long time, everybody else was doing these other things."

That trial separation, while Townshend completed work on *Quadrophenia*, can probably be said to have averted an actual breakup, although Daltrey claims, "We're such close friends now that you couldn't split us with a chain saw." However, he admits that a lot of the Who's energy and creativity has come from their internal problems. And Roger adds, "If I hadn't recorded my solo album, I don't think I could've sung *Quadrophenia*." And Pete stated, "You're fucking right, Keith and John played better than ever on this record. John must've learned a fantastic amount from doing his own albums. They all contributed so much more to this record than before." The increased use of strings on the new record clearly is a result of Roger's solo album, *Daltrey*.

Briefly, *Quadrophenia* is the story of Mod Jimmy, who has reached a peak of alienation, frustration, and disgust with the world. In a drunken rage, he steals a boat and sets out to sea, where he ends up on a rock, rethinking his life. He had started out as a rock 'n' roll Mod. Then he had been a menial worker, but that didn't work. He then went to Brighton, where he was disillusioned once and for all with the Mod way when he reencountered a previous idol, now working as a bellboy at the hotel they used to trash. By the end, Jimmy realizes that he still hasn't found "the way."

Such a brief summary is very unfair to the story and to the depth of character that Townshend has created in Jimmy, but it's clear that the plot isn't dissimilar to the real story of the Who. *Quadrophenia* refers to Jimmy's four-way split personality. When originally conceived, the four facets of Jimmy were to be portrayed by different members of the band. Although that later proved unworkable, each side of Jimmy does resemble a specific member of the Who: Townshend, insecure and spiritually desperate, searching, and questioning; Daltrey, violently aggressive and vehement; Keith Moon, long celebrated in the rock world for his craziness as well as his bravura drum playing, is the maniac side of Jimmy, the foolhardy bravado; John Entwhistle, the silent, unmoving bassist in their stage act, is the quiet, reflective side of Jimmy.

Jimmy's failure to find a solution can be likened to the crisis that the Who now face in their own career. From the very beginning, with "I Can't Explain," the Who have sung about finding the solution. They tried with "My Generation," with "The Seeker," with "Won't Get Fooled Again," with "I Don't Even Know Myself," with "Join Together," and, finally, with "I've Had Enough" and "Drowned" on *Quadrophenia*. And now that they themselves have come to the conclusion that there is no conclusion just yet, what can they do?

Pete, realizing this midway through the tour, said, "What worries me about *Quadrophenia* is that it came to me in retrospect as looking incredibly kind of *calculated*, a kind of winding up of Who affairs in that era, but not really giving any indication of what's gonna happen next. So, thinking I was getting myself off the hook, I was really fooling myself, 'cause now I've got the biggest problem ahead of me as a writer, and I think the band has got the biggest problem ahead of them as a group that they've ever had to face in their whole career. We might be on a bummer, I dunno. I mean I think that we've got to come to terms with what we really are now. . . . If all we are is a performing band or, you know, a band that perpetually turns out rock operas then fucking hell I'm gonna get down and do it, but I don't really want to do it under the old flag because I really think that waving the rock 'n' roll flag for the rest of my life is becoming too much."

This lack of direction was evident during their stage show last year and will probably be much the same when they return for a full-scale American tour this spring. There was an hour's worth of *Quadrophenia* sandwiched in between two separate half-hours of hit singles and popular album cuts from their past eight years.

Perhaps when Townshend referred to rock as a "very open-ended sort of thing," he was leaving himself an out that he elaborated on when he referred to the rock 'n' roll flag-waving. If so, maybe we can expect a tamer Who in the future, a more restrained sound. After all, they're not getting any younger. They're no longer the violent Mod-prototypes that they once were. Their needs are different, their lifestyle is different, their audience has grown up with them. There's no reason why their music shouldn't also grow. Right now, they're experiencing growing pains and it is in the nature of art that the public witnesses the artist's growing pains. It's probably just a matter of time until the Who are bound to rebound.—*Toby Mamis*

DORY PREVIN

Dory Previn hides behind a shock of Orphan Annie hair, her only visible admission of insecurity. Everything else about her is completely open. Emotions, reactions, and the scars of old feelings converge in her music, surface and resurface throughout her conversation. She responds to questions with a gentle earnestness. Her answers are prompt and articulate, the answers of someone who wants passionately to be understood.

"When I began to write frankly," says Dory Previn softly, "it was not to shock an audience, nor was it a self-conscious attempt to overcome my own ambitions. Rather it was a catharsis. A way I found to release things I was incapable of releasing in any other way.

"In reality we often speak in innuendo. Therefore in my songs I try to have as little metaphor as possible. I use the word 'fuck' gently—and only as what it means." She leans forward and her voice becomes somewhat stronger. "I'm sick and tired of hearing any sexual word used as a curse."

To date, Dory has recorded five albums of her own compositions, including a live album of last year's Carnegie Hall performance. Although she has never achieved the fanatical success of a rock idol, she has a growing core of devout fans and she has played to capacity audiences.

The strength of her songs is in her lyrics. They are vignettes drawn with economy and a richness of suggestion that can convey a complex emotion or an absurd detail of an everyday situation. The tunes are haunting but underplayed, never detracting from the impact of the lyrics.

Dory writes about loneliness and rejection with no pretense to objectivity, and sometimes her candor is painful to both herself and her listener. "I write only for myself," she says. "My songs are all deeply personal. After all, the only thing I'm an expert on is myself."

Years of introspection, withdrawal, and analysis have made her acutely sensitive to the importance of self-discovery. She speaks of analysis as archaeology, and of herself as the archaeologist constantly digging for greater knowledge and understanding. "I'm fascinated by exploring personal reactions. Somewhere within me are things I don't know. We are never really in control of our own lives."

She draws upon everything that has happened to her, both in the past and present. She had a New Jersey Catholic upbringing, which she writes about with both humor and bitterness in a song about a girl who sees Jesus on her bed after her first Communion. The anguish over her publicized divorce from her husband André Previn became the theme of her first album *On My Way To Where*, as well

as the subject of a heartbreaking song about "lemon-haired ladies, younger than I." And since she has experienced the isolation of being a misfit, she writes about other misfits: a dwarf who wishes he were black; a child who discovers she's a bastard; an actress who commits suicide.

For Dory there were times when the inability to cope with the world led to total breaks with reality. During these times she would withdraw deep into herself and live within her own fantasies. "The last time I had a break with what you would call 'reality,' " she says, "I had a third-eye ability to record everything that was going on and everything that I was feeling. Then, when I came back, I decided to live in both territories. I could have this strange fantasy life and at the same time walk around like a normal person."

However, there are still traces of the times when she couldn't cope. She has a fear of flying and travels to all performances by car, even though it might mean days of extra traveling. And although she has overcome the block which for three years kept her from performing, she still confesses to a feeling of terror before each performance. "I thought that everything I was doing for the last three years was to keep me from having to perform. And I was led right back to it. But though I'm scared, I can now do it by living in an existential way. I don't think of the performance. I go out with a sense of surprise—I don't know what to expect. The only important thing is to say what the song says, not to be judged myself. The communication becomes important, not me. I've already wasted so much time worrying about the past and future. Now I want to concentrate on the present."

One thing she does worry about is the feeling of being alone in her experiences. "If I experience something either in reality or fantasy that might seem perverse to society's mores, I feel better if I know that others are going through it, too. For instance, my song about 'screaming in the car.' At one time I used to do that, and not tell anyone. Then, when I decided to write a song about it and treat it in a humorous way, people would tell me that they knew exactly what I meant, that they did things like that all the time. One guy I know even took flying lessons so he could scream in the air."

During a performance, she introduces a song about Marlon Brando with an anecdote about a fantasy of hers. "I used to fantasize that if I ever met Brando I'd know exactly what to do and what to say to make him fall in love with me. Then I found out that other women were having the same fantasies about idols of their own."

In the past, she explains, women only felt complete at the feet of the king. Now they are looking to themselves for fulfillment. Watching Dory on stage, waiflike in silhouette against a stark brick backdrop, it would seem that she has found this fulfillment. She handles her material easily, and the audience responds enthusiastically. There is an excitement here that is genuine. It is for a woman who no longer feels the need to sit at the feet of mythical kings.—*Lindsay Maracotta*

SHORT TAKES

NEW AND RECOMMENDED

For Everyman/Jackson Browne (Asylum SD 5067). One of the best singer-songwriters of the last decade, Browne demonstrates here that he is a first-rate rocker. Beautiful songs, especially the ballads, are given beautiful readings. What can I say? Beautiful.

Ladies Invited/The J. Geils Band (Atlantic SD 7286). America's greatest rock 'n' roll band just gets better and better. Bet you won't be able to sit still. Includes their best writing yet.

Hung Up On You/Billy Butler & Infinity (Pride PRD-0018). Jerry Butler's brother leads a group through some sweet Chicago soul. Not extraordinary, but not pretentious either: just straight-up, solid entertainment.

Texas Tornado/The Sir Douglas Band (Atlantic SD 7287). Doug Sahm, after a disastrous excursion into superstardom on his first Atlantic outing, comes back with a package of Tex-Mex dynamite featuring many of the quintet members from the days when Sir Douglas was the only thing anyone could remember about Mercury Records. Sahm is an original from one of our richest regional scenes. Not to be missed.

Bobby Short Is K-Ra-Zy For Gershwin/Bobby Short (Atlantic SD 2-608). Bobby Short, New York's bubbly piano-bar genius, with a thirty-song double album in honor of George Gershwin. Short gives his inimitable readings of old favorites, but he has come up with his usual quota of surprises, too.

What Ever Happened To The Girl That Was/Rosalie Sorrels (Paramount PAS-6072). Another uncompromising, unclassifiable performer, Rosalie Sorrels has moved far beyond her folkie origins into a very contemporary and very American cabaret funk. Not an easy album to get into, but worth the effort.

Viva Terligua/Jerry Jeff Walker (MCA MCA-382). Jerry Jeff is still into his country somnambulist bit, this one recorded live last summer in Luckenbach, Texas. The amazing thing is that all this works so well—only a few of these songs are up to Walker's standards. But his undeniable charisma comes through almost anything he does to hide it.

Songs For Aging Children/Dave Van Ronk (Cadet CA 50044). Van Ronk, the Greenwich Village folk maven, runs through a collection of mostly familiar tunes. He's always been one of the best at what he does and it's good to have him back.

Svengali/Gil Evans (Atlantic SD 1643). Gil Evans is the musical magician whose writing and arranging have created the settings for some of the most inspired playing in the history of jazz. His work stretches all the way back to his charts for Miles Davis's epochal *Birth of the Cool*. Evans does it again on *Svengali*, shaking his wand for Howard Johnson and Ted Dunbar. The ensemble work is, as usual, nonpareil.

I Hate Goodbyes—Ride Me Down Easy/Bobby Bare (RCA APL 1-0040). Bobby Bare is possibly the best mainstream song interpreter in Nashville and he is slicker than most about picking material that suits him. This latest outing has the added pleasure of a couple of his recent hits.

The Back Door Wolf/Howlin' Wolf (Chess CH 50045). Howlin' Wolf is the Chicago bluesman with the deepest roots in the Delta. This is his best LP in many, many years. No gimmicks, no English rock stars, just deep and painful blues.—*John Gabree*

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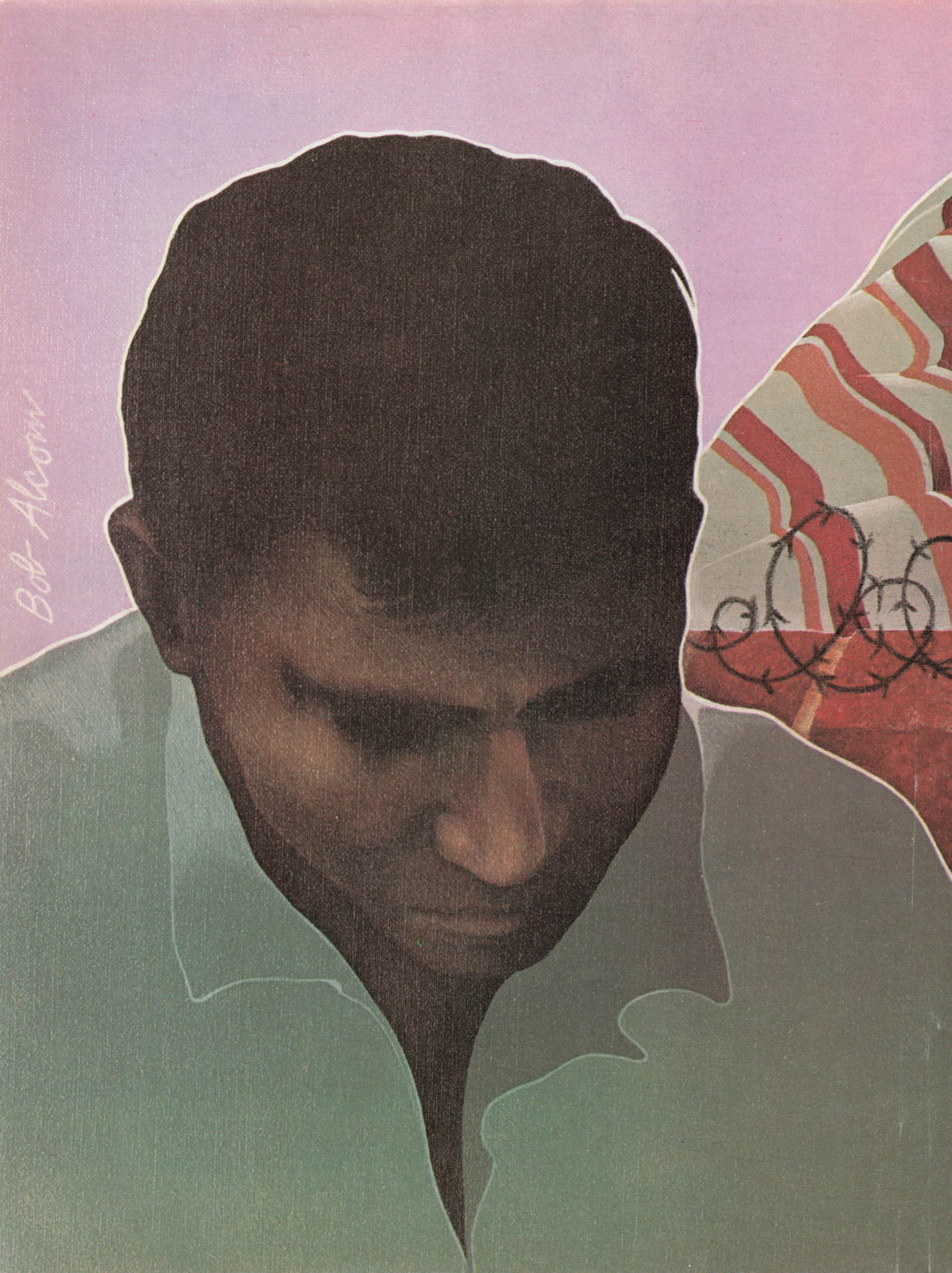
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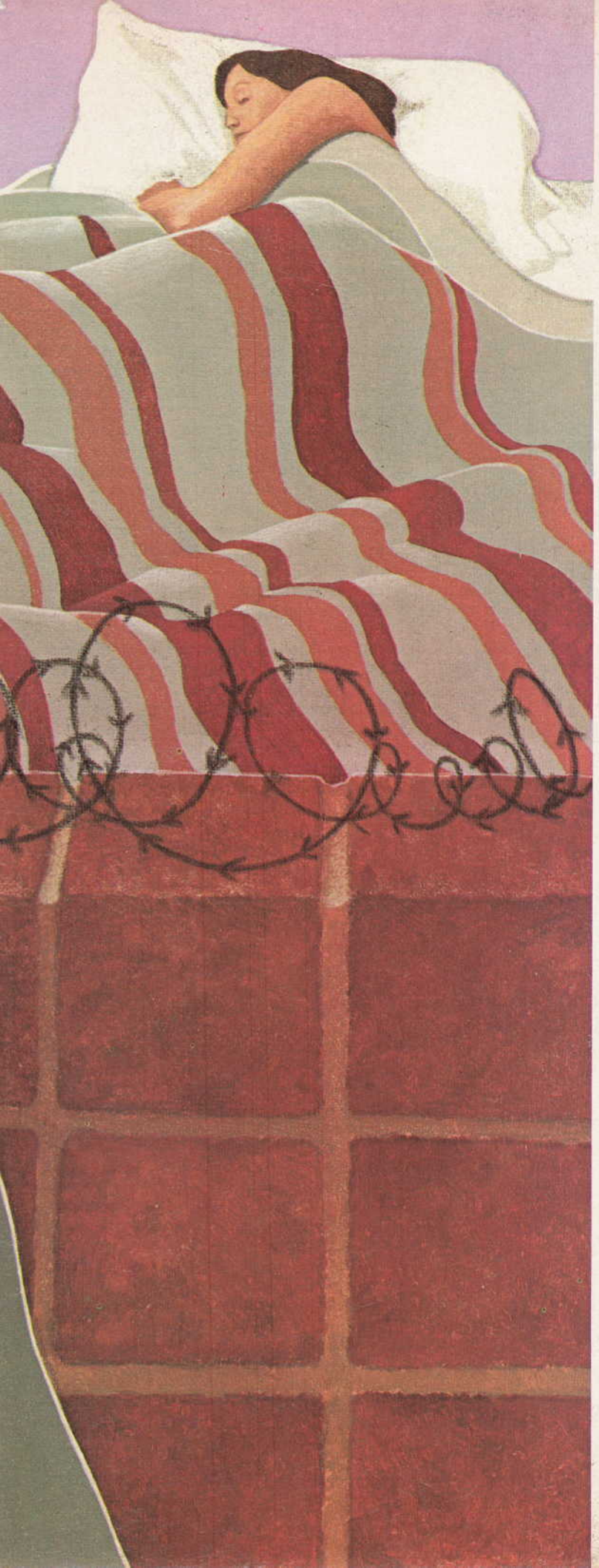


Today, sexual dysfunction is attacking even the mightiest of men, like axes at oak trees.

GETTING IT ON

By TERRI SCHULTZ

The woman is bright, beautiful, and obviously interested. Over lunch, between the coffee and the Benedictine, she asks my handsome male friend to go to bed with her. His eyes light up and his eyebrows jiggle, but his smile hides the terror in his heart. They go to his apartment, he touches her, kisses her, undresses her, is aroused—and ejaculates before coitus can begin. Disappointed, she never asks for a repeat performance. My friend said it happened every time.

An epidemic of male sexual dysfunction seems to be creeping across the land, attacking even the mightiest of men like axes at oak trees. Thus far, talk of the phenomenon is based on personal experiences and, as the doctors say, clinical impressions. It also seems to be largely limited in scope to heterosexual experiences among the white urban middle class, and usually within marriage relationships. But the unmarried also seem heavily affected. One single woman I know, who has no trouble reaching orgasm with the successful, dominant men she is attracted to, says that out of her last six sex partners two could not get an erection and one ejaculated prematurely. Is her experience unique or even unusual?

The statistics are vague, uncertain whispers in the wind: Dr. William Masters and Virginia Johnson of the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation in St. Louis, say that two-thirds of all American men now suffer from sexual dysfunction at some time during their lives. This is astonishing, considering that twenty-five years ago less than 1 percent of the men interviewed by the Kinsey Institute of Sex Research said they had at some time suffered from sexual dysfunction. The truth may lie somewhere in between. But the dozen reputable sex therapy clinics in the United States are backlogged for months, and their therapists are working twelve hours a day, six days a week. They treat more men than women, and most of the men come in because their wives or lovers are sexually dissatisfied.

Luckily, 80 to 90 percent of men with the most common sexual dysfunctions—premature ejaculation, impotence, and retarded ejaculation—can be successfully cured in a few weeks by new sex therapy techniques.

My harassed friend, for example, has been saddled from adolescence with premature ejaculation and a reputation as a lousy lay. He tried everything to prolong his erection: during intercourse he thought of the stock market, pinched his thighs and arms, pulled his mustache. Nothing worked. Finally, on his recent thirtieth birthday, he bought himself an $1,800 present: two weeks' worth of sex therapy in Berkeley, California. He has returned home a cured man.

Are greater numbers of men indeed suffering from sexual traumas in this era of alleged sexual liberation? Or are more men just coming out of the closet to face up to long-standing inadequacies? Certainly the statistical potential for sexual failure is greater today than ever before, simply because women are more open to sexual experimentation with men. A recent survey shows that three-fourths of the single women today have sex before the age of twenty-five, compared with one-third when Kinsey was collecting sexual data a quarter-century ago. Men and women are also living longer, aging slower. Researchers have found that, contrary

to cultural myth, men do not reach a physical "sexual peak" between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five and then spend the rest of their lives in decline. Physiologically there is no reason why most men can't enjoy a healthy sex life up into their eighties, as long as they keep in shape with regular intercourse or masturbation (at least twice a week) during the earlier part of their lives.

The definition of what constitutes a good heterosexual relationship has changed. In the past, a man was likely to feel he had sex problems only if he were clearly impotent. But the Kinsey studies showed that most married men spent only two minutes or less on each act of intercourse; today the average is ten minutes, and men have more chance to feel uneasy about the subtle dynamics of foreplay and the selection and variety of sexual positions—what one therapist calls the "smorgasbord of sex." Men are also more concerned about satisfying their sex partners and leading them to orgasm. And women, demanding sexual equality, are more likely to openly criticize men who can't satisfy them. These little extras can add pressures that in some men lead to sexual dysfunction.

Such problems do not begin and end in the bedroom. Therapists are finding that problems below the belt affect a man's entire mental outlook. They now believe that sexual inadequacies can be the *cause* of mental problems, not just a reflection of them.

Men most susceptible to sexual breakdown are those who have had strict religious training in which sex was equated with sin; those who received no sex education as children; men who were ridiculed or disgusted by early sexual experiences; men who have low self-esteem or tremendous business pressures; men who are overconscientious and overcontrolled. Some doctors feel that the feminist movement aggravates sexual problems in already insecure men and increases their anxiety about performance. Add to all this a good dose of sexual ignorance—pervasive even among today's teenagers and college students—and a breakdown in communication between sex partners, and a man can find himself sliding into an abyss of frustration and fear.

These signposts all point to a great sexual malaise in the country. But even if this era of liberation may have generated a sexual crisis of deep and unknown proportions, it has also promoted fresh and unexpected solutions. Until recently, not much could be done about sexual deficiencies. Traditional psychotherapy dragged on for years, usually to an unsuccessful conclusion. However, there are now a dozen reputable therapists who are reversing the past approach to the problem. They treat the body first; then, as the physical relationship improves, they work on changes in attitude. They do not believe, as Freud did, that sex problems are a sign of deep-seated pathology. "Our patients are unhealthy only because they have lost the ability to make love," one therapist in New York says. "We work on changing their sexual behavior; we teach people how to communicate, not how to fuck." With this approach, almost every man can be helped back to sexual health in a few weeks' time, usually at a cost of from $1,200 to $2,500—though a few clinics do charge on a sliding scale. Some doctors in private practice also treat sex problems at a cost of $50 to $100 a session. Treatment averages from five to six sessions, and it can run up to twelve or more. Patients who also need traditional psychotherapy usually arrange regular sessions outside sex therapy.

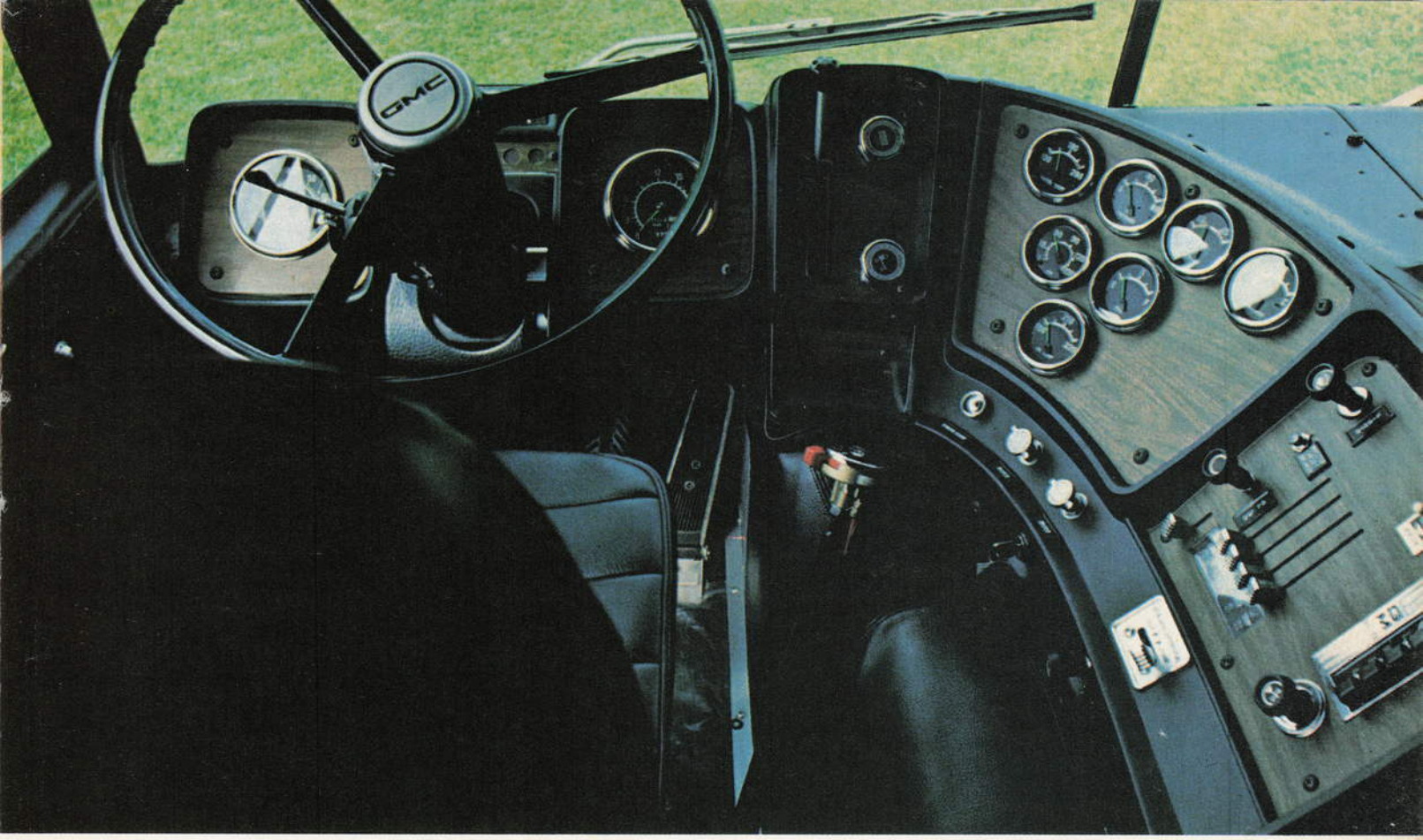
> Masters and Johnson estimate that two-thirds of all American men now suffer from sexual dysfunction at some time during their lives.

> Experts disagree on the definition of sexual dysfunction. "We've seen men accused of premature ejaculation," says one doctor, "simply because they can't last an hour and a half."

Most sex therapy is based on the sexual research done by Masters and Johnson in St. Louis. A male-female team, preferably one physician and one psychologist, first tries to teach a couple how to enjoy each other's body without sex. The doctors become new authority figures, in essence new parents, who break down the old associations of sex with guilt, shame, and fear. The couple are always treated together, regardless of which partner has the sexual problem, because Masters and Johnson believe that in sex "there is no such thing as an uninvolved partner." Some clinics require that the couple check into a hotel during treatment, to create a honeymoon atmosphere. Others allow them to remain at home, and see the patients several times a week at the office.

Treatment begins with a physical examination and a lengthy discussion of the causes behind the sexual problem. The couple is then instructed to strip naked, in private, and to take turns touching and stroking each other's body, except for the genitals and breasts. Intercourse during these first sessions of "sensate focusing" is forbidden, for the purpose is to learn how to be sensual without being sexual. Most people have never learned to be comfortable with physical closeness—touching, embracing, or kissing—unless it ends in sex. These sessions try to break that pattern, and train people to enjoy and explore each other's body freely, without any demand to perform sexually. A few clinics also use nude group encounter sessions, with the rule that there be "no fucking on the premises." After a few days of such luxury, the patient begins treatment for the specific problem.

For men, the most common problem is premature ejaculation. This can have its origin in early sexual experiences with prostitutes or with "nice" girls in the back seats of cars, where speed is of the essence. Some therapists find that the premature ejaculator is often aggressive, driven, and dominant, and uses his dysfunction to maintain control of a bad sexual relationship. "It is his weapon, his way of saying to a woman: 'You've overwhelmed me, or castrated me. But I won't get mad; I'll just get even,' " explains Dr. Donald Sloan, director of the sexual therapy and education center at New York Medical College. "Doctors are notorious premature ejaculators, along with stockbrokers, executives, and people who are used to being in control," he says. The premature ejaculator is also considered by



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some to be more selfish than most men, less considerate in his lovemaking, and more likely to blame his sexual problems on the wife rather than himself, which is why the woman usually talks her man into therapy. In fact, it is not uncommon for a woman to come in feeling guilty because she can't have an orgasm, and then learn that nothing is wrong with her. She can't experience orgasm because her husband ejaculates after a few thrusts in her vagina. Some therapists, however, refuse to attach labels of aggression and dominance to premature ejaculators. "I have treated captains of industry and Caspar Milquetoasts. Premature ejaculation is just a failure of reflex, like a child not toilet-trained," says Dr. Clifford Sager, clinical professor of psychiatry at Mount Sinai School of Medicine and psychiatric director of Jewish Family Services.

Experts also disagree on the definition of premature ejaculation. Some define it as an inability to keep the erect penis in the vagina for up to two minutes before ejaculation. Others feel if a man comes quickly, but still satisfies his partner 50 percent of the time, he is not premature. "We've seen men accused of premature ejaculation just because they can't last an hour and a half," says Dr. Sloan. He believes any ejaculation is premature if it takes place "prior to a man's wishing it, and we assume the wishing includes giving maximum pleasure to his partner." The main criterion for enjoyable sex is the sexual satisfaction of both partners, and in that sense everyone agrees that their treatment is almost 100 percent successful. The "cure" is a purely physiological one, in which the sex partner is taught how to caress the penis just to the point of orgasm, then repress it, usually with a squeezing technique, described in *Understanding Human Sexual Inadequacy,* edited by Fred Belliveau and Lin Richter and published by Little, Brown & Co.

In this "squeeze" technique, the woman sits on the bed while the man lies on his back with his head away from her, his legs draped over her thighs. The woman places her thumb on the underside of the penis, where the shaft ends, and her first two fingers on the upper side, on each side of the ridge which separates the glans from the shaft. When he feels he is about to come, she squeezes the penis and ejaculation is delayed. Although this is not supposed to hurt, some men say it does and some therapists use a "start-stop" technique. Dr. Sager insists he gets equally good results by teaching the man to become aware of when he is ready to come, and then stopping all movement for fifteen to twenty seconds until the feeling passes and he can continue. But advocates of the squeeze method find it such a quick and sure cure that they routinely teach it to men who come in for *any* sexual problem—simply as a preventative measure.

After the man gets used to maintaining an erection for fifteen to twenty minutes at a time, he makes his first attempts at intercourse. He lies quietly on his back, and his partner straddles him in a sitting position and inserts the penis in her vagina. Both sit quietly until he feels ready to ejaculate. Then she removes the penis, applies the squeeze to retard ejaculation, and reinserts it. Within a few weeks he is back to a "normal" sex life, although it may take as much as a year before he can control ejaculation without that special squeeze. Masters and Johnson believe premature ejaculation could be eliminated by 1980 if everyone knew and used the technique.

The treatment of impotence, a sexual problem almost as common as premature ejaculation, is not nearly as simple or successful. Impotence is either the inability to get the penis hard enough to enter the vagina or, even if it enters, to remain hard long enough for ejaculation. A man who can ejaculate but cannot get or keep an erection is still considered impotent. As in cases of premature ejaculation, certain types of men seem susceptible to impotence. One psychiatrist describes the impotent patients he sees as "push-aroundable," men who feel inadequate in most areas of life and have a great fear of inadequate performance. "Often the impotent man has been put down by parents or peers as undeserving. If his wife screams at him, he retreats. Where premature ejaculation is a weapon, impotence is a defense," he says.

> "We teach people how to communicate," says one sex therapist, "not how to fuck."

Men over forty who have lost a wife through divorce or death, heavy drinkers, and those who suffer constantly from career or money problems are all likely victims. Young boys frequently have spells of impotence, says William Simon, co-author with Patricia Miller, both of the Institute for Juvenile Research in Chicago, of a study of 3,000 youngsters from the ages of fourteen to eighteen. "When you've been jacking off all the time and are at last faced with the big moment—a real woman—the expectation and pressure are enormous, and quite often nothing happens," says Simon.

In addition, a growing number of men in their twenties are complaining of impotence, a phenomenon that Dr. William Frosch, a professor of psychiatry at New York University School of Medicine, has termed the "new impotence." Frosch and several colleagues attribute impotence in these men to the changing and more aggressive sexual roles of women. Frosch says that they are already likely to be hostile toward women, have castration fears, or be latent homosexuals. "The fantasy is that freedom to perform sexually leads to fewer problems," he says, "but in fact it leads to different kinds of problems."

Occasionally, a man may become impotent in response to signals from his lover. A wife having an affair with another man, for example, may let her husband know in subtle ways that she no longer enjoys sex with him. He senses the rejection and becomes impotent. In such cases, the therapists first handle the woman's needs and conflicts before dealing with the man.

One couple I know descended slowly into a sexual hell after the husband became impotent in response to his wife's changing attitudes. She wanted to put their two children in a day-care center and pursue her own career as a writer. She felt that her husband was trying to keep her tied to domestic duties and vented her frustration by constantly picking at him. He responded with an icy withdrawal that extended to the bedroom. Then after three years, he suggested going to a sex therapy clinic. At first the treatment depressed her, until the therapy made her realize that she really wanted her husband to remain impotent, for by keeping him weak she could gain the strength to free herself from him. The therapist pointed out that in the long run she would only destroy herself by building her strength on the weaknesses of her husband. Once the couple understood the game, they stopped playing. He is potent once more and she is writing; they are deciding, hopefully on a healthier basis than before, whether to continue the marriage.

Men with occasional impotence are easier to treat than those who have never had an erection—a condition called primary impotence. These men have often suffered during childhood from strict religious training, seductive mothers, or humiliating first experiences with prostitutes. Many have had early homosexual experiences and consider themselves basically homosexual. Yet even in these most difficult cases, six out of ten respond to treatment.

Occasionally, premature ejaculation can lead to impotence, because a man often withdraws emotionally from his lover and deliberately ignores sexual signals during intercourse in a desperate attempt to delay orgasm for even a few seconds. Eventually, if he manages to block out enough sexual signals, it can lead to a total inability to have an erection. Here, of course, the therapist treats impotence first, then the premature ejaculation.

Impotence can also be caused by thyroid

deficiencies, spinal injuries, and surgery affecting the pudendal nerve that stimulates the penis. For reasons unknown, more than one million diabetics are also impotent.

Treatment for impotency begins with instructions not to participate in any sexual activity until told to do so, discussions on the causes of the impotence, and several days of mutual stroking of all parts of the body except the genitals. After several days, the couple are allowed to masturbate each other. Each guides the hand of the partner and tells the other which stimulation is most pleasant. Therapists use this technique to break down the "spectator" syndrome, in which people afraid of sexual failure end up by mentally "watching" rather than enjoying their sexual activities. "Until a man realizes he has control over his sexual act, the woman must be there only as an instrument of his pleasure. The same holds true for the man when the woman has sexual problems," says New York therapist Stephanie Cwok. "The relationship must be nondemanding, an exchange of emotional commodities," she says. Even if a man has an erection during these pleasurable sessions, he is not allowed to have intercourse. "He must learn," says another therapist, "that erections come and go—they're no big deal." Therapists also use the mounting sexual tension to their advantage in the treatment.

Every day for a week, the wife teases the man to stiffness; they then lie in each other's arms until the penis is again flaccid. Next the woman sits on top of the man, plays with his penis until it is erect, and then eases it into her vagina. In the beginning of most sex therapy for men, the woman mounts the man during intercourse, because it has been found that the traditional man-on-top missionary position is the most difficult one for controlling ejaculation. She rocks slowly back and forth a few times, stops, and lets her husband thrust a few times. Neither partner is expected to climax, and if the man loses the erection, the couple tries again later.

While therapists work on other problems in the marriage, the couple does this exercise each day. The man is never told to reach orgasm but, within a few weeks, eight out of ten men who have climaxed at least once before during their lives will do so again. Studies show that they then continue to remain potent for years. Some therapists claim even higher success rates by having the man introduce the penis gradually—by fractions of an inch—into the vagina during each day of treatment.

Men with primary impotence—men who have never had an erection—also present special treatment problems, because most of them are single. Since treatment is unfeasible without a sex partner, therapists request that these men bring a girl friend. If there is no girl friend, some clinics—the Group for Social Development in Berkeley, California, for example—use sexual surrogates. (The Berkeley clinic is where my friend went; his premature ejaculation prob-

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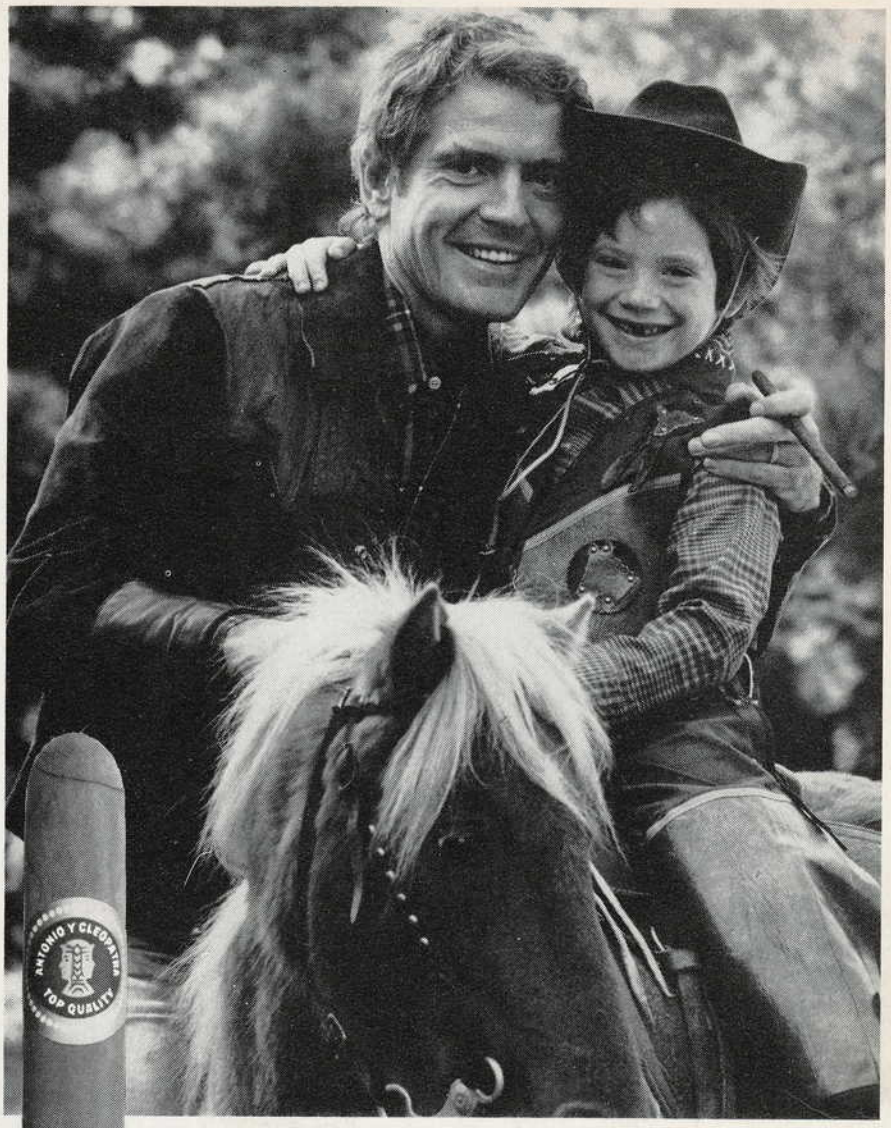

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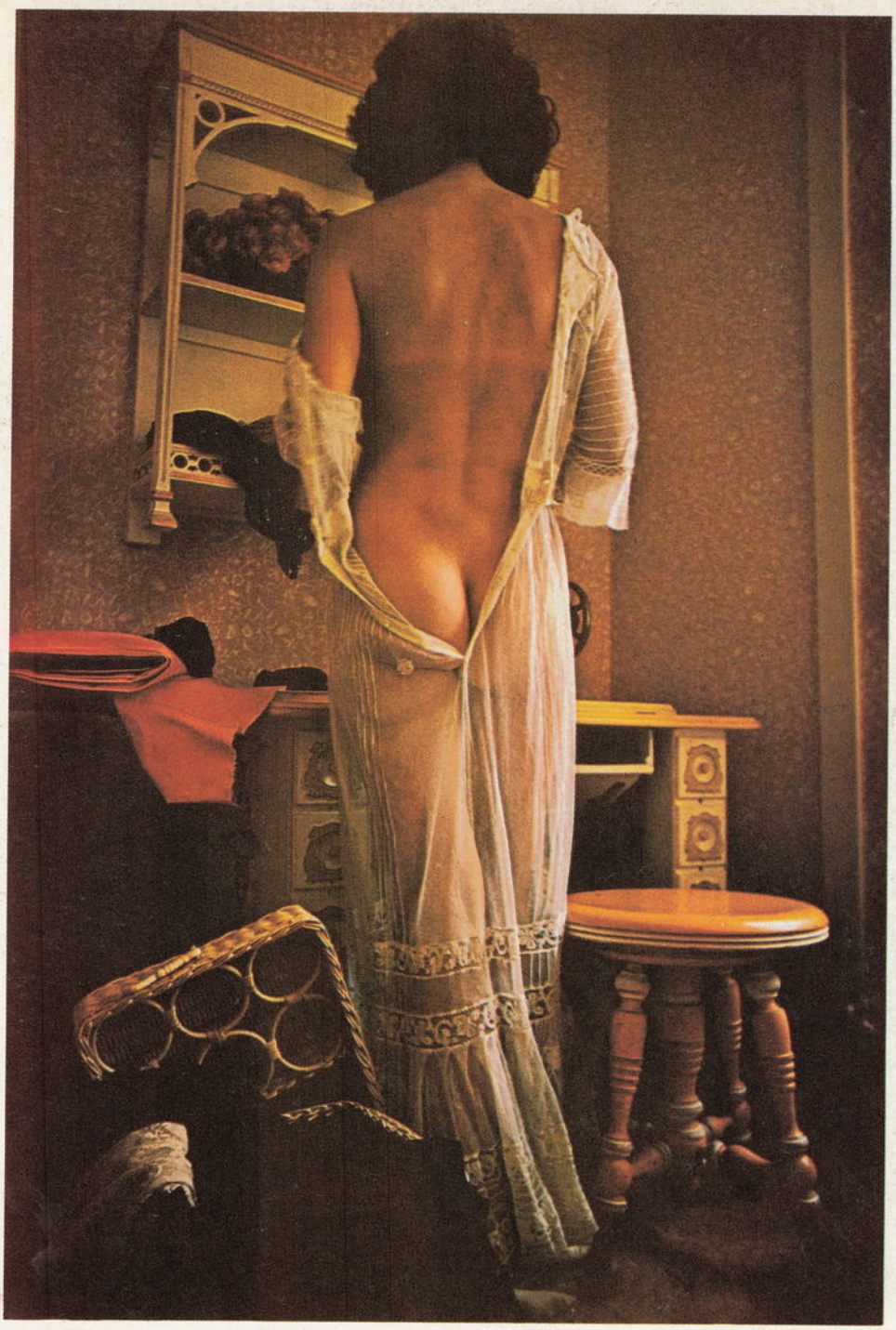


ELAINE

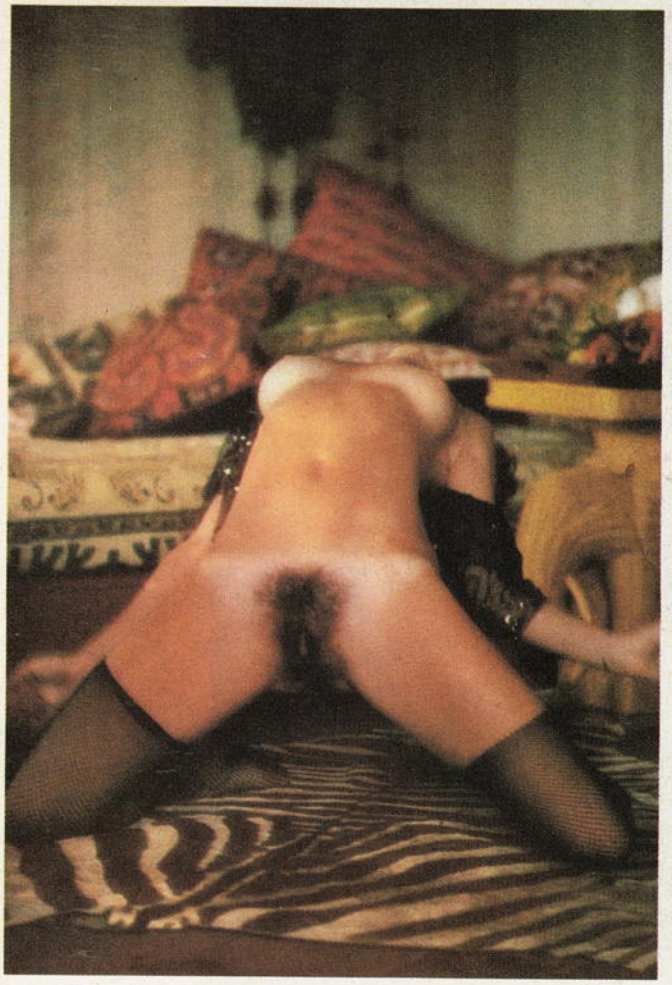
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERNOT PLITZ

"I know my business... the business of being a woman," says three-dimensional (34-22-34) Elaine Lowny who turns base bathwater to burnished steam every time she takes a dip. "A lot of people seem to confuse a willingness to pose nude and be precisely and unashamedly what you are—*what I am*—with some sort of *harlotry*. Well, too bad for the frustrated and the square and all the uptight citizens everywhere. I enjoy the freedom of my femininity—*in its natural state*. The world would have, you know, blissful *harmony* if everyone would face up to the basic law of nature: Man is the creator and Woman the receptor."

And how highly receptive Miss Lowny is,

to be sure. Traveling, experimenting with life, and keeping an open mind have given Elaine a voluptuary's volume of worldly wisdom, as well as an abiding concern with the "realities" of the next world. In her travels through South America, the Orient, and the West Indies—not to mention Europe on both sides of the Iron Curtain—Elaine has become involved with various religious sects, none of them recognized by traditional conformist faiths. "I've adapted positive philosophies from each cult. but I create my own good karma. If I don't, no one will do it for me." Elaine believes that the future lies on the doorstep of those who can achieve some degree of knowledge of subliminal good and evil (as was shown in her favorite movie of recent times, *The Exorcist).* "I believe in people who show me they can believe in themselves."

Although she admits to being a more transient spirit, Elaine quit traveling for a while to lead the life of a neo-Renaissance princess in



San Francisco and study art (painting and sculpture) and dancing (Oriental belly). Now a full-fledged fashion designer, only her gypsy spirit—which at any moment, she feels, may whisper urgently, "Pack up, and visit friends in Edinburgh, or Afghanistan"—keeps her from setting up shop in a boutique or studio. To keep herself *toujours prêt* for whims and wildness, Elaine prefers to work only when the desire or the need moves her, which happens "at least four times a week but never, you know, on Sundays." At any other time she may pass an entire day sipping espresso in a Berkeley coffee house with college friends who would otherwise be home working on their Ph.D.'s.

"I knew a lot of people here during the big peace movement. Some of them have evolved, others haven't. For the ones who never quite made it, the Sixties were a real bum trip. For me they were something else—a real awakening. They expanded my consciousness. I became interested in the supernatural and the occult, which the Establishment considers dangerous and subversive. I'm not a Satanist myself you understand, but I'm curious about the way they believe and practice the fundamental rituals of manliness and femininity—the way they reawaken, through their ceremonies, the basic sensuality and the cosmic unity of the two roles."

Perhaps this fascination with mysticism explains the elegant

eclecticism of the clothing and fabrics Elaine designs to bring in the small sums on which she—ferociously independent when unattached—keeps body and soul together. "I was designing and hand-constructing wedding gowns, and every time—just a few days before a wedding—the girl's mother would complain, 'It's too revealing for my little girl.' Well, all of my gowns are elegant and tasteful and it's only shame and fear of their own bodies that make some people so conventional about weddings and marriage. Marriage is in the mind. Because I feel so strongly about this, I think that there *is* perfect love, and that many . . . although not all . . . should have perfect mates somewhere. They *can,* if they let down the barriers, find everlasting passion with just one other person." And plainly, whichever person sustains the privilege of being the object of Elaine's passion will be one remarkable mate indeed!

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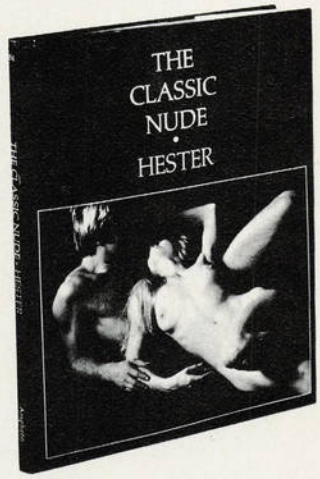

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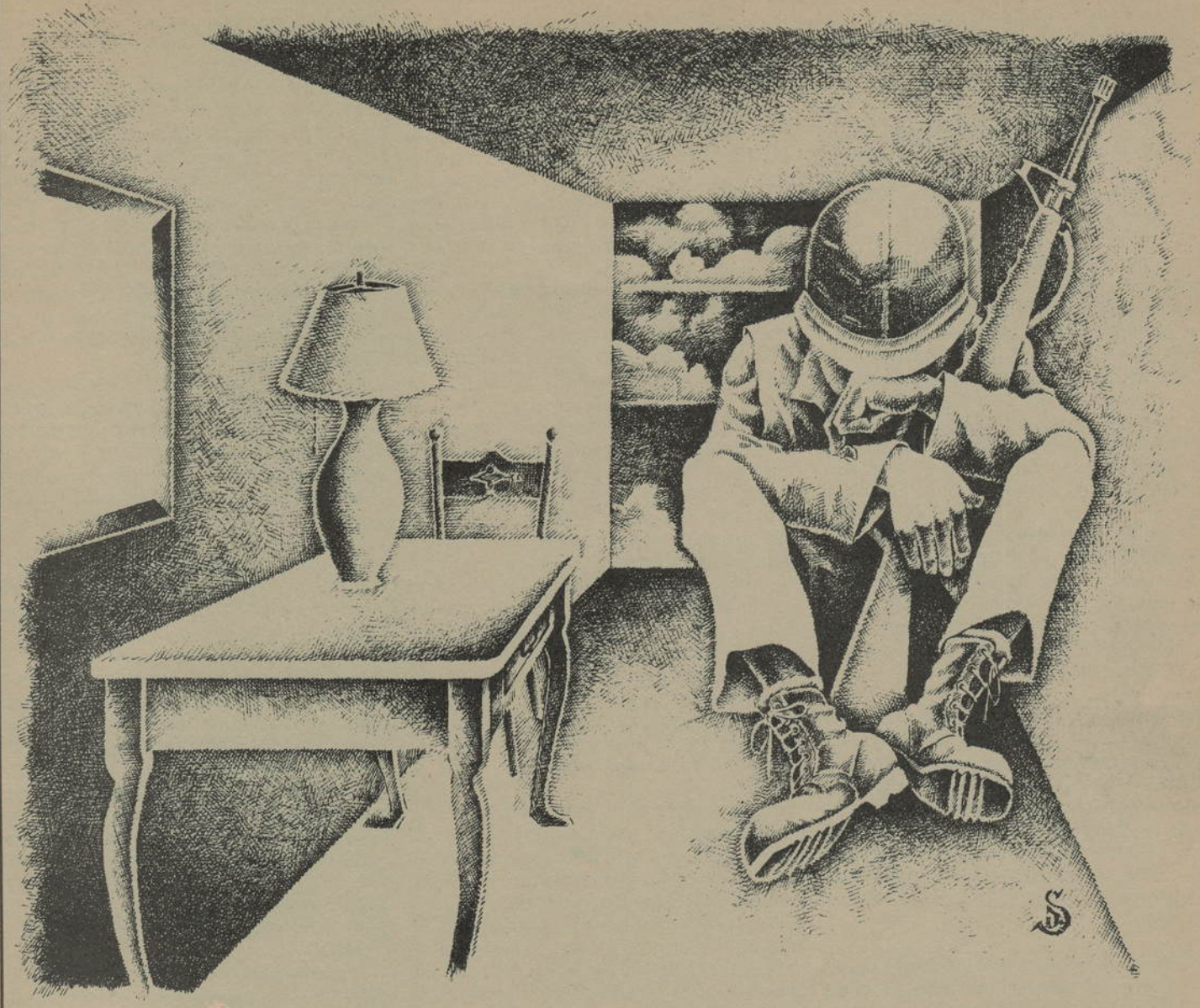

SECOND IN A SERIES

THE UNSTRUNG HEROES

By ARTHUR EGENDORF, Jr.

America's soldiers have come home from our longest war. But their presence is an unpleasant reminder of the divisive conflict, and in the nation's haste to forget the war, the vet has been left all alone . . . alone to grapple with his feelings of guilt, his drug addiction, his joblessness. The Vietnam vet is a man with a hole in his soul.

The Vietnam Veteran—
Project Consultant, Carl M. A. McCarden—Commissioner of the New York Mayor's Office for Veteran Action
Project Editor, F. Joseph Spieler
Research, Joshua Nelson

J. Scrofani

"I don't see how anyone can have funny dreams or sexy dreams. All my dreams now are scary as hell. Like we're on patrol and I'm on point. Fucking sergeant had to go and put me up front again. And then I hit a trip wire and a motherfucking mine tears me up. There's nothing left of me but little pieces. So someone shovels dirt into a body bag with my name on it just so it'll weigh something and people at home will think they've actually brought me back."

After other American wars, veterans came home as victors, full of tales of glory. They became a social force far more important than their numbers. Honored, respected, maybe even feared a little, they soon assumed leadership in American government and industry. But not after Vietnam. Wrong war. Wrong generation. Wrong ending. There are no heroes this time. In fact, today's veterans seem to be almost deliberately eliminating their power to act as a social force.

There are more than six million Vietnam-era veterans—men and women who served in the U.S. military between August 1964 and January 1973. Some three million of these served in Vietnam. Most of them came home—physically, at least. This article is about where they are now.

"My life wasn't so great before Vietnam. But I thought if I got some training and some medals I could come back and things would be better. Well they aren't. My family still doesn't want me, being a grunt doesn't mean anything to nobody, and I just can't hack it. So I take drugs. One time I hoped I'd O.D., only my sister found me in time and brought me to the hospital. Couldn't even do that right."

In 1970, a study found that the Vietnam veteran is in much worse shape than his World War II counterpart. "Suicidal or assaultive tendencies" are 50 percent higher, "drug usage" is almost 300 percent higher, and there are 30 percent more "suicidal acts."

A more recent study, of 1,000 vets who left Vietnam in September 1971, established that about 10 percent were on drugs when they left Vietnam. Of these drug users, 35 percent were still unemployed six months after their release from the military, and 34 percent were arrested within the same period. Of those who were married when they went to Vietnam, 38 percent were separated or divorced six months after coming home. (White House Special Action Office on Drug Abuse Prevention, April 1973.)

It would be comforting to imagine that these were "bad apples," incorrigibles. But this is not true. As the White House study cautions: "It would be a mistake to think of the Vietnam drug user as a highly deviant soldier with prior drug experience who could have been expected to get into trouble. Almost half (45 percent) of the men who used drugs in Vietnam were high school graduates who had no civilian arrests, no previous military discipline and no previous narcotics experience." In short, these men were the boys next door.

"Drugs were the only thing left to do. We all knew it was bullshit over there. We were fighting mostly kids young enough to be in junior high, and they were kicking the shit out of us. I started smoking O.J.'s [opium joints] and when I got back I had a Jones [heroin addiction]. I was a junkie, *man. Me! Three-letter man and all, and I had to start taking people off [stealing] to keep my habit going."*

The picture isn't that much brighter for the majority who were *not* "drug positive" on leaving Vietnam. Six months after coming back "only" 18 percent were unemployed and 21 percent had been arrested.

"I was barely out of school when the whole draft thing came up. I was looking for work, making contacts, when they called me. Well, you know, you come back, look up old contacts, and they don't know you anymore. One guy actually told me flat out, 'Even if I had an opening for you, I'd be crazy to hire a guy who's been through what you have and hasn't had time to dry out.' It was ten months before I got anything other than odd jobs. And that made about three years between when I first got my notice and when my first real job came along. I couldn't support my wife and she got fed up supporting me. We fought all the time after a while. Now I'm working, but I'm single again, too."

"So," you might say, "vets are into drugs, getting arrested, unemployed, getting divorced. So war is hell. What else is new? All war is hell. What is the matter with *these* veterans? Why are they so fucked-up?"

Well, that's all true—except that Vietnam was unlike any other war America ever fought. Vietnam was the indiscriminate use of napalm; search-and-destroy missions, in which whole villages would be destroyed to "save" them from the Communists; free-fire zones—places in which anything that moved was a target; body counts—entire units competing with each other to kill more people.

Vietnam was all of this—but even more, Vietnam was the most controversial war in American history. The reasons for fighting were always changing and American fighting men were never sure who was supporting them and why. It became impossible to determine just who the enemy was . . . after a while, all "gooks" became the enemy. It was only after they returned home that the GI's could reflect on what they had seen and done.

Representatives of the Veterans Administration do not have a reputation for sticking their necks out, and their statements on issues are conservative positions. But in 1971 Cecil Peck, Chief of the V.A.'s Psychology Division, stated:

"The Vietnam veteran is unique [italics added] in that he fought in a highly complex war . . . [with a background of] unprecedented social, educational, economic, political, and cultural changes . . . environmental and societal forces. . . . *The Vietnam veteran is different from his other counterparts* [italics added]."

In an effort to explain the veterans' problems, some people use the term "Post-Vietnam Syndrome" (PVS). A syndrome is defined as a group or set of concurrent symptoms, and so PVS implies that all Vietnam vets have the same problems and show them pretty much the same way. That's not very likely—there are too many veterans for any one term to apply to all. Just *how* many has been hotly debated. But after years of claiming that troubled vets were only a small minority, the Veterans Administration has now stated:

"Reliable surveys and studies conducted by the military and by the VA indicate serious and prolonged readjustment problems exist in approximately one out of five new veterans but, to a lesser degree, were experienced by all." In plain language, they're *all* fucked up, but one in five has it bad.

"They think the big thing about Vietnam is that you could watch it on TV. The real miracle for me was the jet ride to hell and back. It's two years later and I still got jet lag."

As a quick handle, "readjustment problems" has "PVS" beat. But it still doesn't clarify much. Going back to the way they were before they left has not been a realistic option for most vets—so they're not *re*doing anything. As for the *adjustment* part, many vets say they wouldn't mind doing some bending here and there, if only they had some sign that society recognized their existence. On an unemployment line one day a freckle-faced ex-medic shouted, "I'm beginning to find out what it feels like to be a nigger."

It does seem often that veterans are a separate oppressed (and depressed) minority. Many vets feel that the only time they're in the papers is when someone with military experience hijacks a plane, robs a bank, or goes on a killing spree. But several minority groups have gained insights into their oppression, and emerged with a heightened consciousness, a sense of solidarity, which becomes a foundation for working toward change. Unfortunately, that hasn't happened among veterans.

There have been some laudable efforts—a national conference on the emotional needs of Vietnam-era veterans held in St. Louis in April 1973, the march on Washington and the demonstrations at the Republican Convention in 1972, and projects run by veterans to help other veterans—and these have already begun to make their mark (see the list with this article), but a veterans' movement has not yet arrived.

"The last organization I joined was the U.S. Army. I learned my lesson. I'll never join another one again."

What's the trouble? It's been more than ten years since the first vets came back from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 61

STATIC

The issues that swirl around Vietnam veterans—especially the questions addressed in this Penthouse *series—are controversial and multiedged. Even among themselves, Vietnam veterans will disagree sharply when it comes to defining and attempting to resolve these issues and problems. Therefore,* Penthouse *is setting aside "static" space, in which vets can agree with, argue against, elaborate on, and add a personal perspective to the subjects being discussed. For this second installment of the series,* Penthouse *sent author and Vietnam veteran Tim O'Brien out to talk with vets, to hear what they have to say about the war and their emotional difficulties in returning to civilian life. O'Brien's interviews were conducted separately, and what follows is an edited version, spliced into a montage of opinion.*

O'Brien: Let's start with the basics. Some people argue that the readjustment problems of soldiers returning from Vietnam can be traced back to some essential quality in the war itself. They argue that Vietnam was different from other American wars. Was it different? For the grunt—the foot soldier—was Vietnam really so different from other wars? After all, the purpose of all wars is to kill. In all wars, people face death. In all wars, people are maimed. In all wars, physical property is destroyed. In all wars, people are afraid. In all wars, people try to be brave, sometimes succeeding, sometimes failing. These are the basics. Was Vietnam different in a truly fundamental way?

William Corson, former colonel, U.S. Marine Corps: Well, the tools of the trade remained pretty much the same. The rifle, the bayonet, the hand grenade. Human beings did the fighting in Vietnam and human beings were afraid, suffered, and died. In Vietnam, of course, some new technology was thrown into the equation. But it was essentially a foot soldier's war.

Still, there was a difference. In Vietnam, there was no finite time or space. No front, no rear. No sensation of territorial acquisition. In contrast, back during World War II, once we took a Pacific island it was ours for keeps. We won it. We held it. It was ours. Not so in Vietnam. In Nam, a kind of infinity stretched ahead. You'd search a village, leave it, then come back a week later to find it back in the hands of the enemy. Nothing seemed secure. Nothing definite to latch onto. No certain values, no certain justice. No territory gained and retained.

All this left the GI disoriented, out of balance, out of key. Dangling. Floating. Vietnam can be likened to a great vacuum cleaner, sucking up everything near it, putting it in suspension, disorienting. A great sucking void.

Mike Tyson, Vietnam veteran who was wounded in action and lost both legs: The basic stuff probably was the same in Vietnam as it was in World War II. I hear World War II wasn't much fun either. What changed, though, was the way Vietnam was fought. I mean, why didn't we win it? Why didn't we finish it off?

I went to the war gung ho. I didn't want to go, but I went with the idea of doing some good, you know? Shit. That's what gets to me now. Losing my legs in that stinking hole, that stinking hole called Nam.

Tim (Woody) Woodville, Vietnam veteran who was wounded in action and also lost both his legs: I'll put it this way. You aren't really in a war unless you're in the infantry. All the rest is fluff. Material for phony war stories. One-on-one combat: that's war. Bombs and helicopters and artillery: that's slaughter, not war. The guys who are really hung-up on what happened in Nam—the ones I know—they're grunts. They saw it. They did it. That's the stuff you make nightmares out of.

I was in Washington, D.C., about a month ago. I went to Arlington cemetery. My God, all those graves! Bunches of 'em. Well, I started thinking. I didn't get killed in Nam, but I know that something pretty traumatic happened to me, losing my legs. And I realized that every one of those guys in their graves—each damn one of them—had a personal moment of that same horrifying-terrifying experience. Each one of them had it. Pow. Blood. In all those different wars. And when you boil it down—wow! That's a bundle of terror. That's a bundle of horror lying in the ground. It boils down to combat, even if you end up using spears or something.

O'Brien: Everyone talks about the readjustment problems of Vietnam vets. Some people even give it a name—Post-Vietnam Syndrome. Books have been written about it. TV documentaries. Magazine articles. Let me ask this: is it real? Is there such a thing as PVS?

Tyson: What is it?

O'Brien: Maybe that answers my question. It's supposed to be a mixture of guilt, anxiety, depression, disgust, alienation, emptiness, estrangement.

Woody: Shit. I can't even spell most of those words.

O'Brien: But does PVS exist? Have you experienced any of those things? Did coming home from Nam leave a scar on your emotions?

Tyson: Coming home from Nam left a scar on my legs, that's for sure. Big fucking scars.

I'll tell you my story. Judge for yourself.

I lost my legs, right? Pow! All this mush. No legs. Wow, I thought, no more legs. No fun at all.

And then I came home. I was treated good. My family was great, my friends were as nice as they could be. But I started feeling bad. I'd be watching a football game, and I'd have to quit watching. Because I wanted to play. I love football, I used to play it a lot. And God! how I wanted to play. But I couldn't. I couldn't even watch, because I wanted to do it, and I couldn't.

I got to where I was strung out on reds—like sleeping pills, a real downer—and I was strung out something horrible. The self-pity got real heavy, you know? I didn't notice, but my friends noticed and they used to jump on me for it.

One day I said, "That's it!" I had my pistol. I was gonna finish it. I'd had it. Thought everyone hated me. So I went about thirteen miles out of town, out into the sticks. And I locked up my truck and walked about two hundred yards and sat on this rock. I was really chicken to shoot myself, so I started practicing. I threw my crutches away. I shot two holes in my artificial leg. I hit the unit in it—the thing that makes the leg work—and the damn thing wouldn't work. That made me mad. So I shot six bullets into the toes.

One of the artificial feet broke off. I had one bullet left. I'd been eating reds and drinking whiskey all day. I wanted to shoot myself in the heart. I was really spaced out. I crawled around. I threw the leg away. Went in weird circles. Finally I got to my truck and a guy found me sitting in the back. I guess I looked great. Wish I had a picture of it. I'd have it blown up into a huge postcard.

Shit. I wish I had that leg now. It would look super with the bullet holes in it.

O'Brien: Did all this happen because you lost your legs in Nam? Or was it more than that? Was it the whole Vietnam thing?

Tyson: It was because nobody gave a damn when I came back, and nobody cared that I was blown up and didn't have my legs anymore. That was the way I was thinking. I don't know if it was the drugs affecting me or what. Maybe I had a feeling of inadequacy. Nothing made sense. I've been hyperactive all my life, and suddenly there I was, slowed down to a turtle's pace. Vietnam was such a waste. No sense.

Woody: Let me put it this way. The other night I was offered a drink in this bar. I thought, "Wow! Here's this guy buying me a drink because I'm a veteran. Because I lost my legs serving my country. This is great!" Then I figured out the guy was a fag. He started telling me how pretty I was. That was about the time I figured it out.

Now, he was the only man who ever offered to buy me a drink. And in World War II, from what I understand, the guys who came back wounded were offered factories full of booze. Now, there's the difference right there.

Arthur Egendorf, a Vietnam vet now pursuing a doctorate in clinical psychology: Are the problems of Vietnam vets real? I've never been asked that before. Well, let's start on the numbers. There have been many studies done and even the conservative studies show that about a fifth of the guys coming back from Nam have serious emotional problems.

Tyson: I still don't understand what this PVS thing is.

Corson: It boils down to this: Vietnam is a memory that the vets just can't nail down. It's unreal. A dream, perhaps. What was Vietnam really like? That's the question we're always asked. But we can't answer it. All we can do is say how it smelled. The sick, sweet smell of death, the stench of napalmed bodies, cordite, animal and human feces and urine, carbon monoxide from thousands of Honda motorcycles, smoke from cooking fires, incense, one's own fear, an open-belly wound, the salty odor of dried sweat after a day in the paddies. These are the things we remember. These things were real.

The point is this: these memories should trigger other memories, other meanings. They should open a veteran up. He should be able to fit those memories into a larger context, into his values, his personal background and dreams and ambitions. It doesn't fit. It's unreal. You can't hang a constellation of meanings and values to the real stuff of Vietnam—the real smells, the real events, the real fear. It doesn't mesh with everything else that happened in the vet's life.

Tyson: Who thought up this PVS thing?

O'Brien: A fellow named Robert Lifton had a lot to do with it.

Tyson: Well, who did he talk to?

O'Brien: Vets. A lot of them were associated with Vietnam Veterans Against the War. They came to VVAW rap groups.

Woody: Most of us aren't VVAW types, you know. I'm not.

Egendorf: It's hard to generalize. Personally, my own hang-up after coming home was guilt. I'd gone to Nam thinking I'd better take care of Number One: Me. And when I got back —even while I was over there—I knew I was guilty. It's certainly political . . . ideological. Whatever word you use. But I felt guilty for having sold out, and I vowed I wouldn't do it again. Of course, that's easy to say once you've made it through Vietnam.

But for other guys, the problem may not be guilt. Other guys don't see it that way, don't put it that way. Some guys went to Nam looking for the big payoff when they got home A good job. Conquering hero. Adoration. Respect. And it wasn't there. It just was not there. And these guys say: "Hey! Wait a minute. I've been had." And the black guys. They come back, look around, and they say: "Hey! Old whitey zapped me again." So the emotional problems of Vietnam vets can't be summed up in an easy catchword.

O'Brien: Why, after World War II, didn't the vets develop a similar set of readjustment difficulties? All the studies show they came home more optimistic, more independent.

Egendorf: Well, I doubt that returning from World War II was quite that hunky-dory. Think of the novels of Kurt Vonnegut, Joseph Heller, Norman Mailer. There was some outrage and disillusionment back then, too. But it was more restrained, there was some consensus in the country about that crusade. But not with Nam.

Woody: I don't know about that. I went to Nam thinking I'd done the right thing. A lot of guys were like me. Didn't like the idea, but it had to be done. Not many guys were flying Viet Cong flags. Not many of us really liked the Communists or what they were doing—and they were doing some rotten things. There just wasn't much political about it. It was a case of killing or getting killed, the old story.

Corson: Look at me. An old hand, right? Served in the second World War. Served in Korea. Served in Nam. If there's such a thing as an old soldier, you're looking him square in the eye.

And I'll give it to you straight: I had my own period of unsettling imbalance when I got back from Nam the last time. Disorientation. Nothing like it had hit me before. Perhaps I'm a bit more politically aware than your average GI, but what hit me when I got back wasn't pure politics. It was an epistemological thing: What's happening? What just happened? What did it mean? What went wrong? It didn't jive with my previous combat duty, didn't mesh with the other wars, didn't make one goddamn bit of sense. What makes this unusual is that you're hearing it from someone who served in three different wars.

O'Brien: Did the fact that we didn't win in Vietnam contribute significantly to the emotional problems of Vietnam vets?

Corson: Of course. Soldiers fight to win. Wars are fought to win. At least they're supposed to be fought that way.

Tyson: That's what gripes me most. Not winning.

Woody: I was better than those dinks. Better trained. Smarter. That's what I wanted to prove over there. I'd had Ranger training. I knew my shit. That's what saved me when I was hit, I'm convinced of it. I had the sense—the presence of mind—to tie on a tourniquet. I like to win, to be good at what I do.

O'Brien: But we didn't. We lost. A stalemate. Whatever. And, personally, you lost, didn't you? The dinks got you. You lost your legs.

Woody: Maybe. But I don't look at it that way. I proved myself. But you gotta respect the NVA [North Vietnamese]. I learned to respect them.

O'Brien: Do you have nightmares about Nam? Does it plague you?

Woody: It used to. After I lost my legs. I can still see the dink's face, the dink who threw the grenade that got my second leg. If I was an artist, I could draw him. That used to bother me. And the feeling where my legs should be.

But you gotta get over it. You got to stop worrying about the small stuff, the trivial stuff. I learned to appreciate the good things. I learned to appreciate life. So I don't think I'm infected with—what do you call it?—this PVS. You got to look beyond that. Nam did me some good.

Tyson: There's a lot of bad memories coming out of Nam. And maybe guys don't want to admit it. If you would have interviewed me when I was strung out on reds, I don't think I would have admitted how bad off I was.

Woody: But some of it's horseshit, too.

Tyson: Some of it. You can't always tell. If a guy's at all sensitive, a war has got to hurt, got to hurt bad. I don't care what war it is.

Egendorf: There's nothing to validate the Vietnam experience. So some guys try to validate it with drugs or hostility or by writing about it. Lots of ways. Some guys just get depressed or withdraw. But the idea is to make sense of it. And it's hard to make sense out of a senseless thing like Vietnam.

Vietnam. Why haven't any Vietnam vets been elected to Congress like so many World War II vets (Nixon, McGovern, Kennedy, Inouye, Cranston . . .) were in the 1940's and early '50's?

Part of the answer is that veterans feel that "people don't want to know"—and effective political organization is inhibited.

Some vets have been coming to *informal* rap sessions. In New York City, for example, more than two hundred vets have come at one time or another since the sessions began in December 1970. That's a small number, especially in New York. But these groups are not an isolated phenomenon. Dr. Chaim Shatan, the psychiatrist who originally arranged for volunteer psychotherapists to take part in the sessions, says that he has had contact with more than forty similar groups all over the country.

Those who have come, particularly in the past two years, have nothing terribly wrong with them. These are not the paraplegics, the quadraplegics, the blind, or any of the other thousands of "totally disabled" Vietnam vets, whose anguish is readily understood by the average citizen. They show no obvious symptoms, nothing that would draw attention as they walk down the street; they don't conform to the stereotypes of the "mentally ill." But they're uneasy, anxious, and continually depressed. There are problems of impotence, difficulties finding or holding jobs, fears of one's own rage—a general dissatisfaction with life.

"For a long time I thought it was just me, that I'm crazy and I have to get used to it. But then I discovered that all the vets I know are feeling the same thing. Nothing's going the way we want for any of us. Maybe it's not just me—it's us."

One vet read about the rap groups in a newspaper and came in trembling. He had been back from Vietnam for five years but had not told anyone, not even his wife, about the most upsetting experience of his life. He said he dreams about it at least once a week, and sometimes he is bothered so much that he's afraid to fall asleep.

On one of his last patrols in Vietnam he saw his friend ahead of him fall forward. He went to help. Moving quickly to avoid getting shot, he rolled his friend over and lifted him on his shoulder, noticing, but not really registering, that there was little left of his friend's head. After crawling and running some two hundred yards, he set his friend down and stared at the bloody mass, trying to make out the once familiar facial features. In the dream he and his friend keep changing positions, and he sees himself with a red blob instead of a face.

Hideous deaths are part of all wars, and every generation of veterans comes home from nightmares. But beyond those well-defined traumas, there's something else that veterans have brought home from Vietnam. Most experience it as a general sense that something isn't quite right. Some veterans will trace their uneasiness directly to the war—that it wasn't what it was cracked up to be, that they risked their lives for nothing. There are often self-doubts, too: "Was I sufficiently brave? Did I really prove myself a man?" These lead to troubling questions about whether bravery or "manhood" makes any sense.

> In part, vets suffer because they're the only inheritors of the massive catastrophe called Vietnam. Nobody else will claim responsibility. There is a moral void, a responsibility vacuum.

Many ask, "What does it mean?" or, "Why was I there?" Others easily articulate political explanations for the war. But the implied self-criticism, "If it was wrong, why didn't I refuse to go?" is unanswered. Whether or not that question is raised, virtually all vets who come to the groups share the feeling that the war wasn't real; that the year or two in Vietnam didn't happen. One man once joked that it felt like a hole in the soul, only to have several other vets snatch the phrase up and exclaim that it fits precisely their sense of it, too.

"I've thought about this many times: I am in a country that has been involved in a war for more than ten years but shows no outward signs of it. The hole inside me appears as a reflection of the absence around me of anything to confirm what I lived through."

When veterans first join the rap groups, they are anxious to explore their experiences in Vietnam. But their questions about the past are never isolated from their concerns in the present. They ask themselves, "Why am I here in this group? Is it because of what I went through in Vietnam or because of what I'm going through now?" The frustrating conclusion is that there's no way to distinguish between the two, even though the "present difficulties" they most often discuss are relationships with wives and girl friends, and these problems don't seem to have anything to do with war. But the metaphor of a soul with a hole makes sense here: love is difficult when you feel incomplete.

From the earliest meetings of the rap groups, some of the volunteer therapists noticed a distinctive quality in the veterans' struggles, something they have called numbed feelings: reactions to, or protections against, trauma. Dr. Shatan traces this sort of problem back to Basic Training, which teaches Spartan virtues and actively discourages tenderness and empathy.

A former Basic Training drill instructor (who had also been to Vietnam) came to one meeting and said, "Ever since I got out of the Crotch [Marine Corps] I get these spells . . . every six weeks or so I feel like I start looking for fights. It almost scares me, except that I don't feel anything, because I'm not afraid of anything. Nothing hurts . . . I don't care about anything, except, sort of, my daughter. Maybe that's why I don't beat up my wife too bad; she takes care of the girl."

Sometimes a veteran's numbness seems closely related to his encounters with death, a kind of psychological protection from the guilt of the survivor—"Why did *he* die and not me? And how could I be so shameful as to be glad that I was able to buy life for myself through another man's death?" Many veterans share these feelings.

"I don't think I love my wife. I don't know. Actually I don't know anything, even whether I should still be alive. It's the same now as it was in Nam. . . . I volunteered to walk point [the riskiest position at the head of a patrol] for two hundred days straight, beginning right after the day I froze in combat. . . . I thought then and I still think now that I don't deserve to live. . . . You see, I could have saved this one guy who was covering me that day, if only I hadn't been scared to leave my own foxhole."

Outside the rap groups or other settings, such as hospitals or drug-treatment centers, where veterans readily acknowledge the importance of a psychological dimension, veterans display a great deal of reticence, and sometimes even deny that anything is wrong at all. As one vet put it: "There's nothing the matter with me or any of the vets I know. All those shrinks talking 'bout *problems* are a bunch of candy asses —*they're* the ones with problems!"

There are several reasons for this. First, as Tony Jones noted in *Harpers* (August 1972), it is only after many hours spent talking with veterans that "you become aware that they carry two sets of pictures with them. . . . One set [is] for public consumption . . . composed of answers meant to turn away further questions, or at the very least confine them to a predictable course. . . . Only gradually, with trust, does the second set of views emerge . . . far less ordered, contradictory . . . [with] . . . elements of pain, anger and despair, and they arise from some deep inner space accompanied by a sense of great vulnerability."

Secondly, veterans who sense their own confusion are naturally wary of intrusive questioning. One frequent response is, "I'm tired of people asking me, 'Vietnam? Did you kill anybody? How'd it feel?' " Another is, "Why don't they stop talking about veterans and just leave me alone?"

Thirdly, vets are survivors of an uncommon ordeal. War, no matter how painful, can teach unique lessons. Every vet comes back with a sense that he has seen and overcome something that most other people haven't. So, to many vets, talk about psychological problems often seems like a veiled attempt to belittle their trials and to deny their satisfaction at having survived.

Fourthly, most psychological investigators have an air of superiority: they pry, make judgments, and hint about cures—like magicians. Many veterans who went to Vietnam believing they would be doing something worthwhile lost their faith in the old magic. Any language that's removed from their experience—like the jargon of psychology—makes no sense to them.

"One is definitely schizophrenic when the regression of one's security operations, enforced by parataxic interpersonal relations, actually menaces one's survival. . . . It comes about, therefore, that the schizophrenic person, even though he is aware—in the disowned, 'they' fashion—of tendencies which manifestly involve him in rather durable integrations incongruous with his past experience and foreign to his, at least dimly formulated career-line, cannot easily reintegrate a unitary awareness."—H. S. Sullivan, *Conceptions of Modern Psychiatry*

Veterans who accept their guilt end up just as estranged from society as their brothers who are outcast as executioners and victims. "Normal" people can't relate to a saint anymore than to a devil.

Applying such jargon to veterans can incite them to rage. This reaction is particularly common among black and other minority veterans. But maybe blacks have "a case of the ass," as they say. Although blacks made up only 11 percent of the total military force, they accounted for 18 percent of the combat deaths in Vietnam.

One of the brothers put it to me this way: "Emotional problems? Shit yeah, I've got emotional problems. I can't get a decent job because I don't have enough school, I can't get more school because the GI Bill doesn't pay enough for me to quit work. And I can't do both without getting *more* emotional problems. And I fought for this?"

A third-generation Japanese recalls: "The first day in Basic Training, the DI [drill instructor] yelled at us, 'Here we're gonna teach ya how to kill gooks. And if ya don't know what a gook looks like, there's one standing over there.' He was pointing at me."

"The first time I refused an order, my commanding officer said I had no guts. The second time, he sent me to the shrink, who said, 'Tell me, exactly in your own words, what seems to be the trouble.' I told him I refuse to burn any more houses down while the people are still in them. So the bastard says, 'Is there something you're not telling me? Something you're afraid of?' "

During the early years of the Vietnam War, Veterans Administration and Pentagon spokesmen denied the possibility that there would be any widespread psychological reactions among veterans. So it took some courage for one team of VA psychiatrists to look more deeply into these early claims of a "record low combat psychiatric casualty rate" and to raise, in 1970, "the question of whether this low casualty rate is not at least partially spurious, resulting from lack of recognition or adequate treatment of significant psychiatric illness that, representing unresolved conflict, re-manifests itself later."

By late 1970 and early 1971 raising that question took progressively less courage. In the years 1964–1968, the combat psychiatric casualty rate had been no higher than that for troops stationed in the United States. By 1969–1970, however, despite the claims that the war was "winding down," the rate of psychiatric evacuations doubled. In addition, one in every five Army enlisted men in Vietnam was experimenting with heroin and two out of three regularly prescribed for themselves a fine grade of the local *cannabis* weed to "help keep the head on straight."

The military obviously didn't expect this deluge of drug-taking, abrupt increases of

LETTERS

This letters column has been set up to elicit readers' responses to articles in the Vietnam Veterans series. We hope that this column can provide a forum for veterans to express their opinions, needs, and concerns about issues that affect them.

Tim O'Brien's *Prisoners of Peace* in the March issue of *Penthouse* really struck home. I'm a partially disabled Vietnam veteran, and it makes me feel guilty. No bragging about it like the WW II boys did; I rarely mention it.

It's an amazing syndrome. I've got all those medals, undergraduate and postgraduate degrees. But it took six months to get a job. The Veterans Administration and other organizations were "very helpful." They sent pamphlets on drafting schools and insurance-sales schools. I even got offered a job selling military decorations to East Coast bases. Nixon came out in time for the election with the Jobs for Vets program. It was a windfall for businessmen, a vote-getter for King Richard, and it started out with a vetless staff. If you want to meet someone from the CREEP staff—stop over at the VA. Imagine asking one of that lot for help!

The whole tone of this country, and especially of the VA and other veterans' organizations, isn't just one that ignores you—it actively deplores you. It makes you feel guilty for being a Vietnam vet. People for peace, and girls who never had to make the decision, ask why you went—some call you a murderer. Old vets say you have no patriotism, and if you voted for McGovern or supported his campaign you betrayed your president. Shame on you. You deserve your lot. So you get no help. You get shunned. You're an infidel with no love of country, so you should leave it.

Tim O'Brien asks if vets are important. "Do we matter?" This country's answer is obviously no, we don't matter. We brought home no laurels of victory. We didn't fight for and retain our country's values. We did less than nothing, for all our efforts. We were the instruments of betrayal of those values. We killed helpless thousands to retain dictatorship. The blood's on our hands. Perhaps we deserve it. Perhaps we should have said no to Nixon en masse, and caused him even worse troubles. But that would have caused worse troubles for all of us. So we didn't, and we feel guilty.

So what? How do we gather the pieces together? How does a nation that's learned a lesson put things right for those who went, came back, but still suffer? There are a few bills in the Congress now, but they probably won't get anywhere. No votes back home are available for sponsoring bills for vets, unless they're for old vets. The House and Senate doves have sponsored the Vietnam-era veterans' bills, but they have no backing from all the "great patriots." You won't fing Jerry Ford's name on a good vets bill. Or Landgrebe, or Passman. No, these are the patriots who call for war, not the patriots who will face up to setting things right when it's over. Nothing from them. No help on the bills from the VA lobbiers. Nothing from the VFW, or the AMVETS. They're all too busy trading WW II stories and lamenting the "candy asses" from Vietnam.

Perhaps it's time to stop worrying about the situation. I've long since given up trying to work for vets' programs because it's like banging your head against a wall, and because I'd rather work on my own affairs and forget the war, forget vets, and get on with life. So now, after the article by O'Brien, I feel guilty again.

Thanks a lot for running that piece. Things like that are greatly needed. And even those of us who have all but given up appreciate it.—*Robert A. Andretta, Washington, D.C.*

Tim O'Brien's *Prisoners of Peace* is a powerful and realistic portrayal of the Indochina experience. *Penthouse* is to be commended on its efforts to help Vietnam-era veterans.

Much has been written about the problems of the "Prisoners of Peace" but little has been done to recognize and utilize their potential. Vietnam veterans offer America unique and valuable resources: skills, maturity, discipline, leadership, responsibility, and experience.

Few people of the veterans' age have had the opportunity to learn a skill, adapt to an alien environment, work as a member of a team, hold positions of responsibility, acquire independence, manage their lives in challenging situations. The Vietnam veterans' background experience is not only an asset in adapting to a challenging environment, it provides unique skills and innovative perspectives.

The discipline acquired during military service enables the veteran to adapt and respond to challenges. The art of survival in Vietnam required tremendous self-discipline and maturity from every veteran. Most veterans are more adept and experienced at coping with problems, challenges, minor traumas, and hardships than other persons their age.

The Vietnam-era veteran was either a leader or he was constantly exposed to leadership. At a time when America's leaders are failing their responsibilities, maybe it is time we turned to men who have proven themselves under fire. Vietnam was a "company-grade war." It was fought by the young enlisted man and the junior-grade officer. Young veterans made the critical day-to-day, life-and-death decisions while the so-called senior leaders were far removed in their helicopters or back at base camps.

It took a hell of a lot of guts and motivation to spend a year in the boonies of Nam, just to meet the challenge of surviving. Few Vietnam veterans will ever again commit themselves to, or allow themselves to be used in, a cause they do not believe in. But once veterans find something they can commit themselves to, they will be able to carry it through.

Combat veterans have been charged with life-and-death responsibilities and proven themselves. Other vets have handled expensive equipment and performed complicated and demanding tasks. All veterans have participated on a "team" where their actions directly affected others. Veterans therefore have a great sense of responsibility towards others and towards their jobs and studies.

Perhaps the most valuable asset the Vietnam veteran possesses is his perspective—his experience with the realities of life and death, good and evil. At a time when political expediency and insensitivity are destroying America, it is imperative that the veteran realize his potential to alter the course America has taken.

Government, business, labor, education, and the American people have a responsibility to assist Vietnam veterans in realizing their potential and securing a meaningful and productive place in society.

If America fails to respond to its "Prisoners of Peace," it will waste the talents, aspirations, skills, dedication, motivation, and sacrifices of millions of men.

If America's response to the "Prisoners of Peace" is a public-relations campaign to obscure ugly realities—a token action, a meager stipend to appease a guilty conscience—it will only serve to compound the bitterness, frustration, and distrust engendered by the war.

America's commitment to the Vietnam veteran must be a total response, sincere and dedicated—one that offers opportunity rather than charity, an education rather than just a chance to go to school, meaningful employment rather than dead-end jobs. America's response to her veterans must be a heartfelt commitment, not a guilt-ridden token gesture—for only then will the "Prisoner of Peace" free himself from the tragedy that created him and the indifference that has plagued him.—*Bill Henshaw, Vietnam Veterans Against the War, Legislative Liaison Office, Washington, D.C.*

Now that you are carrying articles about issues like amnesty, how about giving some attention to the problems faced by those who didn't refuse the draft, but still got screwed by Uncle Sam?

I am speaking of thousands of Vietnam-era veterans whose discharge papers—honorable, at that—have been coded with numbers that denote reasons for separation from the military. It is outrageous that these young people can be stigmatized for the rest of their lives with Separation Program Numbers (SPN) that charge them with "financial irresponsibility" (No. 28E), "homosexual tendencies" (No. 361), or being a "marginal producer" (No. 703).

Can you explain the meaning of "homosexual tendencies"? I can't, and I'm certain the military can't. Yet, this practice continues. How about exposing it?—*Dave M., New York, N.Y.*

VETERANS' SELF-HELP PROGRAMS

ARIZONA:	
Veterans Emergency Transition Service	A statewide Vietnam-veteran outreach program, staffed by Vietnam-era veterans, to respond to the employment, educational, and VA benefit needs of veterans.
CALIFORNIA:	
Twice Born Men P.O. Box 151 San Francisco, Calif. 94103	A psychological self-assessment project to help ex-addicts and ex-offenders reenter the community; including rap groups and planning for employment, academic and vocational training.
Veterans Education Training Service 7815 S. Vermont Ave. Los Angeles, Calif. 90044	Part of the national VETS Project; primarily for inner-city black and Chicano vets and offering a variety of services including discharge review counseling.
Discharge Upgrade Project 4919 Telegraph Ave. Oakland, Calif. 94609 or 3067 24th St. San Francisco, Calif. 94110	Offers legal assistance to veterans with less-than-honorable discharges, including counseling and the preparation of legal briefs; also takes potentially precedent-setting discharge review cases to federal courts.
G.I. Forum 430 University Ave. San Diego, Calif. 92103	Offers a variety of services and discharge review primarily to Chicano veterans.
Wayne Eisenhart 3690½ Hicks Rd. Sebastopol, Calif. 95472 (707) 823-5618	Conducts a rap group with rural veterans in northern California.
COLORADO:	
Independence House 1776 Williams Denver, Colo. 80218 (303) 399-1454	A satellite house of the Denver VA Hospital that has facilities for drug therapy, 24-hour crisis intervention, legal aid and counseling for veterans.
Rocky Mt. Discharge Upgrade Project 1460 Pennsylvania St. Denver, Colo. 80210	Part of CCCO and the Rocky Mt. Military Project, offering discharge review and other services needed by veterans with less-than-honorable discharges.
Veterans Opportunity Center 847 E. Colfax Denver, Colo. 80218 (303) 573-7673	Part of the VETS Project, offering a variety of services primarily to Chicano veterans; with plans to start discharge reviews.
CONNECTICUT:	
Higher Education Center for Urban Studies (VETS HECUS) 328 Park Ave. Bridgeport, Conn. 06604 (203) 334-9348	A veteran-staffed outreach program to encourage veterans to use the benefits of the GI Bill; with a general assistance referral program for jobs, medical services, housing, legal assistance for discharge upgrading, and drugs.
National Fraternity of Veterans Box 3927 New Haven, Conn. 06525 (203) 389-4533	Offers general services and discharge upgrading services, including writing legal briefs and taking potentially precedent-setting cases to federal court.

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psychiatric casualties, and the massive postwar difficulties among Vietnam veterans. And the explanations offered by military doctors never made much sense to the men involved.

Psychiatrists and psychologists in government agencies don't like to be controversial. So they stick to notions like "stress." Used as a technical term, stress is a set of specific bodily reactions. You can study it by measuring the level of hormone secretions (often in the urine, which is how this research got the name "piss research"), and you don't have to get involved with complex psychological, political, or moral issues.

But the situation is not totally bleak. There are signs that even the Veterans Administration has begun to learn something about vets. In December 1970, the VA established a Vietnam-Era Veteran Committee, headed by Charles Stenger, a psychologist. Stenger is a World War II veteran and ex-POW. His toughest battles, however, have probably been his conferences with young veterans all over the country.

It is likely that more vets have told him that the VA "eats shit" than have registered to vote. Stenger has become sensitive to the far-reaching, complex, and sometimes mutually antagonistic sensibilities of the veteran population.

Despite people like Stenger, there are many more men who need assistance than there are resources available. One obvious proposal would be to expand the currently limited psychological facilities of the Veterans Administration. For example, a veteran has to prove "service connection" ("Doctor, the *war* did it to me!") for whatever he feels is wrong if he wants outpatient treatment, and he has to prove it within a year after leaving the military. Otherwise the VA says, "Sorry about that." Senator George McGovern proposed a bill to improve these services that passed the Senate in the spring of 1973. As of this writing (December 1973) the bill still sits in committee. Its passage is long overdue.

The kind of healing veterans need most, however, has to take place outside of treatment rooms. Doctor's medicines can't fill a hole in the soul.

In part, vets suffer because they're the only inheritors of the massive catastrophe called Vietnam. Nobody else will claim responsibility. There is a moral void, a responsibility vacuum. So the vets take the rap—not only because others see it that way ("Gee son, it must have been tough over there," or, "How come you fellows didn't win your war? We won ours."), but also because vets can't forget the place and time in which they risked death. Others, maybe you who read this, didn't risk that much. Perhaps you're worried about the environment, the energy crisis, what courses to take in night school . . . but Vietnam? Veterans? Isn't that all over now?

"My kid's three now. I guess in another year or two he'll be playing with guns, like they all do. Another year after that and it'll be war

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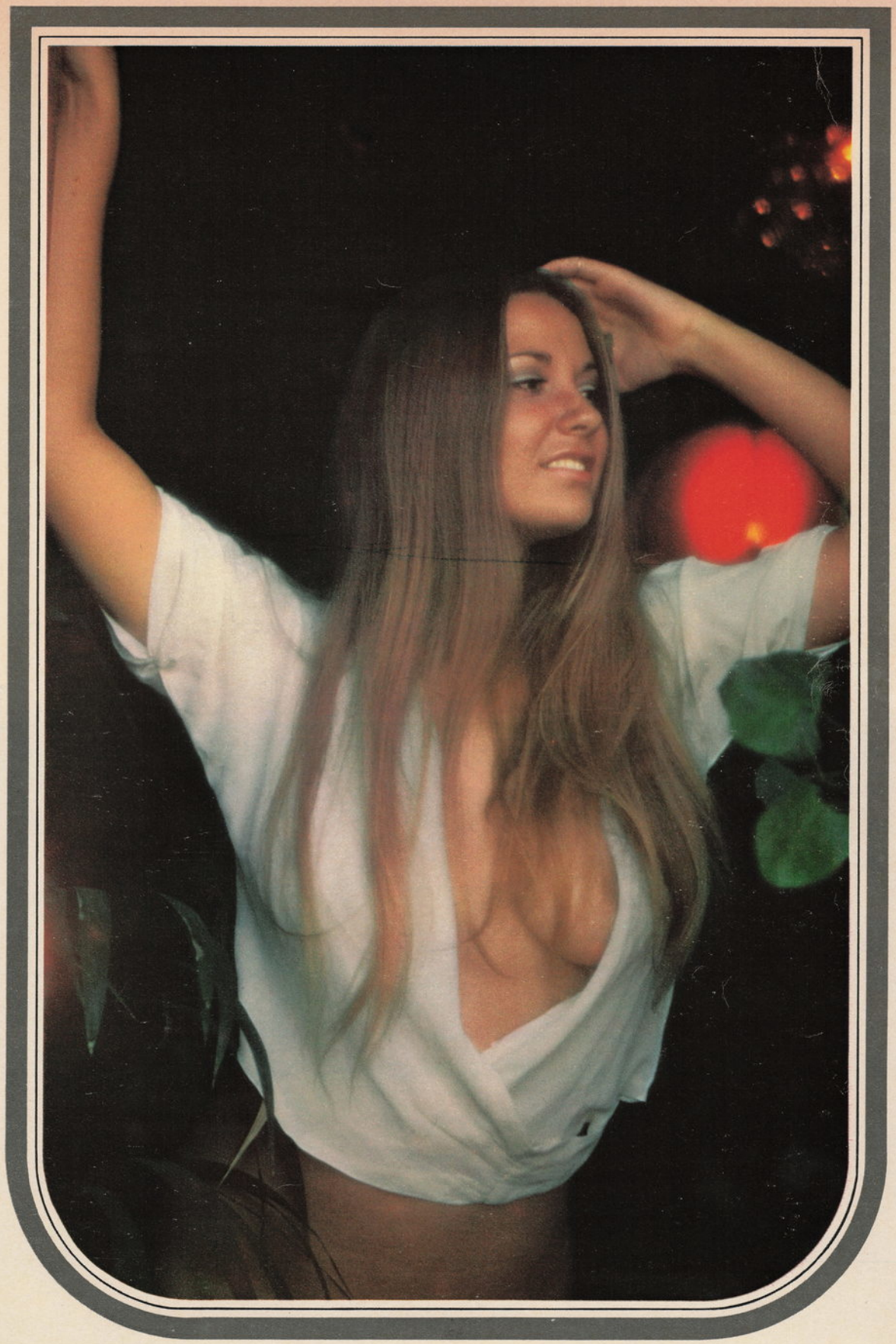


NANCY

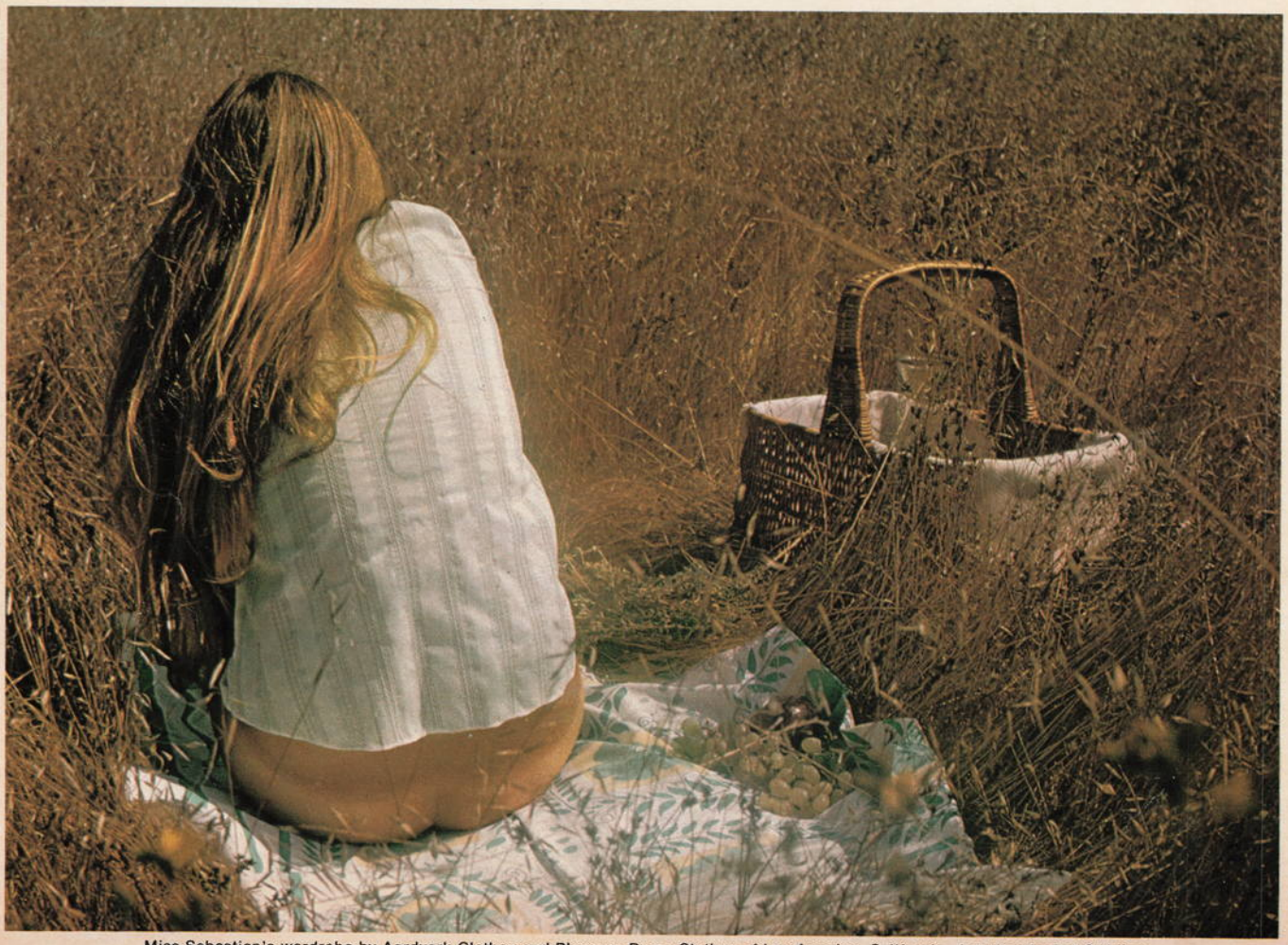
"Sex is just as necessary as food... but we ought to be gourmets about it."

SEBASTIAN OF FREEDOM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

"A person should do exactly what she wants to do when she wants to do it," declares Nancy Sebastian of San Diego. "And doing whatever moves me is exactly what I *will* do." And who would stop her? From swimming nude in the cosmic Pacific? Or bicycling on its firm cool sands? Or lying nude in its suasive sun, as she is wont to do?

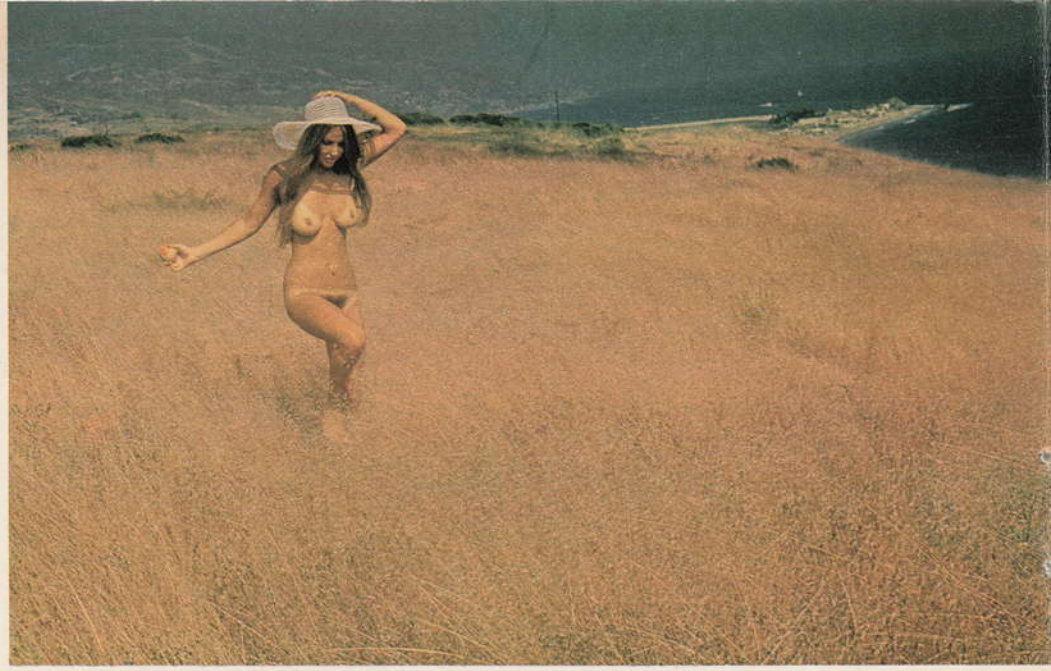
"I don't like people to push me around and tell me what to do or who to love. When a man gets in a woman's blood—and they do—you get addicted. It's just like heroin and she



Miss Sebastian's wardrobe by Aardvark Clothes and Pleasure Dome Clothes of Los Angeles, California. Interiors by Pat Swidler

should go after him. To hell with acting hard to get! To hell with any kind of *acting*, as a matter of fact." That's Miss Sebastian's spirit: the spirit of freedom. If she's not liberated, who is? Is Nancy Sebastian (38-24-36) the reason they held the Age of Aquarius in California?

A daughter of Arizona, where they still remember that freedom is something you fight for, nubile Nancy moved at an early age to San Diego, where the



stamp of individuality is as abundant as driver's licenses. Now enrolled at San Diego State College, she's a keen sociology major. "I'm interested in the social and psychological forces that make people interact the way they do in their relationships with other people and their environments. Like sex is always part of our behavior, but most people don't know it or want to admit it, so sex controls them like a puppeteer. I think sex is just as necessary as food, but we ought to be gourmets about it. We've got to experiment with sex and our bodies and exert our own control over sex rather than the other way around.

"Love and sex don't necessarily go together —detached, one-time sex can really be great too—but it's best for a lasting relationship if they do. It lends more to a meaningful relationship between people....Repression of sex is a political act if you look at it sociologically. Nudity, in the past, was set up to be a shameful thing because of the old puritan ethic. People

shouldn't be ashamed of their bodies—bodies are beautiful....

"American men are very masculine and that's what attracts me most. I like playing the field right now, but I don't want to do it for the rest of my life...eventually if I find the right man, I want to get married. But not now. I want to travel more—I've been to Hawaii and all over Europe, from Athens to London—and have adventures. Hawaii is my favorite place, probably because San Diego is all freeway and there aren't so many freeways in Hawaii—there can't be since it's all islands—and it's more natural. I love to travel and I think everyone should.... It teaches you about the way other people live, and it makes you proud to be an American. I mean there's a lot to be said for foreign traditions and customs, but America is really the only country where a woman can be on top." Right on, Nancy Sebastian!

MISS NANCY SEBASTIAN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Who says religion is dead?
The higher truths of the Bible are alive
and well—on Broadway.

Are You Coproducing With Me Lord?

By Ralph Schoenstein

The stunning production of the new rock opera, *No House Calls*, based on the life of Mary Baker Eddy, is undoubtedly the crowning work in the American theater's religious cycle that began with *Jesus Christ Superstar* and then moved on through *Sing, Mohammed, Buddha Baby*, and *Calvin Cool*. (A production at the Larchmont YWCA entitled *Luther Is My Darling* has been specifically excluded from the cycle by both John Simon and Norman Vincent Peale.)

"We've run out of sects to update," the *No House Calls* producer Bernie Love told me at his office in Central Park. "Our audiences—and that includes the kids on both sides of puberty—just won't buy a show based on a book that was written later than 760, so we can't go ahead with *Brigham Young, Desert Dude*. It's got lots of hair and a nice communal milieu, but it doesn't call for the updating that the kids demand."

To look back now with some perspective at this remarkable trend is to see a holy theatricality whose total gross has made *Parsifal* seem like something that folded in Detroit. Ironically, *Sing, Mohammed* looked at first as though it might never get off the ground. According to its press agent, Sam Fatah, the show was originally conceived as "a joyous Third World answer to the pro-Israeli propaganda of *Jesus Christ Superstar*." But as *Sing, Mohammed* began to jell in the basement of a Newark mosque, two concerns arose: Arab theater parties were hard to arrange; the Koran hasn't sold that well, either in hardcover or paperback, so the hero wasn't as familiar to people as Molly Goldberg or Jesus Christ.

To surmount these problems, the authors of the show, Sol Spivak and Danny DeVoe, decided to turn the public's ignorance of the Koran to an advantage by boldly dramatizing Mohammed's unhappy boyhood in a Mecca military school, his unrequited love for Catherine of Aragon, and his final attempt to occupy the Golan Heights.

When *Sing, Mohammed* finally opened, Clive Barnes called it "an exuberant departure from the well-made Arabian show and a relevant salute to both 655 and today." Advance sales were hotter than a pillar of fire and the original-cast recording, made at Shea Stadium, quickly climbed up the charts, led by the hauntingly beautiful "Medina, Yeah."

Buddha Baby had a smoother ride into production, not only because *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *Sing, Mohammed* had paved the way, but because the authors of the show, Sol Spivak and Danny DeVoe, discovered the perfect star before a word had been put down: a nineteen-year-old Weight Watchers dropout named Vinny Capone, who was a dead ringer for Buddha, especially in the lotus position.

Spivak and DeVoe at first had conceived of the show as a modern rock restatement of the sacred *Three Baskets of Wisdom*, in which Buddha would dance his way down from the Yalu to the Yangtze, stopping off to groove on riddles in the wilderness; but because of Capone's size, this choreographic notion was dropped and the entire action was placed beneath a bo tree in Rangoon, where Buddha raps about blessedness and the drug laws with various passing communes.

Buddha Baby opened at the East Village Pagoda on Labor Day and was an instant hit, even though the first-night audience mistook one of the meditations for an intermission and walked out, thus missing the stirringly lyrical "It's a Hassle to Be Wise."

"The show plays even better without an audience," Spivak later said. "It's closer to the spirit of the original book. We probably should cut out all the speaking parts on stage as well. We'll just have to watch the reactions and see what kind of karma we're getting from Ticketron."

The most recent work in this remarkable cycle, *No House Calls*, had a curious evolution indeed. It was originally called *Calvin Cool* and was an attempt to capture the rock soul of sixteenth century Switzerland; but several disc jockeys happened to catch the world premiere at Union Theological and felt that the show lacked the essential zip of Christianity. And so some quick little revisions were made and the show became the life of Mary Baker Eddy instead, with a new title of *Don't Treat Me, I Can Cope*, which was changed to *No House Calls* after a certain legal threat.

In *No House Calls*, authors Sol Spivak and Danny DeVoe have topped all their previous work by writing a soaring celebration of Mary Baker Eddy's friendship with John the Baptist and her fight against buffered aspirin. Both themes have offended some purists, but Bernie Love said to me, "We don't have to defend ourselves to the William Jennings Bryan crowd. These shows are bringing the overall vibes of the Bible to millions of people who don't get a chance to use hotels. We're capturing higher truths, like the Bible's feeling about the oil squeeze and Mary Baker Eddy's feeling about penicillin in the song "That Crazy Bread."

"Where does religious rock go from here?" I asked him.

"Well, I own the rights to the book on Vatican II," he said, "and I can see the College of Cardinals as sort of a rock *Good News*; but I'm not sure if Christianity can spin off one more hit. We may have to do something for the agnostics instead. Spivak has been thinking of a show about Bertrand Russell that he wants to call *Daddy Doubt*."

SZAFRAN

Hartman was looking—looking again at his wife's tan arms, which had always been lovely—her sign of beauty because they were smooth and took a tan like a spray of color and wax. But tonight he saw what he must have been seeing for some time now but not admitting into his mind: that the skin had lost its tone and hung down loose, like a crumpled flange on her arms, not even part of her.

It hurt him to look, and he turned away, sensing a trace of disgust in his pity. It made him think about himself and the pain in his temples, which he had lately decided was the prelude to a stroke, but which the doctor had dismissed. Hartman remembered the controlled look of patience on the doctor's face, his distaste as he faced another patient who had become middle-aged and who would soon be telephoning at nights.

But the fear had been real. Hartman's thoughts had dipped deep into the black river of himself and found death, a new visitor to invade the quiet hours of his winter evenings.

On the Monday following his doctor's appointment, he had bought a new suit at Rogers Peet and a sweat suit at Herman's and jogged for two mornings. But he found he was unable to pass his neighbors' homes sweating, un-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

NEW FLESH

By Joseph Papaleo

After six months of working out, Hartman's middle-aged muscles became trim and taut. But no one noticed . . . until a young hippie girl hitched a ride one day.

a Yaffa you can't refuse

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIKE DALEY

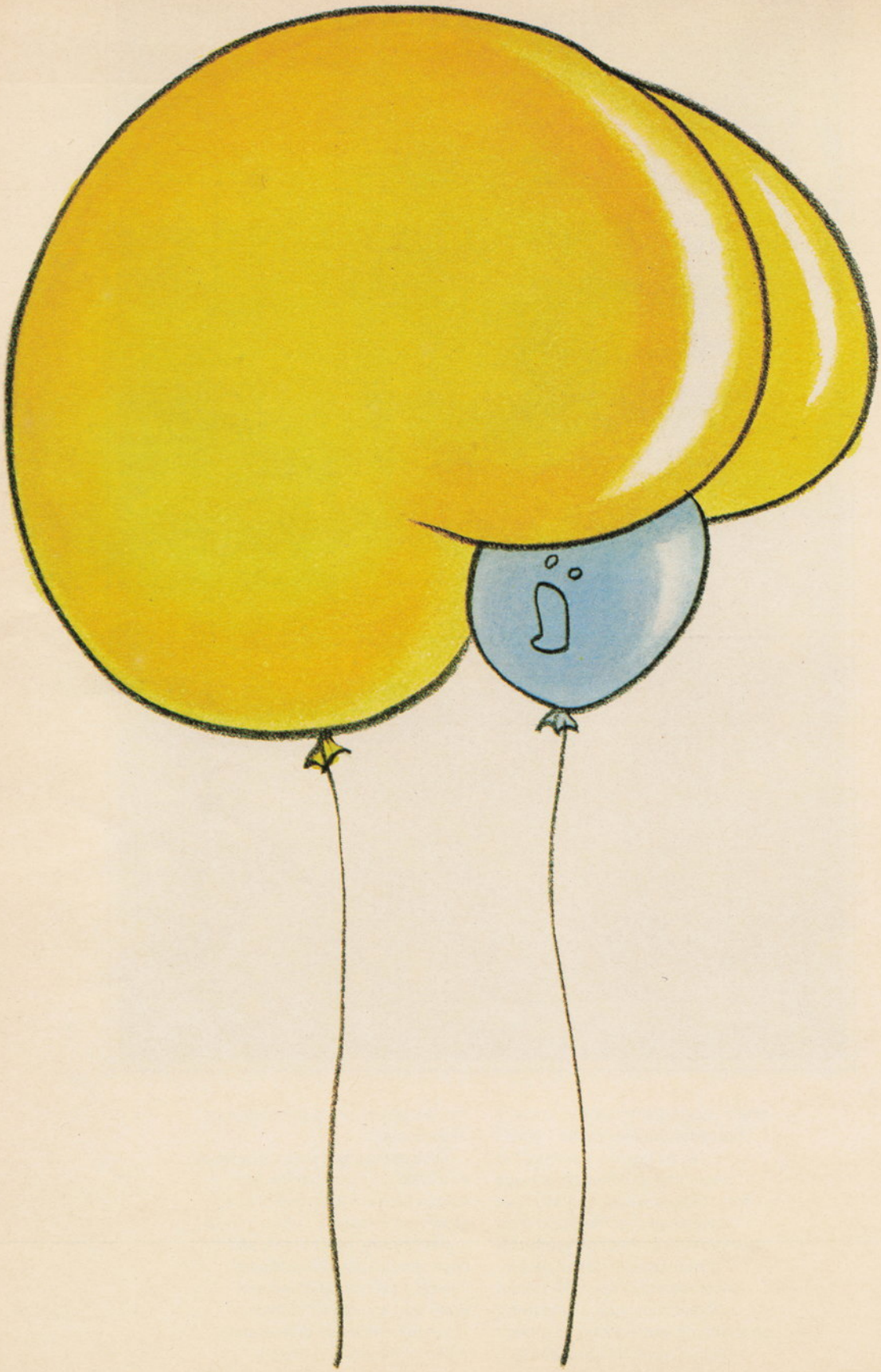
"My idea of a culture hero is
Linda Lovelace," says Yaffa Levan. "She's not the
prettiest girl in the world; certainly not
the most talented or intelligent, but she's one of
the sexiest and most liberated women I know.
She does her thing—completely uninhibited.
And that's something I can really admire."
Twenty-five-year-young Yaffa is not so shy herself, and
she talks about her likes, dislikes,

friendships, and phobias in a rich deep voice totally free from hang-ups and hesitation. "I've never been a one-man girl—I wanted to experience all kinds of different men in my life. . . . My attitude toward nudity was and still is fairly puritanical. Being from a strict European background, it was always customary to keep your body hidden under layers of clothes that were two sizes too big. My attitude has changed now, as you can see, but I feel that the body is the most beautiful gift we have and you should treat it as such and care for it as a priceless gem.

"My views on sex are liberal and outgoing. Your body is the most precious gift you can give. You should be free to do what you want when you want—but only if it's going to make you and your partner happy at the moment. No matter if it's on a girl-to-girl basis or a girl-to-guy basis or a guy-to-guy basis. I feel sex is an expression of one's self and should be expressed as you like it personally and not as society views it." Yaffa (36-22-35) is a gorgeous globetrotter who's been everywhere from Haifa to Hollywood. Originally from New York,

she's romped and roamed to every corner of the free world. "Travel is my favorite pastime, I'm beginning to believe that I was born under a wandering star. I've traveled all over the world from Hawaii to Africa, tried to experience the lifestyles of other people. Most recently I spent two years in Israel, most of the time living on a kibbutz and working jobs that I would never imagine doing in America, like doing chores in the turkey coops and picking lemons. It was hard work but a real great life—when you finished your workday you were able to relax and do all the things you enjoy doing in your leisure time.

"I've always been a bit of a rebel and I still am. I don't think I've worn a dress in five years. I'm a grown-up tomboy.... I love to hike in the country, ride horses, and even shoot a gun like a champ! I've held every kind of job and done well at most all of them. I love the challenge of new and different things, and once I accomplish them I'm ready to move on to something new." Which proves at least that there *is* something new under the sun (and not a moment too soon)—Yaffa Levan.



"But Mother, I'm 32 years old, I've got a good job, and I need a girl of my own."

U.P.I.

JONATHAN WINTERS

About twenty years ago, Jonathan Winters—the Teddy Bear who walks like a man—began appearing on various network television shows. He made strange faces and absurd noises. He appeared as a back-country lout, a rich Texan, a sex-starved grandmother, his characterizations covering most of the victims and oppressors of modern society. His normal delivery was Midwestern, but his whole manner served notice that here was a guy from the sticks who knew all the answers and couldn't be put on.

He became one of the most popular comics in the country. Jonathan had it made. But within the business he became known as the guy who was always "on." You couldn't hold a conversation with him. The best you could do was listen, and laugh, as he tried out bits and pieces on you.

As he became more successful, he became more erratic in his personal life. By the early Sixties stories and rumors multiplied: Jonathan was drinking too much; Jonathan had made a scene at a Manhattan party; Jonathan had tried to climb the mast of a fishing boat in San Francisco. Much of it was pure rumor. But some of it was true. The life of the party was living a miserable life.

Jonathan had to break off his career in 1961 and seek treatment for his problems. He was hospitalized for eight months. But when he emerged he took a new grip on his career. He appeared as a harassed truck driver in the film *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*. In *The Loved One* he played a dual role as a Hollywood promoter and his brother who owned a posh cemetery. When real-estate values went up Jonathan delivered a memorable line: "Gentlemen, we gotta get these stiffs off my property."

He also appeared in *The Russians Are Coming! The Russians*

Are Coming! and, of course, he was back on all the television talk and variety shows. In 1967 he began a weekly series, "The Jonathan Winters Show," which ran for two years. Today he has his own syndicated program, "The Wacky World of Jonathan Winters."

He lives in an English Tudor home in Toluca Lake, California, with his wife Eileen and their teenage daughter Lucinda. His son Jay graduated from college last year. Jonathan now has enough loot and public acclaim to feel secure. He has time to paint, fish, and enjoy his family—which includes two dogs and three cats. "The oldest dog is Mud," explains Jonathan. "We bought her for a dollar and she did great service. But now she's old and deaf and she just lies around dreaming all day long about the burglars that she might have caught."

Penthouse Contributing Editor Richard Ballad knew Jonathan nineteen years ago when his career was just beginning. He went back to talk with him again, while Jonathan was on a business trip to New York. Ballad found a man who had once lost touch with reality and who is now fiercely, almost desperately determined that it will never happen again. "There's a time to be on and a time to be off," Jonathan says. Today, when Jonathan is off he reverts to his roots. In personal conversation he emerges as the Ohio farmboy who is no longer interested in concealing the honest, almost ingenuous character who lives within.

When Jonathan first came out of Ohio, fresh from winning an amateur contest and spinning records for local radio, he was determined that no one in the big city would ever mistake him for a hick. And so, he made jokes about hicks, so that no one would notice the trace of hayseed in his hair and associate him with those solid, square, Midwestern qualities that were an eternal subject for laughter on the two coasts. But the strain became too much and Jonathan caved in. When he woke up, he realized—at last—who he was and that accepting it would not diminish him.

In this *Penthouse* interview his real speech is studded with the clichés he uses to get laughs in his act. Sometimes he altered the intonation, slightly, to get a laugh from the interviewer. But most of the time the words fell from his lips naturally, unconsciously. It was the speech he grew up with.

Time and again Jonathan says, "Don't misunderstand me," because, obviously, this is a man who has been misunderstood, time and again.

For the first half hour of the interview, Ballad was convinced that Jonathan was putting him on. "He started out like a benevolent director addressing the board members. I was sure he was setting me up. But after a time I realized that even the great Jonathan couldn't sustain a scene like that for so long a period. What I was hearing and seeing was really Jonathan Winters, born in Dayton, reared in Springfield, and proud to be a Buckeye. Who would have believed it?"

Barbara Crutchfield

Penthouse: Back in the late 1950's when you were first performing on television and building your name, those who knew you remember that you were always on. It was almost impossible to have a serious conversation with you.

Winters: Right, right! Oh yes. I'm fully aware of that. Sure. And how.

Penthouse: Then, around 1960 you started hitting some catastrophic highs, manic moods that finally incapacitated you. What's the story on that?

Winters: Well, there isn't a guy who hasn't got a skeleton in his closet. I found that to be true. Now I've talked about my problems. I'm not ashamed of them. I've got to live with them just like a convict with a record. That convict's going to tell you, sooner or later, what the hell happened. He has to level. And then you're going to either hire him or fire him.

I can get it out. I can talk about it. And I have. I've analyzed it. I've swallowed it. I've digested it. The whole thing. And I find this: A lot of people—columnists, writers, authors—have said to me, "You've got a lot to say. There's a lot of tragedy in your forty-eight years. A hunk." So I said, "Well, what forty-eight-year-old man hasn't had some tragedy?" "Yes, but let's talk about your problems and perhaps you can help a lot of other people."

I don't happen to buy that. And I'll tell you why, right now. I come on and I start talking about my problems. I talk about 'em in this article. And a guy in Willerton, Kansas, reads where Jonathan Winters has this problem and that problem. And he looks around and he lives in a $17,000 house. And he looks at his sister who is crippled for life—or maybe his boy who is back from Nam minus one hand. And this man is makin' a fast $7,500 a year. And he says, "Come on, this guy in this article in this magazine is crying about *his* problems? Sure, they're big problems, granted. But this guy's makin' a couple of hundred grand a year. At least he has the resources to do something about it."

Okay? Well, that's the ball game. You see, he's right. That guy is right. I'd sit in that same house and agree with him.

Penthouse: You speak of several problems. What were your other problems?

Winters: Well, our family lost five people in four years. My wife, Eileen, lost her hus . . . [laughs] . . . lost her *husband*? There's a Freudian slip for you. Lost her *father*. She also lost her sister, who was forty-three. And she lost her brother-in-law, who was thirty-seven. In Nam. He had two missions to go and he got shot down. He was Air Force, flying out of Thailand. That was a terrible shock. And then I lost my mother and my stepfather. Five people in four years. That was the reason I caved in. Pressure got to me. Pressure from the business, too, which happens to a lot of people. Reaching out trying to get all those little greenies you either get an ulcer or you disintegrate mentally.

Penthouse: You were finally hospitalized, weren't you?

Winters: Yes, I spent time inside. As I say, I'm not going into a long thing. But I spent eight months *looking* out, and when I finally *got* out I came away with a whole new lease on life. It was a whole new ball game for me. I knew there was a time to be on and a time to be off. I had lost my sense of humor, lost it for several months while I was in. Man, I don't know any guy who doesn't. But that was twelve years ago and today I've got it together.

Penthouse, What kind of kid were you?

Winters: Oh, I was a clown! I was the class clown just as you might well expect. Like most of us comedians, I used to make little funny faces. Not all the time, though, 'cause I was failing in school. Not all subjects, you understand. But I was failing mathematics from the first time my old man said, "If I give you two apples, how many apples will you have?" I was in trouble that early. I finally got as far as plane geometry and flunked. Outright. Math was a big block with me and still is. Thank God I've got a lawyer right here in New York to keep me from going to prison, because if I had to figure out my own income taxes I would have been in jail long ago.

Penthouse: But you did pass?

Winters: Well, I quit to join the Marines when I was seventeen. I was hanging in there by a thread because of a fear of failing and knowing what my family would think, certainly my father. So, although I clowned around a lot on the playground, I didn't do many funnies in the classroom. Life was grim, academically.

Penthouse: You came from a broken home. . . .

Winters: Yes, my father and mother were divorced when I was seven and my father went to work in a CCC camp somewhere in Utah or Idaho shortly after the depression. My mother went to work in a factory and then, later, became an actress in what is termed "little theater" in Ohio. And then she got into radio as a professional and she spent thirty or thirty-five years on a little station in Springfield, Ohio.

Penthouse: Did you see your Dad much?

Winters: Yeah, my dad, my dad is seventy-five. I just called him, down in Florida. He's retired and he lives in Delray Beach and he still hits that old Spaulding. He spanks that little rascal. And he's in great shape, thank God. Has a great sense of humor. Great health. He's *on* a little bit. Tells jokes. He's funny with dialect and though he was never in show business I think he'd like to have been, secretly.

Penthouse: Did you get your sense of humor from him?

Winters: From a combination of people, really. My dad always had a great sense of humor. And my mother, being in show business, I definitely got a lot from her. I'd read and sit with her and when we'd do scripts, or if she was memorizing a play I'd help her. My grandfather was also a tremendous influence on my life. He was a banker but he was a mimic, a comedian, so to speak. So there were three people involved.

Penthouse: When did you start making weird sounds?

Winters: I did a lot of sounds when I was a very little kid. Eight or ten. Later on I incorporated them into my act. You know, they fascinated people even at that early age.

Penthouse: Did you do any acting in school?

Winters: I did two high school plays. I can remember one. *Ever Since Eve*. I played kind of the guy next door. I still have the school annual, and I look at the pictures of me in a funny little checkered coat and saddle shoes and that brings back a lot of memories.

Penthouse: What about the Marines?

Winters: Oh yes. I was very gung ho at the time.

Penthouse: You were? Really?

Winters: Oh yeah. Very. Sure. I don't know a Marine who wasn't. I guess, secretly, I must have wanted to die. I must have because I asked to be assigned to demolition work. I must have been out of my gourd. Fortunately I was picked for a seagoing Marine and I went aboard the battleship *Wisconsin*, for a short time. Then I got sick. I had a kidney problem—acute nephritis—and I went into the hospital so I lost the ship. Eventually I went out on an aircraft carrier, the *Bonhomme Richard*, and I was on that for a year in the Pacific. And I tell you the Lord has been good to me. I must live under the right sign because that was the only carrier—the only Essex-class carrier, the big carriers—that wasn't hit in the Pacific. And we *almost* got it. We were jumped by a kamikaze, but he just missed us.

Penthouse: Was that in the Okinawa area?

Winters: Yes, matter of fact, just off Okinawa. That's where the real big kamikaze attacks came. I never killed a guy though. Never shot a guy. We went ashore in Japan for seventy-two hours at a naval base south of Yokohama. Then we came home. So I have no brilliant military record by any manner or means. But I enjoyed the Marines—at the time. After all, I was just a kid. As you know, it wasn't like the Vietnam situation. The whole world was at war. It looked more black and white. Bad guys and good guys.

Penthouse: I remember standing in the lobby of the Hudson Theater, eighteen years ago during rehearsals for the old "Steve Allen Show." You would be surrounded by maybe twenty NBC technicians, and you did a routine about an old lady you called "Grandma." It was X-rated. You never did her that way on the air. But she did grow up to become Maude Frickert, didn't she?

Winters: She did, indeed. Grandma Frickert was really patterned after a very real, wonderful person called Aunt Lou Perks. She's dead now—Aunt Lou Perks. Born in Springfield, Ohio. Her son is a very good friend of mine to this day. Ben Perks. Lives in Springfield. He's a great guy. Let me tell you something about Ben Perks, just for a minute.

It was my first major league baseball game. Cincinnati—I'm still a Cincinnati fan. We're sitting out behind first base. Way out. This was in old Crosley Field on opening day. The Pittsburgh Pirates were playing the Reds. Frank McCormick comes up. That tells you it goes back a few years. I had my glove—I was about ten years old and most kids that age take their gloves to the park—and I said to Ben, "Gee, if I could just get a foul ball. Wouldn't that be wonderful." Every kid—every boy—dreams of catching that foul ball some day.

And Ben Perks turned to me—he was then a man, oh, about twenty-eight or thirty. And he said, "Frank might hit one here. If he does, I'll get it." So I waited. And suddenly there's a crack of the bat. And the ball comes right at Ben Perks. And he catches it! And he says, very quietly, "Here, Johnny." Boy! I'll tell you, that had to be the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. I've still got that baseball someplace. Well, no, I probably don't. But I like to think I do.

Penthouse: That was the equivalent, for a little kid, of having Ruth point to the place he was going to hit a homer and then seeing him hit it right there.

Winters: Exactly. Anyway, Aunt Lou Perks. Well, she was a very special person. She was a hip old lady—bright, warm, wonderful. She was bedridden most of her life because she was a cripple. Some kind of weird edema. She had to walk with two canes, but it didn't stop her. She was sharp. She lived to be eighty-four and she had a great swinging sense of humor. When I was thirteen years old she gave me a little glass of wine, let me have a puff on my first cigarette, taught me a couple of words that kind of turned me around, and she gave me some fudge. Always had fudge. She was a tremendous, heavy, fat woman and she loved goodies, loved to cook, loved to eat. She taught me how to play poker, too. So when I sat down to put Maude Frickert together—and naturally I exaggerated the hell out of her because Aunt Lou Perks was not a sex fiend or as wild as Grandma Frickert—I thought, that's who I'll pattern her after, Aunt Lou Perks. But I'll make Maude wild! Aunt

Lou, of course, saw me do the character before she died and she loved it. Loved it. She said, "Of course. I see it." And Ben Perks, my cousin, said, "Sure that's Aunt Lou."

Penthouse: Are you at last happy with the stuff you're doing on television?

Winters: I really am. I've been waiting, literally, twenty-four years to do the type of show I'm doing today. Completely improvisational—the actors have nothing and neither do I. No script. No parts. No cards. No prompter. Nothing. So, if the show goes under at least I did it my way. I haven't been hassled by the network people coming down the aisle with funny little suggestions and yellow pencils.

Penthouse: Who was the man who most influenced your comedy?

Winters: That has to be W. C. Fields. Such originality. You talk about writers. That man had writers for his pictures, I'm sure, but when you see a goat walk through a bank and the guy says, "Looks like a bad ad for Bock Beer"—come on, man, that's funny. Some writer didn't do that line. W. C. Fields did it.

Penthouse: Don't you like writers?

Winters: No, no. I'm not downing writers by any manner or means. *I'm* a writer. So I salute writers—*good* writers. But I've always written my own stuff. I can name a handful of guys, over the years, who helped me on things and who really helped me. There's a guy right here in this city who is still writing. Jim Lehner. I'll never forget—from Strawberry Point, Iowa. Now living in New York some twenty years. Jim being from Iowa and my being from Ohio, he had that feeling for me and my Middle-West background and he wrote great things. He used to say, himself, "I don't write *for* Jonathan Winters. I write *with* Jonathan Winters."

Penthouse: Have you got a lot of native, Ohio pride? The kind of thing you're always kidding the Texans about?

Winters: I'm very much an Ohio guy. But I'm not an Ohio professional—like a professional Texan would be. You know those guys. Wow! They're something else. Sure, I have a guy in Ohio who sends me, sometimes, a little box of buckeyes. He's a guy called Freck Ray. That's a great Middle Western name for you. His name is Eldon Ray but they always called him Freck. And if he were in this article he'd love it.

Penthouse: He'll be in it! How could we overlook a guy named Freck Ray?

Winters: Freck and I call each other. He was born on November 7. And then there's Howdy Weber.

Penthouse: I hope you're not making these up.

Winters: No, no. Howdy Weber. He was a photographer on the local newspaper. Born November 8—and I'm born November 11. And we always call one another around that time and have a little conversation, no matter where we are because we're all about the same age. Freck has a nursery . . . trees, shrubs, you know? That's why he can send me buckeyes.

Penthouse: You know something, Jonathan? I think you're still essentially of the same stuff as your Ohio roots. You're square. Upright. You're the guy you make fun of.

Winters: No, wait a minute. Not entirely. I want to remind you that a square is a block. A block stands there and can withstand anything—and you know *where* it stands.

Penthouse: But you do base a lot of your comedy on this kind of person.

Winters: Oh sure. That's true.

Penthouse: How do you feel about comedy as a business? Is it totally nerve-racking?

Winters: Well . . . each guy has a different chemistry. That's what makes the world go.

> ❛ There isn't a guy who hasn't got a skeleton in his closet. . . . I've got to live with my problems just like a convict with a record. ❜

U.P.I.

Some guys are very nervous. I've talked to Bill Cosby, who I love dearly and who I think is a great talent. I've asked Bill, "Do you ever get nervous?" And he says, "No, not any more, man. I'm just cool when I walk out. I don't worry about a thing." I salute him for that. But I'm still sweaty palms. I'm not Catholic, and yet I find myself genuflecting in the wings. Wow! Embracing a rabbi. Anything. Help me, God! Get me through this. It's frightening to go out in front of anywhere from 200 to 2,000 people. Frightening! And there's such a difference between going out *alone* and going out with a partner. It's worse for comics than for singers, for example.

Penthouse: Why?

Winters: Because singers have a complete orchestra to back them up. And they can sing songs going back a hundred years. But a comic? You better have something going—*new*—right now. It's fun, sure, to go back into my old routines for this and that. But you better put in something that's happening today or you ain't gonna be around tomorrow.

Penthouse: What about your family—and especially your children?

Winters: Let me talk about them. I'm now forty-eight years old. I've got a boy who just finished college and who is now in Guatemala. I've got a daughter in high school—Lucinda. Very pretty. My boy's name is Jonathan. Jay's his nickname. I'm very proud of both of my kids. They're good kids. They're not Hollywood kids from the standpoint of being star's kids. They've earned their living. My daughter worked in the parking lot at Universal last summer. My boy made five dollars an hour driving a truck from eleven in the morning until ten at night. Worked his ass off. And it was good for him. He's never had his hand out to me saying, "Hey, I need some bread. . . ." So I'm proud of my kids, really proud of them.

Penthouse: Were you able to spend much time with them when they were growing up?

Winters: Well, I quit the road twelve years ago, when they were small, and spent time with them and watched them grow. I watched my boy play football, and thank God I did because I love the game, number one, and I loved to see him play. I watched Lucinda excel in running—in track—at her school. I watched them in various classes and in life in general. So that paid off. I really believe that. I don't lecture people and tell them how to live, but I can tell you, very honestly, that I don't see how a guy can be on the road and keep his family intact. Not for very long. You've got to make cuts. You've got to make sacrifices. If you're going to be on the road nine months a year, number one, your marriage has got to be in trouble. You come home for two days, here and there, with a couple of goodies from some funny little Montgomery Ward store and you throw them on the table along with an American Airlines ticket and you say, "Hey, I love you, sweetheart. See you next month." No way. It just doesn't happen. You just have to cut that schedule. Then you can still have a marriage, still have your kids.

Penthouse: What about your wife, Eileen?

Winters: Well I think that because Eileen and I survived all those bloody storms I went through and she stuck with me, it must have influenced the kids. They saw it. They still see it. We've been married twenty-five years and been through a lot of hell and mud and mire. Eileen is a great gal! That goes without saying. If it's possible to be one today, she is a Renaissance woman. She's a painter. She works in decoupage. She's a housewife. A mother. A car-pool chauffeur—or used to be. She's a model. A

nurse. She's young. She's old.

Penthouse: "She's young. She's old." What a great compliment.

Winters: Well, she's everything I ever expected in a woman.

Penthouse: Have either of you ever run off with a member of the opposite sex?

Winters: I tell you, she one time worried that I might dump her for a starlet. I said, "No chance, sweetheart." If I married somebody else—and I leveled with her—I wouldn't want a starlet. That would be a joke. Another thing I'd do, as a husband who's been married to her for twenty-five years, I'd give her all the money. "Just give me my grandfather's watch," I said. Grandfather said, "Don't let them screw you out of that in the will. You get that friggin' watch." And I got it. And I want it! And my Episcopal medal—not that I'm a religious crank or a fanatic, but that I want. God has been good to me. Give me my medal. And then I would go right to Palm Beach and get a woman fifty-eight years old and a pair of white bucks and a blazer and sit on a funny boat and drink Tab. That's what I'd do if I dumped her. But, of course, I'd never dump her. Obviously.

Penthouse: I take it you have had many domestic explosions, alarms, excursions, threats of divorce, etc.?

Winters: Oh God, yes! I don't know anybody who has been married twenty-five years who hasn't contemplated divorce. We've discussed it, roughly, two thousand times. At least. But I've only literally walked out a couple of times. And Eileen left a couple of times. I walked out about a year ago. She said, "Where are you going?" I said, "I've had it—right up to here. You're *annoying* me."

Now, I quit smoking four years ago. Oh, I smoke a few heaters but that's all. But, when Eileen quits smoking—cigarettes—a strange thing happens. She becomes impossible. Like a female Rasputin. Terrible! Terrible. Right now, I'm thankful I'm here at the Plaza in New York. And so is she, really. I told her, "Either give it up or take tranquilizers or go back to six packs. But for God's sake get off my back! You know?"

Penthouse: Would you care to describe a typical brawl?

Winters: Certainly. Be glad to. Now, I'm a loner—that sounds strange after twenty-five years of marriage, but I'm still a loner. I like to go out to Zuma Beach, which is a wonderful beach north of Malibu. Anybody who reads this article, go to Zuma Beach. Beautiful. You go out there maybe in September when the kids are back at UCLA or high school, and you take an AM/FM radio and sit there and watch Jonathan Livingston Seagull do his thing. And maybe you have a bit of the Colonel's fried chicken. And you just sit there in the sand and blow your mind. And then you come home about 11:30 at night and she says, "Where the hell have you been all day!" and you say, very honestly, "I've been watching Jonathan Livingston Seagull." And she says, "That's a lot of crap!" And you say, "Yes, I can remember that happening to Jonathan Livingston Seagull and maybe that's why *he* flew away. But anyway, I'm back. That's the important thing. I hope you had a nice day. I'm here to go to bed now—to retire." And she says, "Right, John. Okay clown. Let's go to bed." That's our scene—stripped to the essentials.

Penthouse: You've done a lot of work with Indians. What was the initial impulse?

Winters: Well, it goes back to the time when I was a kid in Ohio. You don't think of that as Indian territory, and yet the name is Indian. It's Iroquois, meaning "Beautiful River." I can remember on the farm where we lived, near the little town of Enon, they had a big Indian burial ground. I passed it a million times in my life, and I always wanted to go in but I didn't, maybe because I thought it was too sacred. Anyway, it fascinated me and made me want to be an archaeologist.

Then, I remember my grandfather took me to Niagara Falls. No, it was my grandmother. . . . Well, it was either my grandfather or my grandmother. Anyway, that's neither here nor there. It *might* have been my grandfather. Yes, it *was* my grandfather. Did I run you out of tape with that one? I'll wait while you change reels. Anyway, we saw Niagara Falls, took the *Maid of the Mist* under the Falls. The whole thing. Then we went into a little shop and I saw an Indian about eighteen inches high with a blanket around him and—I'll never forget—a cigarette in his mouth. He was made out of clay. And I said, "Grandfather, I like that." And he said, "Well, you have a choice of seeing the Canadian side, the Horseshoe Falls, or getting that Indian Chief." I said, "I'll take the Indian Chief." And I've taken the Indian Chiefs from then on. I believe in the Indians. I'm a sixteenth Indian—Cherokee. One day, up on the Chippewa reservation in Minnesota, I was fishing on Red Lake—I'm one of the few whites to fish on it—and this Chippewa turned to me and said, "You're *what*?" And I said, "I'm a sixteenth Cherokee." And he said, "If you have a nosebleed you're out of the tribe." Which was pretty funny for an Indian.

> Even today, before I go out on stage I get sweaty palms. I'm not Catholic, yet I find myself genuflecting. Or embracing a rabbi. Anything. Help me, God!

U.P.I.

Penthouse: I notice you're wearing Indian jewelry. A beaded bracelet.

Winters: You know, a guy said to me the other day, "Hey, come on, that's being kind of a faggot isn't it." I said, "If you were to say that to a Navaho he'd deck you. Easily." Some awful tough Indians wear jewelry. I bought this in Arizona. Lone Mountain Spider Turquoise.

Penthouse: You appear at various fund-raising events for the Indians. Do you involve yourself much with the kids?

Winters: Well, I'm going to. George Spota, my manager, and I have a little dream of bringing sixteen Navaho boys and girls to Los Angeles. They've never been off the reservation. All the money I get from my art show I'm going to spend on them.

Penthouse: What will you show them?

Winters: Well, Disneyland, Universal, a couple of good restaurants. . . . Give them a good shot around town. I'm not a do-gooder, as such. Not a flag-waver. I try to put my money where my mouth is. I don't deal with any white people as go-betweens—I deal with the Indians, period. I buy Indian products. I guess the bulk of things in my house were made by American Indians.

And I think it's a crime about our friends across the water—the Japanese. You know, they're doing pretty well. They won the war. At least they could lay off the Indians. Quit copying the turquoise, gang!

Penthouse: You mentioned earlier the poetic streak in Indians.

Winters: Let me tell you. One day I was walking with an Indian. A full-blooded Chippewa. Now we white people have our poets, from Shakespeare to Bob Dylan, but this guy, in his element, he was a combination of all of them. We walked about a thousand yards up a stream. He was a man about my age, about forty-eight years of age. He opened his mouth and he started to describe that stream, and he talked of the earth and the trees. "Mother Earth and Father Sky." He talked about the fish and the stones turned over in the stream. He talked of

the rocks and the moss. Finally, he said, "Look at that deer. Feeding. In the fall, maybe, kill that deer. Maybe not. Maybe let him live. Strong! Look at antlers." Well, I can't possibly begin to remember how he put his words together. But they were powerful. Beautiful.

Penthouse: Do you feel bitter about anything in life?

Winters: No, I must say that at forty-eight years of age life has, for the most part, been very sweet to me. And without sounding maudlin or anything, I have to face the fact that more than half the ball game is over. I had a hell of a first half and I intend to have a great second half. If you're not having fun by forty-eight, then you're in deep trouble. So I have a good time. Now I'm really having fun because I can see the light at the end of the tunnel. There are a lot of things I'm into, like my art, and that has turned into a new thing altogether—a new career. And when I retire that's what I'm going to do.

I'm not downing Mr. Hope or Groucho or George Burns or these people. Some people *should*, in some strange wonderful way, go on forever. But that isn't for me. I don't want to be performing at seventy. Not that I'd want to quit the business forever—don't misunderstand! I'd always like to keep my foot in. Do a special—or a picture, when one is available. But I'd like to start taking six months a year to paint and the rest of the time I'll do show business.

Penthouse: Tell us about your painting.

Winters: I've been painting, on and off, for some twenty-five years. But I'm not a Sunday painter. I'm not a guy who just dabbles in it. I've never been that. I was a very serious painter when I got married. I thought of being a political cartoonist once, too, but I changed that to maybe being a layout man. Anyway, I studied for three years at a very small school, but a good school, Dayton Art Institute in Dayton, Ohio. But I'll be very honest—thank God I got into show business! Because, as my wife said to me—and I can remember it only too well, I remember everything she said some twenty-five years ago when we got married—she looked at my things and she said, "I'm going to be honest with you, Johnny. I married you for many reasons. And one reason is that I'm really concerned about your art. It stinks. It's not that it's good or passable or you could maybe make it. It really stinks!"

Now I had to take a little stock there. Remember, this girl had got her master's degree in art. So I had to listen, and I did, and I began to look at my art—and I didn't buck her.

Penthouse: You must have really loved her.

Winters: Yeah. And I still do. So I said, "You're right, sweetheart. I'm not going to paint *now*, but someday, along the line, I will paint again." Now—twenty-five years later—I'm back working seriously. I've been painting hard for three years. I gave up a lot of work and a lot of bread to do it.

I just went down to my basement where my studio is—not a very chic studio but it works for me—and I painted my ass off. The great thrill for me came when I was reviewed by the toughest, the biggest art critic on the West Coast. Henry Seldis. He has seen everyone from Picasso to Wyeth and Lord knows how many other great professional painters, so I was fully prepared for him to look at my stuff and say, "Hey, this guy should stay in show business and forget art. Be a funny man, because it's not here."

Well, he didn't rap me. In my wildest dreams I didn't think I'd get a review like that. He said, "this is no amateurish approach to the world of art." He compared me to René Magritte and also to Paul Klee. That's very fast company.

Barbara Crutchfield

Penthouse: Why do you want to paint?

Winters: Chiefly because I have something to say, both comedic and serious. Also I paint to relax. I'm not an egomaniac. I don't say my paintings are great. I think they're good—I think they're very good. But not great.

Penthouse: You've been influenced by Dali, haven't you?

Winters: Yes. I think, for my money, he is the greatest painter of our time. That can be argued but I just happen to be into his world of surrealism. By the same token I love Andrew Wyeth, who is a fantastic painter and who is right up there but very different from Dali. I also love Dong Kingman who is a great friend of mine and who is coming up tonight.

Penthouse: You talked about aspirations to become a political cartoonist when you were young. Why is it you don't do political humor?

Winters: Well, politicians, for the most part, bore the hell out of me. I've got some good political friends. I've met President Nixon a half-dozen times and found him to be a very interesting man. Naturally, there are things on which I disagree with him wholeheartedly—not just the current things, but many things.

Penthouse: What, specifically?

Winters: I'd rather not get into that. I don't put a label on myself anymore. I did at one time.

Penthouse: What was the label?

Winters: I'll pass on that. Now I'm interested in the man, not the party.

Penthouse: Don't you think people like Hope, Sahl, Gregory should do political humor?

Winters: I'm not downing my fellow comedians. Don't misunderstand. They have their scenes. They want to make a speech, okay. But my personal thing is that I don't find that much fun about politics. Some comedians have made a mistake, for my part, in embracing a specific party. That you can't do. You make enemies—automatically—and it's wrong. Both parties are very funny. Both are great. Both are guilty of many things. But thank God for the two-party system. Because when we get to be just one party, then we're in deep trouble.

Penthouse: What about Will Rogers?

Winters: He was the only bloody American humorist who made politics fun and funny. With many of the new guys—many of the old guys, too—you get a political science lecture. I don't want to be lectured. When it says on the marquee "Eddie Delfer, Comedian," I want to laugh, man. I don't want him to tell me how to vote any more than I want him to sell me on what religion I'm supposed to be. I want to stick with humor. That's been my scene.

Penthouse: Jonathan, what inspires you? What thoughts? What principles? What words?

Winters: My friend and manager, George Spota, gave me a thing, years ago, that Teddy Roosevelt wrote. It applies to everybody but it certainly applies to people in the world of entertainment. I have it committed to memory. Want to hear it?

Penthouse: Sure.

Winters: "It is not the critic who counts, or how the strong man stumbled and fell, or whether the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood, who strives valiantly, who errs and comes short again and again; who knows the great enthusiasm, the great devotion, and who spends himself in a worthy cause, and if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly so that he'll never be with those cold and timid souls who never know either victory or defeat."

That's pretty much my scene.

Penthouse: Thank you, Jonathan Winters.

UNSTRUNG HEROES

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games. Then he'll be asking me, 'Daddy, you're a veteran, what did you do in the war?' And maybe, 'Daddy, what happened in Vietnam, did we win?' That's all easy, I think. But when he starts to wonder why, and to ask whose fault it is, then I'm stumped. A son wants his father to matter. Did I matter? Was I what went wrong? If I get out of that one, then I didn't matter. Who did *matter?"*

"When I came back from Vietnam, I felt so horrible about what I had seen, so guilty that I hadn't rebelled against it, that I imagined every veteran must feel the same way. How could any of us avoid recognizing in Vietnam that we *were the treacherous enemy of the Vietnamese people? How could we fail to see through our government's lies?"*

Long talks with hundreds of veterans over the last three years have shown that these questions aren't always asked. Lots of vets don't feel guilty about what they saw, what they did, the war in general.

This is not to say they don't hurt. Their pain is one of betrayal—betrayal by a historical era that left them with no viable rationale for "their" war, their initiation into manhood. Any proud claims about the battlefields of Vietnam evoke no response—they are heard as pathetic self-deception, the sham that soldiers console themselves with when they come home losers, the transparent disguises of heartless executioners.

History has cheated the Vietnam veteran. "His" was the wrong war, fought in the wrong time, the wrong place, the wrong way. He can answer, "But I did my duty. I followed my orders." But he will be cheated again. For when the question is asked, "Whose orders? Who told you to shoot unarmed civilians on the suspicion that they might have been dangerous?" nobody answers for him. Has Johnson, Nixon, Westmoreland, Abrams, Laird, or any of the others stepped forward to take the rap? When, for instance, Calley was found guilty, all his superiors on the chain of command—the men who were responsible for him—claimed total innocence and the law supported their claim.

The guiltless veteran either waves the flag, and is left to wave it alone, or he tries to pass the buck, which nobody will take. As Robert Jay Lifton pointed out in his definitive study, *Home from the War*, the veteran is either the executioner or the victim—the hired gun or the sucker. In either case he is betrayed.

Some veterans don't like that choice, feeling that neither role leaves them much room to maneuver. But if they stop trying to say, "Everything I did was cool," or, "I had no choices, they made me do it," they have to start asking some hard questions: "Why *did* I do it? Did I *really* not know what was happening? Weren't other choices available, but I just chose to ignore them? Sure, I didn't start it, but why did I go along?"

"Change isn't a big enough word to describe what happens when you switch from fighting a war to condemning it and assuming your share of responsibility for it. It's usually quite messy: Friends think you've gone crazy ('Why does he have to go around yelling about genocide all the time?'), relatives think you've retreated into a second adolescence ('What do you mean saying we live off blood money just because you think the war is wrong?'), carefully laid plans for a respectable career go up in smoke."

Some vets say that coming home was fairly smooth. But when you get to know them better, you find that it was only easy on the surface—they have either poured their anguish into a book or two, a long diary, or a strong, understanding woman who stood by as confessor-shrink, giving her man a chance to heal. They end up feeling the guilt; they're just quieter about it.

Old ways of thinking collapse. Once you've been dead wrong, it's hard to be perfectly certain again; once you conclude that the cause you could have died for was phony, it's hard to trust other people's causes again. "You can't sell shit twice," veterans say.

But the guilt can serve a purpose. It can cleanse and, through the washing of the old, you can attempt to build something new. Some of the vets who have done this feel that they have something now they never knew before—a new dimension inside, a strange sort of hope, possibly a new maturity, and a hint that, however awful life may be, it's not worthless.

"I never used to cry so much before. I can

VETERANS' SELF-HELP PROGRAMS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

FLORIDA: Center for Dialogue 2175 N.W. 26th St. Miami, Fla. 33142 (305) 634-7741	Offers general services to veterans; planning to conduct discharge reviews.
GEORGIA: Veterans Outreach Center 135 Whittaker St. Savannah, Ga. 31401	A VETS Project center offering general services and discharge reviews.
ILLINOIS: Chicago Veterans Project 630 N. LaSalle Chicago, Ill. 60610 (312) 744-8118	A VETS Project center offering general services and interested in doing discharge referral primarily for blacks.
Veterans Service Center 234 Collinsville Ave. E. St. Louis, Ill. 62207 (618) 875-1800 465-0111 or 321 E. Broadway Alton, Ill.	Outreach programs doing counseling on all veteran problems.
Vietnam Veterans Against the War 827 W. Newport Chicago, Ill. 60657 (312) 935-2129	A national veteran-directed organization with chapters around the country for referrals on veteran problems.
MICHIGAN: Veterans Outreach Program Macomb County Community College 16500 Hall Rd. Mt. Clemens, Mich. 48403	Offers general educational services to veterans, GI's, and their families, including remedial/refresher courses, tutorial and counseling services, and rap groups, with emphasis upon assistance in returning to the community.
MISSOURI: Military Law Project Washington University St. Louis, Mo. 63130 (314) 863-0100, ext: 4902 4501	Vietnam-era veteran law students giving legal assistance to veterans wanting to upgrade discharge classifications.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

NEW JERSEY:	
National Fraternity of Veterans c/o Veterans Affairs Office Rutgers University-Newark Newark, N.J. 07102	Offers general services and discharge upgrading services including legal assistance and taking potentially precedent-setting cases to federal courts.
NEW YORK:	
DEROS 42 Warburton Ave. Yonkers, N.Y. 10701 (914) 963-1315	Offers a variety of services to veterans; primarily concerned with drugs and related problems.
Rap Groups Room 766 475 Riverside Drive New York, N.Y. 10027	Vietnam-era veterans coordinating rap groups with volunteer therapists in the greater New York area and providing referrals for low-cost therapy.
Vietnam Era Veterans National Resource Project Room 766 475 Riverside Drive New York, N.Y. 10027	A coalition of veteran self-help groups that will be providing a directory of veteran services, a newsletter, and in general serve as a clearinghouse and liaison.
OHIO:	
Vietnam Veterans Outreach Program Center City Building 40 S. Main St. Dayton, Ohio 45402 (513) 225-5400	Discharge review counseling and other services for veterans with other-than-honorable discharges.
VETAC 2905 Chester Ave. Cleveland, Ohio 44114	Part of VETS Project, providing a variety of services and interested in doing discharge reviews.
WASHINGTON:	
Seattle Veterans Action Center (SEAVAC) 1300 Madison St. Seattle, Washington 98104 (206) 583-6595	Part of the VETS Project, offering a complete program of outreach, education, training and counseling services, with follow-up programs.
Tacoma Veterans Action Center 1301 S. K St. Tacoma, Wash. 98405 (206) 383-4008	Similar to SEAVAC in offering a wide range of services but not attached to the VETS Project.
WISCONSIN:	
PVS (Post-Vietnam Syndrome) Clearing House 2439 N. Fratney Milwaukee, Wis. 53212	An information gathering and dissemination service that has collected over 300 articles and project descriptions related to Post-Vietnam Syndrome.
National Association of Black Vets (NABV) 3248 N. Green Bay Ave. Milwaukee, Wis. 53212 (414) 263-1283	A new and informal national association of inner-city black vets, working together to provide a comprehensive range of services.
TEXAS:	
Vietnam Veterans Against the War 2912 Wentworth Houston, Tex. 77005 (713) 644-3916	Provides discharge review and other needed services to veterans with less-than-honorable discharges.
WASHINGTON, D.C.:	
National Puerto Rican Forum c/o Angel Almedina 23-09 Calvert St., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20008 (202) 797-8981	Helps Puerto Rican veterans with jobs, housing, education, VA benefits.

just look at a picture now, a beautiful picture, and I feel the goosebumps. Kids make me laugh, the sun makes me smile. I notice all this stuff I never knew about before. If war crimes are a huge mistake, maybe I can derive some large lessons from mine. If my life was bought with the deaths of thousands of Vietnamese and GI's who died in my place, maybe I can redeem myself by not perpetuating the lies that led to their dying. If I closed my eyes to all the warning signs of evil before I went, fearing the inconveniences of facing the truth, maybe I can change now, and arrange my life so that the truth doesn't inconvenience me quite so much."

This new dimension, this strange hope, is tentative and cautious. No one gets off easy. And, although few vets who understand their guilt would want to switch places with those who are ignorant of it, everyone is in the same basic situation—surrounded by America's responsibility vacuum.

But once one begins to acknowledge guilt in an age of abdication, it's hard to know when to stop—a lot went wrong, a lot to account for, but there's not much help to be had in shouldering the burden. Trying to figure out how much to leave to others is confusing and hard. Some vets end up feeling like martyrs—overloaded, wearing their pain like a badge of holiness: "Look how much I suffer, look how much I pay for my sins." Sometimes it's too, too much, and instead of trying to pass the buck, they shove it in other people's faces. "It's *your* war too!" Like doomsday prophets, they stand in judgment—only vaguely remembering that once others were judging them.

Transformed? Yes. Ennobled in some people's eyes ("Isn't he courageous to face up to so much?")? Yes. But switching off between martyrdom and prophecy is terribly lonely. And veterans who accept their guilt end up just as estranged from society as their brothers who are outcast as executioners and victims. "Normal" people can't relate to a saint anymore than to a devil.

So veterans still haven't fully come home. Concern about "PVS" is the first sign that people know they're back, but it's hard not to ask if that concern doesn't hide the nonveteran's reactions more than it shows his empathy for veterans. It's still easier for vets to talk among themselves, despite their differences, than to open up with most nonvets. While the dialogue between vets and those who didn't go may never be perfect, and while vets may have to sacrifice claims to saintliness as well as to heroic prowess for it to get much better, vets feel as if the doors are locked for reasons that have to do not with them alone, but with all those whose silence is part of America's responsibility vacuum.

The Vietnam Veteran series will continue next month. We welcome and urge comments from veterans and their families. Write to The Vietnam Veteran series, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022—Editor

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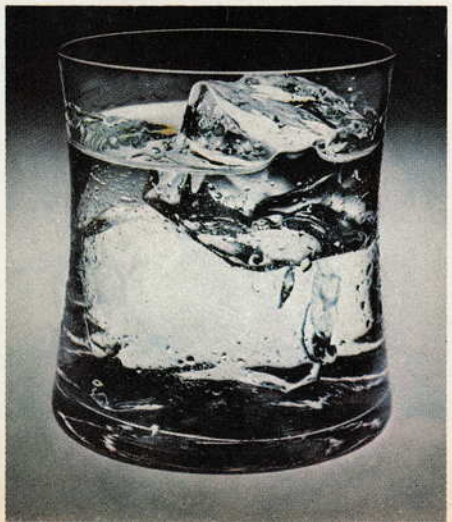

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GETTING IT ON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

lem, he found out, was caused largely by his hasty backseat sex habits in adolescence.) The Berkeley clinic uses three full-time sex surrogates, called "sex therapists." Each man who has no lady of his own and goes through the two-week treatment program spends four hours a day with these surrogates—three hours alone in her private studio, then one hour reviewing the session with her and a psychologist. Many women who work as surrogates have had sex problems that were treated successfully. All surrogates must be intelligent and open to self-criticism, says a clinic spokesman, because the job is "so much more difficult and more demanding than that of an ordinary therapist."

Surrogate sex partners, exotic as they sound, may actually exacerbate problems for the sexually dysfunctional man, since he feels under greater pressure to perform with an attractive, confident, and unfamiliar woman. "It's a much heavier trip and the therapy takes longer," says Dr. Bernard Apfelbaum, a psychologist at the clinic. But the clinic, which has treated 150 single men with surrogates, finds its success rate is as high as that for married men. "Of course, treatment is easier in a marriage relationship, because communication is already established," Apfelbaum says. "With a new partner, a man must first open up to her, and learn to trust and share, before he can deal with his sex problems. Basically, this is training in communication, in giving and receiving pleasure."

Men who suffer from retarded ejaculation, the least common of the major sexual dysfunctions, often use sex to communicate, but what they communicate is a sense of self-destruction laced with fears of dominance and death. They are described by many therapists as desperate and sometimes suicidal. They have a paranoid belief that all other men are their rivals. Retarded ejaculators achieve erection easily, but then it takes them hours to ejaculate—if at all—and they often give up from exhaustion. With these men, women often achieve multiple orgasms during intercourse; but, although a man may briefly enjoy his status as superstud, his sexual fears eventually overwhelm him. "They associate ejaculation with danger, with death and castration," says Dr. Lionel Ovesey, a professor of psychiatry at Columbia University.

Many retarded ejaculators associate sperm with strength; they feel that each time they ejaculate they lose some of their power. For them the vagina becomes a mouth that sucks their life-sustenance. Masters and Johnson found many such men were severely punished as boys for masturbating or having wet dreams, so that the commandment "Thou shalt not ejaculate" was imprinted on their minds. And some men simply dislike their wives so much that they hold back just to frustrate them.

The physical cure for retarded ejaculation is fairly simple. The wife is instructed to masturbate her husband in the ways he finds most exciting until he at last ejaculates in her presence. Once he associates her with pleasure rather than threat, they go on to the next step. The wife straddles her husband, manipulates him almost to orgasm, puts his penis inside her, and he thrusts until he ejaculates. The object is to break the pattern by getting even a drop of semen into the vagina. Once this is accomplished, and the husband finds he is not harmed or weakened, the couple are taught to prolong coitus until both can reach orgasm.

Masters and Johnson report success rates as high as 80 percent for treatment for retarded ejaculation, but other therapists are more skeptical about the ultimate success of treating the symptom without lengthy psychoanalysis. Dr. Ovesey cites as a typical patient a thirty-eight-year-old businessman who was severely depressed, anxious, and suicidal. As a child, he had been intimidated by both parents: his father often threatened to cut off his penis, and his mother once beat him so hard with a baseball bat she broke his arm. Later, he sought financial success as an outlet for his aggressions—yet when he achieved it after a bitter power struggle with a business partner, he was overcome with guilt. At first he was unable to ejaculate with his wife unless he was on the bottom and she on top, and eventually he was unable to ejaculate at all. When he came for therapy, he was having dreams in which he was the victim of castration and homosexual rape. He felt that his partner had been like a father to him, and that he had symbolically castrated him. He was afraid of violent retaliation. After four weeks of psychotherapy, he gradually began to ejaculate again. "Treatment [of retarded ejaculation] must be aimed at the underlying conflicts, and not at the symptoms, regardless of the patient's reason for seeking help," Dr. Ovesey says. Others agree that treatment should be approached through psychotherapy. "Often the criminally insane are retarded ejaculators," says Dr. Sloan. "It's a more severe psychopathology; the psychosis should be treated first."

> "The great American myth," says one psychiatrist, "is that you have to have a mutual orgasm."

Despite progress in sexual therapy, full knowledge of the causes and effects of sexual habits remain as inaccessible, yet alluring, as buried treasure. The most daring explorers thus far have been William Masters, a balding fifty-nine-year-old gynecologist, and dark-haired Virginia Johnson, forty-nine, a psychology major and now Masters's wife, who first began to observe and record the effects of intercourse on sexually healthy men and women in their St. Louis laboratory in 1959.

They learned, among many other things, that penis size is unrelated to sexual performance. Small penises generally enlarge much more impressively than do large penises, so that when stimulated there is little variation in size. The size of the penis has little effect on a woman's sexual pleasure, for the vagina adjusts itself to the size of the organ. They found, too, that the elderly can and do enjoy sex. When a man passes his sixties, the force of ejaculation may decline, and achieving erection may take longer, but he probably has the capacity for continuing enjoyable intercourse—some men report sex is even better in their mellow age than in their hurried youth. Women are also capable of having orgasms in old age, and many report that their sexual enjoyment increases after menopause—perhaps because they no longer have to worry about pregnancy.

Masters and Johnson also found that most women are capable of having up to six orgasms before being satiated and that there is no physiological difference between clitoral and vaginal orgasm. Both of these facts, of course, affect a man's concept of his own sexuality and how best to please a woman. Interestingly enough, the sex researchers have noted that under laboratory conditions supposedly healthy men failed to achieve orgasm six times more often than their women partners, a phenomenon they attribute to a greater culturally induced anxiety about sexual performance. It is still considered more humiliating for a man to fail sexually than for a woman. Masters and Johnson's early research is described in the book *An Analysis of Human Sexual Response* edited by Ruth and Edward Brecher (Signet, 1966).

All of this indicates that sexual dysfunction is an illness unto itself, more often caused by cultural taboos and sexual ignorance than by mental or physical illness. In fact, it is often the case that *sexual* problems cause *mental* problems. Lack of touching, stroking, and sexual contact can bring on mental illness—and treating the

physical hangup is the first step toward a cure. Dr. Harry F. Harlow of the University of Wisconsin, found in experiments with monkeys that subjects reared with wire-frame substitute mothers and isolated from physical contact with all other monkeys, became sexually neurotic as adults unable to have intercourse. When fake cloth-mothers were substituted, so the monkeys could cuddle, their neuroses were less marked. Many men who seek sex therapy were isolated physically or emotionally from their parents and peers and thus missed out on the most important part of sex education, which begins at birth with touching, body smells, voices, and warmth and affection between parents and children.

"Masturbation," says Dr. Leon Zussman, a New York gynecologist-sex therapist, "is the first natural sexual activity humans undergo. Babies touch their eyes, nose, ears, and genitals—that is, they try. But even today mothers usually push their hands away because touching is a no-no. One of the common signs among impotent men is that they've never masturbated." Big-city doctors still see patients who, for example, believe that if they ejaculate in the presence of a woman they will become paralyzed from the waist down. Zussman and his wife, Dr. Shirley Zussman, co-directors of the human sexuality program at Long Island Jewish Hospital, recently successfully treated fifteen couples who were still virgins after eight years of marriage.

These couples sometimes had sexual hangups so severe that the Masters and Johnson treatment alone was not enough. For example, in one young couple who had been married three years, the wife would not let a gynecologist approach her even for a Pap smear (a routine test for uterine cancer), and her husband had never had an orgasm. Over a period of three weeks, the wife was taught to insert vaginal dilators into her vagina, beginning with one the size of a ballpoint pen. It took her one hour to insert a tiny portion of the first dilator. Each succeeding week she was given a slightly larger dilator, until in the tenth week she was able to insert one the size of a large penis and would permit her husband to put his hand on hers as she guided it in.

Meanwhile the Zussmans worked with the husband, who conceded after several weeks that as a child he had once awakened "by accident" to find he had a partial erection. "I was, in his eyes, the father, ready to pounce on him if he ever admitted it," says Leon Zussman. "When he finally got over that fear, I told him the next time he woke with a partial erection to masturbate himself to orgasm. Eventually, he did." The Zussmans taught the husband and wife to masturbate separately, and then to masturbate while sitting across from one another in the same room. Finally they were allowed to try intercourse, first guiding the dilator in, then substituting the penis. Within three months they were having intercourse regularly, and a year later their first baby was born.

The Zussmans believe strongly that all couples who come in for therapy should first be given a thorough examination in the presence of the spouse and the two doctors, who explain each part of the genitals and its role in sexual response and pleasure. Most men, it turns out, have never even been permitted to look at their wives' genitals —indeed, most women have never seen their own genitals, which they could easily do with the aid of a mirror. "Before the exam," Leon Zussman says, "women often tell us we can examine them in front of the entire hospital—but not in front of their husbands. Afterward they feel differently. The men invariably find the exam a revelation, and the most common remarks I hear are 'incredible,' 'fantastic,' and 'why haven't I seen this before?' Those who feel the vaginal area is a dirty, secret place have their heads turned around by the beauty of it. We teach them that it is all right as part of sex and loving to touch, taste, smell, and enjoy."

> Some doctors feel that the feminist movement aggravates sexual problems in already insecure men and increases their anxiety about performance.

And yet the efforts of these clinics and doctors are only oases in a desert of sexual ignorance. The proliferation of sex magazines, porno films, "how to do it" books (some of which, like Dr. David Reuben's *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex,* contain misleading information), and commercial partner-swapping parties, are an indication of people's thirst for information in this area.

Unfortunately, even as premarital sex increases on the college level, sexual misconceptions still abound in all age groups. "The knowledge that college kids have of their own sexual functioning is not much different from what their mothers or fathers knew," says a psychologist who teaches and counsels at a private college on the East coast. "I am constantly amazed at how little information the students have—and yet where would they get it? Most parents of this generation still don't tell them, good sex education programs are just now getting under way, and even most medical people still lack exposure to new attitudes." In fact, doctors are often surprisingly unknowledgeable about sexual problems. People who become doctors tend to be hard-workers, diligent, conscientious, and not particularly likely to have active social lives. They often repress their own sexual desires in favor of their work, and show embarrassment when talking to patients about sexual problems. Only now are medical schools beginning to incorporate courses on human sexuality.

This combination of old sexual myths and new sexual behavior has created a different set of problems for young men today. "The opportunity for hit-and-run sex is disappearing," says William Simon, a former Kinsey collaborator now with the Institute for Juvenile Research in Chicago. "No longer do young boys have their first experiences with the community pegboard down the block. Instead they have intercourse with girls they know, and have to learn to handle a whole range of social and sexual roles at the same time. Before, when young sex was in a shadowy world, they didn't have to worry about word of failure getting out. But now they run the risk of their partner telling her friends about it." When Simon and a colleague, Patricia Miller, recently completed their study of young people, they found that while coitus rates for girls were increasing, the coitus rate for boys in their teens had actually declined from Kinsey's era. This indicates, they feel, a hesitation among young men to expose themselves to sexual failure with girls they know.

Exactly how serious early sexual failure can be is a matter of debate. Simon believes that all sexual experiences in youth are traumatic. "It's par for the course that a young man will have sexual problems on his first sexual contact," he says. "It's just part of the agony of coming into adult sexual behavior, a problem of mixing the complexity and richness of masturbatory lives with the pragmatic social-sexual relations with a real girl. After all, in the fantasy world of masturbation, no woman ever said or did anything he didn't want her to." Simon believes men, like women, must learn about sex, and only practice makes perfect: "The old idea was that only women needed sex education, and men just had to listen to nature. Now we know that damned little is programmed, even in men, and that almost everything must be learned."

But the yoke of failure rests heavier on men than on women, and many, including Masters and Johnson, believe that early sexual debacles can establish a lifetime pattern of sexual inadequacy, as it did with my friend who finally sought help with a sexual surrogate. Not only are men under more pressure to perform, but they are more concerned than ever before that their women reach orgasm. Dr. William Frosch, among others, believes that women's new sexual attitudes are responsible for much of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

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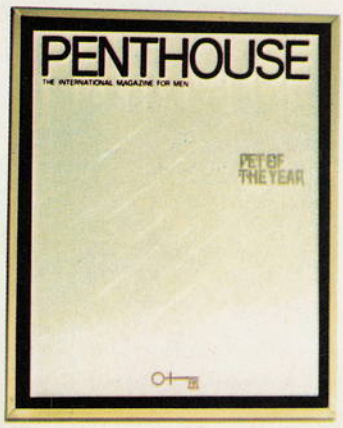

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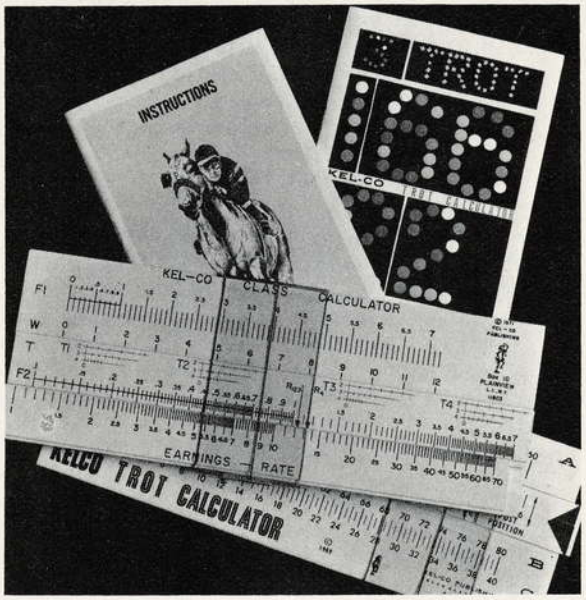

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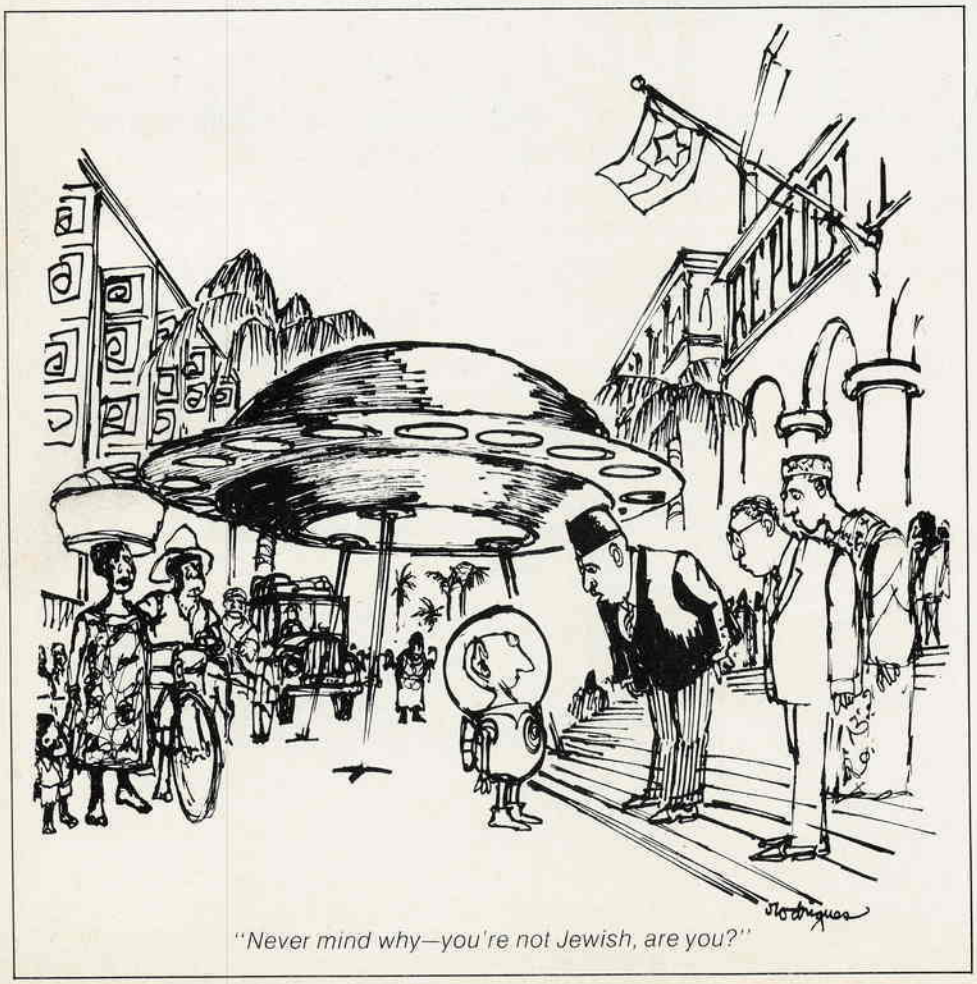
this new pressure, that women's liberation is creating sexual havoc among some men: "Before, women were willing to suffer silently in the Victorian fashion if they weren't sexually fulfilled. But now they are more demanding about their sexual rights. They feel entitled to sexual satisfaction, and they make their expectations known—sometimes early in the relationship before trust between the couple is really established. If a man is expecting to go through the courtship ritual, and is suddenly expected to perform in three seconds flat, it can have a devastating effect," he says. Again, there are no hard data to back him up. "You can't win," says Dr. Shirley Zussman, who disagrees with Frosch. "When women were less responsive they were blamed for male sexual problems. Now that they are more aggressive, they also get blamed. It's a vicious circle."

Perhaps as women accept their own sexuality they will relieve men of some of the burden. "Women's liberation is the best thing that can happen to men," says one therapist. "Previously, it was unromantic, iconoclastic, for a woman to discuss how she liked her clitoris touched. Or if she had a 'thing' about her sensual elbows, she expected the man to know it instinctively. When he didn't realize that she liked her elbows stroked, she secretly blamed him for not being sensitive to her needs. For many who come for help, it's the first time they've experienced a semblance of equality and accepted their individual responsibility for sexual failure and pleasure."

The biggest challenge to sex therapists is teaching both men and women to express their sexual needs in specific terms, such as "please touch my penis like this," followed by a demonstration, rather than use the old "does that feel good?" followed inevitably by a vague "yes." "Too many married couples play a guessing game and never verbalize anything," says Dr. John O'Connor, associate clinical professor of psychiatry at Columbia University. "You want to please your sex partner, but you fear making yourself vulnerable by taking the risk of saying what you would really like for yourself."

In one case, a restrained Princeton graduate came in for therapy with his wife, complaining that he just didn't enjoy sex. During treatment, the therapist asked him if he and his wife ever spoke to one another while making love, ever used four-letter words to turn each other on. When the man said no, the therapist asked him if he might respond favorably to such language in bed. "Well, I might a little," he said. "Why didn't you tell me that!" exclaimed his wife, who was sitting next to him. "You always told me not to say those things in bed!" "Yes," replied her husband, "I told you not to say them, but you never asked me if they turned me on." From then on, she filled their sex with four-letter words, and the more he told her to stop, the more she talked. Both said their sex life improved tremendously.



"Never mind why—you're not Jewish, are you?"

"Hopefully, the man will one day feel free to be on the receiving end—not just the performance end—and both will understand it's all right for a man to be passive and a woman active in sex," says Dagmar Graham, who was trained by Masters and Johnson in St. Louis and is now director of training at the New York Medical College's sexual therapy and education center.

Mrs. Graham believes that, bad as things are here in the United States, they are worse everywhere else, even in Sweden where she was reared. "In Sweden they are totally performance-oriented. Sex is a gymnastic exercise," she says. "Sex is based on the man being able to perform as many times as possible in one night. There is no sex therapy there of the type available in this country, and I doubt whether it would be accepted, because sexual problems are even more threatening to Swedish men. I find the same attitudes in Sweden that I find in Latin America—a macho syndrome."

By treating the sexually ill, the therapists are at least learning how to keep the rest of us sexually well. To cure sexual boredom (which could lead to a breakdown in communication), tension, and a dysfunction, they suggest the alternate orgasm. "The great American myth," says Dr. Clifford Sager, "is that you have to have a mutual orgasm. But it's impossible to give and to receive at the same time. There is something delightful about the joy and pleasure of giving someone an orgasm. You can feel the emotion of it in your head and guts, and can share in it." Therapists also recommend a variety of new coital positions. The man on the bottom with the woman lying or sitting on top, for example, permits more freedom of movement. This is the position often recommended when men have sex problems, because it puts the woman in a position of control and psychologically removes some of the performance pressure from the man. Then many couples prefer various other positions. As for sex aids, most commercial aphrodisiacs work only if you believe they work; you are paying for a state of mind. Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, a former Kinsey collaborator who is now in private practice in New York, says good health, exercise, lots of sleep, minimal drinking, and the right foods are still the best aphrodisiac. Coconut oil, powders, dildos for women, and group sex are also sometimes useful. All else failing, the sex therapists suggest you try a new partner.

But just how bad are things here? Some say very bad. Masters and Johnson believe that half of all married couples have sexual problems that should be treated. "Of course, more men are sexually inadequate than ever before believed," says Dr. Lonny Myers. "There is a tremendous amount of sexual hypocrisy in all societies, ours included." But how many men have sexual dysfunctions? And are the numbers growing? There seem to be no statistics. The therapists just shrug their shoulders and return to the patients lined up in their waiting rooms.

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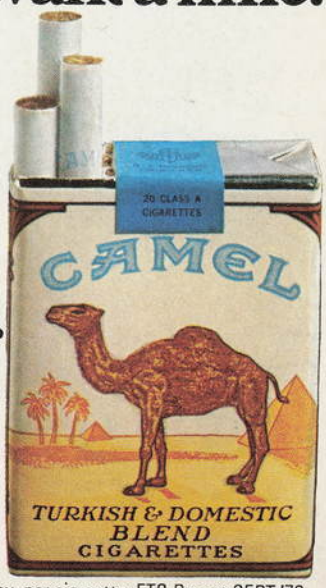

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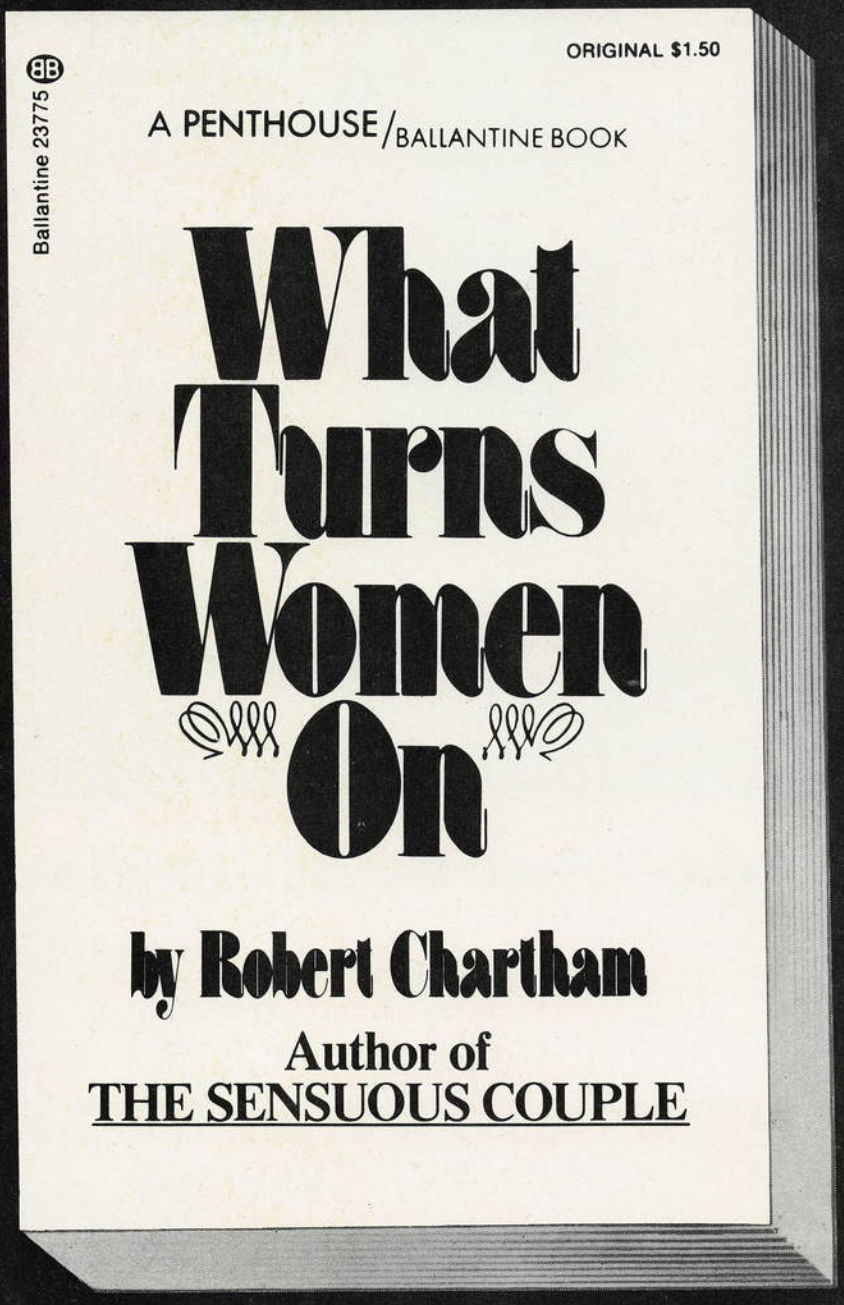

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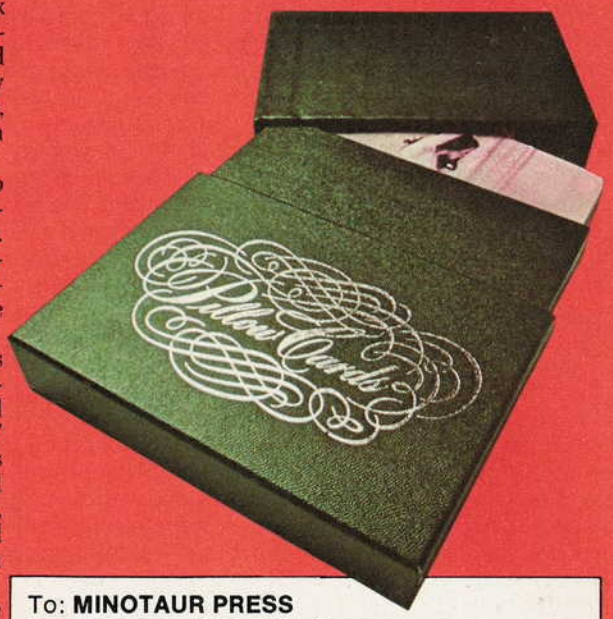

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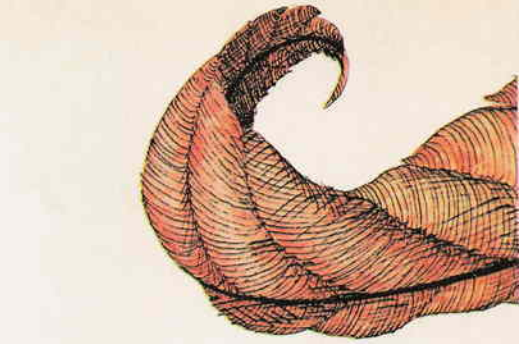
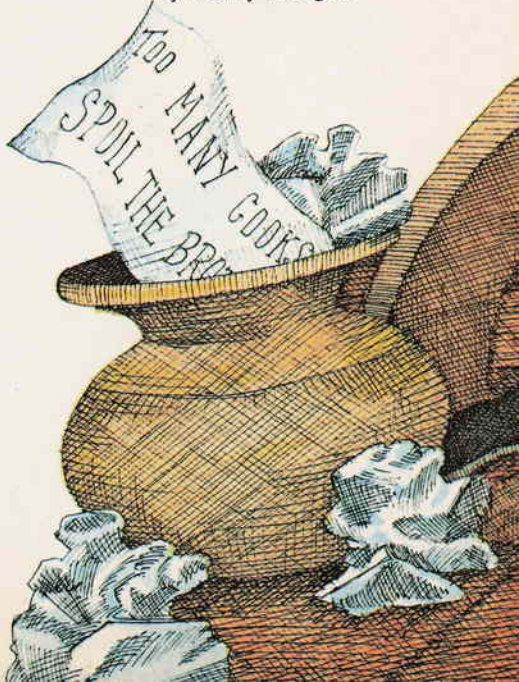
Bullfarber Speaks with Forked Tongue

By Henry Morgan





P.P. Arpad Bullfarber was one of the worst liars who ever lived. In addition, P.P. was ignorant and pushy. His ears stuck out, his skin was blotchy, and his eyes bulged out of his head like those plastic bubbles that tail gunners sat in on the old B-24's.

Because he was stupid and *because* he was loud, people listened to him. The whole world was one vast silent majority . . . the people who don't speak up because they are intimidated, retarded, and dumb. Great masses of people always are. Morons, most of them. Put on earth merely as a trial to their betters. It is the great unwashed who do the voting for presidents, goaded into it by the Bullfarbers of this world.

P.P. Arpad Bullfarber had a curious history. His mother was, according to the best information that researchers have been able to discover, either (1) the result of an accidental meeting with the third horse-groom of King Olav the Stinker, or (2) a nun from the order of St. Vestibule.

His father was a dentist.

The world would have been a far better place if this man hadn't been born. But he was, and he made up frightful sayings, and we use them to this day. All they've done is bring us terrible trouble.

Here is a list of some of the things this man has said, together with a brief explanation after each of just why they have contributed to the screw-up of the entire universe.

Poverty is no disgrace.

Bullshit. Poverty is a loud, raucous, hairy disgrace. The only people who have any excuse whatsoever are the 500 million Hindus, Bengalis, and other residents of the former British colony of India. Also the Masai and the Bantu. And any black who is caught living in a white country. And any Chicano, Eskimo, or American Indian

These people have every right to be poor—but you? You're the noble white man, for chrissakes, you're the king of the hill, you're in charge. Your ancestors went to all the trouble to put these other people down so that you could be a millionaire. You are a lord of creation, you schmuck, so what the hell are you doing going around poor? You are a no-good, empty, rotten bum, and you are most assuredly a disgrace. You are a puling sniveler and a self-pitying, whining jerk. You stink, you and your poverty both.

A penny saved is a penny earned.

Bullshit. For starters, where the hell would you get a penny if you hadn't earned it? (In this sense, "earning" includes such dodges as unemployment insurance, federal handouts, etc.)

If you actually have a penny left over after the murderous taxes, deductions, and general foolishness that goes on in these societies in which governments grab whatever they can and then double it, you'd have to be a horse's ass to put it in a bank. Banks don't save money, they *lend* it. To puke-face you they give 5 or 6 percent. *They* charge eleven or twelve—or whatever outright usury they can get away with. They, the bankers, are delighted with old Bullfarber; they may even have invented him. He was surely on the payroll—to tell idiots like you what to do with your money. Pah!

It is better to give than to receive.

Bullshit. First class. You spend your whole life giving—you give of your time, your energy, your knowledge. You may even be kind to some poor slob once in a while. What does it get you? Abuse, invective, tattered clothing.

The most simpleminded lead-head knows as well as he knows his own empty pockets that to receive is the only hope he has in this world. To receive anything. *Anything!* The tough part is that you can't *get* anything.

Bullfarber knew this damn well, don't think he didn't. That's why he made up his crappy saying—telling you, who have nothing, that it's better to give. He was a miserable no-goodnick, that man.

Too many cooks spoil the broth.

Bullshit. Aside from the fact that nobody in his right mind cares a fardel about broth, what does this statement mean? How many people does it take to make broth? What does this goofball think—that broth is made on some kind of assembly line? Broth is the colored water left over after you boil a chicken. Can two people boil a chicken? This is just plain stupidity and don't think about it anymore.

The exception proves the rule.

Bullshit. The real meaning of this folderol, if it has any at all, is that the exception proves the *existence* of the rule. But when the thing happens, whatever it is, who is the ninny who jumps up and announces that it is an *exception*? Suppose, for example, that people believe—because they *like* believing in things—that the branch of a river goes away from the river, in the same way a branch of a tree goes away from the tree. Lots of people believe that. Then one comes along and says, "Hey, this branch flows *toward* the bigger river—it's the exception that proves the rule!" Any fool can plainly see that there was no rule in the first place, that an exception may be a rule just as much as the rule is, and that the whole thing is a knapsack full of camel dung from the top.

A rule doesn't have to be proved to begin with. And don't let any Johnny-come-lately horse you around with his phony knowledge of what the rule is. What is he, some kind of scorekeeper? He's full of osprey guano, that one.

The law of averages.

Bullshit. See above.

There's always a first time.

Bullshit. How about the things that never happen at all? Is there a first time for the pyramids of Egypt to turn green? Is there a first time for a man to have a baby? Is there a first time for Nixon to tell the truth?

What kind of folly is this, that there is always a first time? If you never broke your leg

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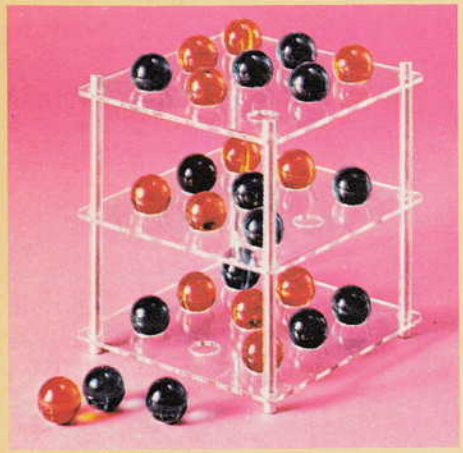

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4-74

Teenage Love

By Elaine Louie

Teenagers '74, beneath their long-hair and braless freedom, are still kids: open but insecure, lustful but afraid. Sexual liberation for kids is a media hype. People assume that because kids look free, they are free. Nobody's wearing panties, jockey shorts, push-up bras, petticoats, or T-shirts. And there's the Pill, the IUD, abortion on demand, and the overabundance of pornography to indicate that sexual liberation is a real thing. Looks, however, are deceiving, and so are words.

The smart teenager *sounds* free. Catholics talk about abortion in parochial schools and boys at the United Nations School make sure their girl friends know about birth control. Listening to the media, we'd assume all teenagers walk around satisfied from the Big Orgasm. But if you listened to the kids, you'd discover otherwise.

Having taught over three hundred teenagers in three years, and having led the first high school women's (and sometimes men's) consciousness-raising groups in Boston and New York City, I've noticed that teenagers don't really live in erotic bliss.

Girls often feel under pressure *not* to be virgins; ten years ago, they'd have to say they were virgins even if they weren't. "But I'm not ready," one of my students wailed. Another girl who'd never had a boyfriend and didn't expect to have one for a while, said, "Who am I going to lose it *with*?" In a class

one day, a half-dozen girls discovered they'd all masturbated. "You too?" one girl shrieked, pointing a finger at her best friend.

The boys have another problem: they're not supposed to talk about their sex lives. A decade ago, they'd crow about their conquests. Today, in the glare of women's lib, the "sensitive" young man shuts up.

As usual, parents have no idea what their kids are doing. The mother of a thirteen-year-old boy in New Paltz, New York, is quite sure her son is a virgin. But the boy's best friend says, "Howie? Naaah—he's done it." Howie's thirty-two-year-old uncle can at least document his anxiety, since the boy asked him whether or not he should lose his virginity. "Howie," drawled the uncle, "you might as well do it as soon as you can 'cause it isn't all that worth waiting for. The first time, anyhow."

The father of a fifteen-year-old New York City boy says his son had brief affairs with one or two girls last year in summer camp. The son, on the other hand, implies he had at least five nubile young women in rapid succession, roughly like a shish kebab. All the parents I spoke to were dying to know what their kids really did, and the kids expressed curiosity about their parents' sex lives.

Teenagers define love in the same vague terms as adults. "Someone who understands me, is nice to me. . . . Someone I can just be myself with." But finding that someone isn't always easy.

Morality, too, weighs on kids. Catholic kids talk engagingly about abortion, but when asked if they'd ever have one they do a double take. Debbie, winsome, freckled, Irish, and fourteen, says, "If I got pregnant, my reputation would be *ruined*!" And Joseph, fifteen, Italian-Catholic, gives the boy's answer to the question of purity. "I'd go to Forty-second Street if I wanted to get laid, but I'd never marry a girl who wasn't a virgin."

The mind-body struggle is particularly acute for teenagers, and, in their own words, this is how they deal with it.

Susannah is a luscious seventeen-year-old Tuesday Weld type. But where Tuesday, bikini-clad, wriggled on sand dunes with Frankie Avalon, Susannah's film debut has been in the gamy underground world of New York pornography flicks. She's used her long red wavy hair, big brown limpid eyes, curvy nonvirginal body (the virginity having been lost three years ago in the front seat of a Pontiac), and husky voice ("Please don't use my last name. My mother would kill me.") to make a hundred dollars a day free-lancing sex to four porn filmmakers. During our conversation a forty-year-old man, a family friend of Susannah's and a former manager of a Playboy Club, was present.

"I don't *enjoy* the movies," said Susannah. "Sex is very religious for me, but I didn't have any skills and I didn't have any money. I'm not doing it right now—I haven't done it in months and I don't intend to do it again. I *am* a good actress, and I *don't* like fucking and sucking people. I'm getting a new legit thing together—I know I should utilize my talent. Anyway, let me tell you what I'm like sexually.

"I'm very oral, I like to kiss. I'm into cleanliness, warmth, a nice touch—the hands." Her hands move through the air as if they're gently, tenderly stroking a man's belly. "I relate a lot with my mouth. I'm concerned with being reciprocal and considerate—I worship men a lot, and I put them on pedestals. I *like* a little chauvinism, but I'm not *too* passive. I *like* doing things for men—cooking, cleaning, waiting on them, showering them with gifts, turning them on steadily and excitingly—but I *don't* like being exploited, I don't want to be just a piece of *ass*. I've never been a swinger. I like . . . being treated with kindness. I totally disapprove of the *ménage à trois*, two women and one man. Oh, I like making chicks feel good, but I don't let them touch me. I'll make *them* come but they can't make me come. I don't trust them enough. *Men* know how to make me come. I like crazy positions, doing it in front of people, observing group scenes. A few of my lovers have become relationships. I'm living with a guy right now, he's twenty-five, one of the youngest. I'm usually hung up on guys twenty years older. They turn me on, 'cause nothing'll come of it. They've got better manners, enough bread to take you for nice nights on the town, and they're protective towards me 'cause I'm young and need it. I'm smarter than most people my age. They're so uncool and indiscreet.

"I used to think I was frigid, but I don't think so anymore. I've never had a vaginal orgasm—but there's no such *thing* as a vaginal orgasm. It all comes from the same center by just letting go and trusting someone—the clitoris is just a different way of getting there. If a man is considerate enough of my desires, he'd do anything in his power to make me come. And if he's not, I'll never see him again."

A month later, I found myself sitting next to Susannah at a movie screening. She was with a porn actor whose cock achieved a nine-inch prominence in *It Happened in Hollywood*, which won the New York Erotic Film Festival Award. Forty-five minutes into the screening, Susannah leaned over and whispered, "Do you swing?" I shook my head. She put a hand on my knee, smiled sweetly, and said, "That's all right."

Under the yuk-yuk things (Dalton School slang for clothes from Henri Bendel's) are the little rich girls, made not from sugar and spice, according to a nonrich Dalton student. Dalton School is one of New York City's prestigious private schools, located on the Upper Eastside. It caters primarily to children of the rich and famous, although it does take a few ordinary children, black, white, and Puerto Rican.

The very rich have a curious relationship with the media. What's gossip and trivia to the Brooklyn housewife may be a horrible truth to someone else. One day a Dalton girl was leafing through "Suzy Says," the syndicated society column by Suzy Knickerbocker, and found out her parents were getting divorced.

Dalton is also the home of the blue-collar bare-chest mystique, America's version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. The heroes of Dalton are the athletes, who are *not* white.

Valerie is a senior at Dalton. She's seventeen, tall, red-haired, slender, and poised. She has the self-assurance of the Popular Girl and walks with a subtle twist of the hips, shoulders held up and back, breasts thrust forward. Valerie begins to speak somewhat mournfully about her Puerto Rican boyfriend who never slept with her, though he slept with others.

"He had respect for me and didn't want to use me. The *other* girls kiss his feet—they're *temporary* girls—they think they're going out with the guys because they're fucking them, but the guys don't give two hoots about them. My boyfriend said, 'Valerie, I don't want to use you—I have *respect* for you.' Somedays he's nice to me, somedays he doesn't talk to me.

"The teachers, the principal, and everyone else treat the basketball stars pretty well. All these guys are being used for basketball. Y'know, my boyfriend used to be very gentle and very sweet. Then things went to his head because he and his friends get so popular during basketball season. They're all hot shit and can get any girl they want.

"Wow—losing your virginity is a *risk*! There's one guy at school, Reuben, and he makes it clear: 'I'm just using you—I just want a good lay.' When a guy comes up to you and checks you out physically, you *know* he's going to sit in the locker room and rap for three hours on who looks good and then decide to go to bed with her.

"In order to make it and be popular, you've *got* to be well-built and flirtatious. That sort of pressure starts in the fourth grade. The pressure's bad 'cause it's not fair that the only way to survive is to go steady in those early grades. I *love* flirting. When I'm at school I make sure every guy I know says hello to me. That's the way I am. The girls? They're nice up front, then they cut me behind my back.

"One of the sick things about Dalton is that the majority of the kids are really rich white kids, but they look like they come off the Bowery—they *deny* being rich. 'I have no money, can I borrow a dime?' *Then* they go home and the maid takes off their coats that they've bought in the Village for fifty dollars. It gets me mad.

"I'd like to be wealthy, in order to afford what I want, but money won't corrupt me—honestly! In a certain way I'm jealous of

some of the rich kids, I'm jealous of their mothers who can lay around and look beautiful. Like my mom has to work every day. Those rich bitches—if they ever thought of their kids. . . . The rich kids just don't know about love and romance. Cassie's been going with Tomas who's Puerto Rican—she's a spoiled brat and he didn't care about her, but she'd have her chauffeur pick him up or send a cab over. He didn't know what to do. These girls can go out with blacks and Puerto Ricans in high school, but the boys will never be accepted and the white kids will probably be disinherited.

"Dalton's going to turn out a lot of *hard* people. In one family, both the mother and the daughter were having an affair with the butler. The mother didn't know about the daughter, but the daughter knew about the mother. Wow—the butler must've been pretty busy!"

"Do you fuck?"

"Yes."

"Do your parents know?"

"No!"

The oblivous parents are the Chinese families of sixteen-year-old Candy, the daughter of the proverbial laundryman, and her eighteen-year-old boyfriend, Johnny. Their love is reflected in each other's image. They're identical. Both have thick, coarse hair trimmed in bangs and shaped around the face, cut by a Brooklyn barber in a pseudo-English salon on St. Mark's Place. They wear navy blue pea jackets, faded jeans, and striped T-shirts. As they relate their budding romance, which is a small and subtle revolution against Chinese conservatism (meaning no sex for women until marriage) they hug, kiss, moon, sigh, caress, and gaze with infinite tenderness into each other's almond eyes.

Johnny begins, his hand resting solicitously on Candy's right knee. "The first time we tried, we didn't have any birth control and we were scared—but we had tried to keep the sex down and couldn't do it." (Shortly after that first time, Candy went to her older sister for birth-control information. She got the Pill, but only she, Johnny, and the sister know. The pills are kept hidden.)

"We want to get married," Candy says, "when I'm twenty-one. I sorta have a guilty conscience, but I'm not ready for marriage. My mother told me you've gotta watch out for guys 'cause they'll sweet-talk you and take you to bed. She never talks about the *good* relationships. *Bed* is the first thing that comes to her mind. Like Johnny, you know, they used to describe him as an animal by the way he looks."

"Yeah," says Johnny, "and my father doesn't like Candy's family. My father knew her uncle well, and when her uncle died my father went to visit Candy's aunt. So there was a rumor that my father was messing around with Candy's aunt—the Chinese say like father, like son. But now my parents know I'm seeing Candy."

"That's 'cause guys have more freedom than girls, 'cause it's the girl that gets into trouble," interrupts Candy.

Johnny nods his head. "At the Demo Club, on Mott Street, there was a couple—he was just fooling around, the girl got pregnant, had the baby, and gave it up for adoption. The girl should have fun but she shouldn't get pregnant. If she does, then I think it's both their responsibility."

"But now that Johnny helps out at my father's store," Candy says hopefully, "they respect him a little more. The little old women who sit around say he's a very good boy."

"I used to think it was hopeless getting Candy's parents to like me," explains Johnny, holding Candy's hand.

"He doesn't do drugs," says Candy, beaming.

"Oh no—my parents warn me against it every day, 'cause there's a lot of it in Chinatown—grass, coke, hash, poppers, even acid."

In the past, both teenagers have dated people of other races. "I went out with a white chick once," says Johnny. "White chicks play games more. They're different—they cocktease, and their minds are sorta fuzzy. They cut classes a lot and have fantasies about sex. Chinese girls, well, they're kinda shy—they don't express themselves so much."

"I went out with a Puerto Rican," reports Candy. "They *jump* so fast! You go out with them and they start talking about when we get married. Now maybe I'm too young to get my mind together for marriage, but I don't *want* the chance to go out with another guy. I want to try to make our marriage last forever."

"Want some boo? Have some whiskey? Maybe a cig? How's about a hamburg?"

With a large dose of sass, and a whole lot of warmth, Mrs. Lewis, who's in that ageless region of forty to sixty—and nobody knows for sure—hassles three generations of other Lewises in her four-story frame house on the corner of 127th Street and Lexington Avenue.

Harlem. Daughters, grandchildren, boyfriends, cousins, nieces, and nephews scamper, bebop, and tumble through the peeling blue door into the dull gray kitchen.

The kitchen, center of the home, wasn't always gray. Once, on a cold snowy morning, a white hippie friend came up to Harlem from his Soho loft to paint the ceiling a Mediterranean blue with a psychedelic white star in the middle. After a few months passed, the Lewises quietly painted the ceiling an enamel gray.

Today Mrs. Lewis is toothless, her teeth resting in a glass of water by the kitchen sink. "Want to talk to my daughters?" she asks, stirring a pot of greens. "In there," she says, pointing to a pink bedroom. The radio is blaring Al Green and a child scoots out eating a hamburger.

Simone, unwed mother of three-year-old Nicole, starts rapping. "My ma told me *nothing*. She rapped to me about how to keep myself clean and not to mess with boys. She told me don't let them pull up my dress. But when I was eleven I went out with a boy who was sixteen—and I started fucking when I was thirteen.

"It was *bad* the first time—we were at his house, on the couch—it was *painful*. I couldn't see *what* people saw in it. I stopped for one and a half years! Until I went with another boy. I liked *him*. So whatever he wanted me to do, I did. And I didn't know anything about birth control. I wish I did. I got pregnant real soon. I told him right off—he was happy. But my ma! I was scared of *her*. I waited a month before I told her. 'Ma, I haven't had my period for three months.' She acted so cool. Kept drinkin' her coffee and readin' her paper. She asked if I was a virgin. I said no. Ma, she doesn't believe in abortion, so she says to me, man, so cool, 'Well, next mornin' before you go to school we'll go to the hospital and take care of it.' She used to say you better not get pregnant in this house. . . . I was scared stiff. And it was her first grandchild. She was happy. I was a little confined—I couldn't goof about much—though it didn't show until the sixth or seventh month.

"My boyfriend, he was proud. Well, y'know, the pressure from the other boys. Like if a boy and girl don't make it, they're S.O.P. or S.O.D.—scared of pussy or scared of dick. And nobody wanted that reputation. If you liked the boy, you wanted to be—uh, nice to him. So most of the girls start when they're around thirteen."

She describes Nicole's father, whom she sees a lot but doesn't live with.

"He's nice-looking—but he gets funny when we go out. He gets loud. But when we go out together, and he doesn't have to be the center of attention, he's more quiet. He's also selfish when I need money for Nicole. I don't want him to give me money, but he's got money for fly—shoes and pants—and I tell him, 'You can't give your daughter nothin'?' Well, he *is* superfly but he don't have to *tell* everyone about it. Like if he buys fifty-dollar shoes, I'll tell him they're groovy—he doesn't have to put his shoes up to show me. That's not cool at all. Now Walt Frazier—he's superfly. I dream about him when I'm sleepin' at night. I dream we go out and lay in bed—kissin', talkin', gettin' high—we're not even fuckin'. I have this dream especially after I've watched a Knicks' game.

" 'Course the chances of *meetin'* him are one outta a thousand. The day I go to the games, though, I'd at least want to say hello. And I'm goin' to be decked out—I'm goin' to be so fly he can't *help* seeing me."

Evelyn, Simone's fifteen-year-old cousin,

comes into the room and hangs around, saying nothing. She checks us out, jives to the music, and splits after a few minutes. Simone suspects Evelyn's not a virgin, although no one's asked her.

"She's been going out for three months with a boy now—he's eighteen—and she used to be so shy. But they get along so well and she's so much more secure around him, I think she's made that step. She's *still* real shy, so I haven't talked to her about sex. I don't *think* she's using birth control, but she ought to find out what suits her best 'cause no one her age wants to get tied down to a baby. She still wants to have fun. I missed out on quite a bit—I still had fun but it was never the same. I had to come home early 'cause Ma was babysitting and she goes to bed early and didn't want to get up when the baby cried—and Nicole was the cryingest baby I've ever known.

"Someday, though, I'm goin' to get married. Not to Nicole's father, he's been messin' around with someone else. He was gone for two weeks and I didn't see him for two more weeks. That's a whole month! And his friend said he'd gone South 'cause someone in the family died. Ha!

"I want to be the *only* woman 'cause I'm a one-man woman—yeah, that's a problem. I don't see no need for someone else. I can handle my own weight as well as anyone else, unless he's got a strong sexual ability and needs two women. I guess I'm okay, I guess I'm cute and generous, and eventually I'll find my man. I won't want a big wedding—a small wedding and a big reception. A big party, just the family, this house, and a preacher."

Simone's sister Lorraine is nineteen and the unwed mother of a two-year-old boy. Like Simone, she doesn't live with her baby's father. "I was never really in love with my boy's father—I got pregnant 'cause I was runnin' the streets," she says calmly.

"I was sixteen when I got into sex. I figured I started kind of late. I was scared to death of being hurt physically. I knew this guy since I was a little girl—and we were real alone. I had more trust in him. We rapped and one day we were high and he said, 'Well, it's gotta be done some day or other—*I'll* break you.'

"So he did. It was *terrible!* I was *screaming!* It really hurt. But it had to be done. I was goin' with him for three years and other guys were tryin' to get forward and sneak on me—I'm glad I did it."

Lorraine's boyfriend, who's not the father of her baby, is in prison. He shot a cop. "He's got seven to fifteen years. He'll be out next August—he writes, and I'm waitin' on him. I've been partyin' and havin' fun but I still feel for him—omigoodness he's happy about *that.* He doesn't know about Roger, my other man. Roger knows about him but the guy in jail doesn't know about Roger. I don't want to break his heart while he's in jail.

"When I first met Roger, he was too nice, too kind. I couldn't stand him. He'd break his neck and *give* it to me. My mother didn't think I was ready for him. She said I was a whore in five boroughs. I *was* goin' out with four guys—but I got to like him slowly. He treats my boy as if he was his own.

"When guys would say, 'I love you,' I'd say, 'Well, I'm sorry you feel that way.' I said I'd *never* fall in love—until Roger. He lets me go out but I'd like to have kids with him. Three of 'em. I'd like to make it with a white man first before I settle down, but I don't appeal to white men. They live life different, talk different—but shoot! A man's a man. I've made it with girls as experiments—they had gay parties during school—but at eight at night I'm on to a man. There ain't nuttin' better than a man."

Mrs. Lewis has been standing quietly at the door, listening, chuckling. Lorraine smiles at her and continues.

"When my boyfriends come by, Nicole says, 'That's my grandma,' and you know what Ma says?" Lorraine laughs. " 'Don't say *that*—suppose *Grandma*'s lookin' for a boyfriend?' "

Although I don't see an entire generation of sexually liberated teenagers blooming overnight—coming as they do from different moralities, cultures, and classes—I have seen and known some very New Young People.

Jonathan is a sixteen-year-old young man I've known for three years, since before the day he lost his virginity with a lovely fourteen-year-old girl, also a virgin. "Jonathan?" the girl reminisces, "Oh yes. The reason I could make it with him is that he was so little!" She smiles nostalgically. "No, no—what I mean is that we *liked* each other. We were good friends—and we were tight." Meaning, too, that she trusted him and knew he'd be good to her.

Jonathan sees. He can look a man, woman, child, or kitten straight in the eyes. He can reach out and touch you. A thirty-five-year-old woman friend of mine came back starry-eyed after spending an entire afternoon with him sipping coffee and smoking joints at a Central Park South penthouse. Somewhat self-mockingly, she let out a long sigh. "Why, oh why *is* it that the only man in New York City who turns me on is a sixteen-year-old boy?"

He writes well, plays violin extraordinarily well, guitar competently, and has been seen doing theoretical math problems coming down off a full dose of acid. Politically he's a Marxist, although he entertains notions of becoming a rock superstar. Asked to reconcile the proletarian cause with rock capitalism, he grins and says, "Well, I could always play a benefit concert for the *Daily Worker*!" If Jonathan is an exception, he's nonetheless a product of a new generation.

Kids are more out-front about their sex lives than past generations were. None of the people I approached thought twice about being interviewed for a major magazine. Instead of shrinking from the public eye, they leapt at it. None asked their parents for permission, though they did request confidentiality. "Please don't tell my folks what I *really* do." Further, they'll admit sexual success or failure with equal aplomb.

A fifteen-year-old student at the United Nations School says he outfoxed himself with his own drug hipness. "Acid? Oh man, I'll *never* take *that* again when I'm fucking! It was a *disaster*! Halfway through I started thinking I was being *eaten* by my girlfriend's *cunt*—like being swallowed from the waist down by her!" He made one hasty exit.

Jonathan's first lover is now involved with a twenty-six-year-old boyfriend, and describes her first night with the older man in no uncertain terms. "At first I was afraid—his cock was so *huge*!" She gestures, measuring. "I thought it'd hurt. But it didn't. It was wonderful! He was so gentle and so . . . *good*!" The lady glows, oh, so deeply satisfied.

The media has given young people a lot of information about sex. Teenagers know where to ask about abortions and birth control. Usually they go to friends, local street clinics, or older brothers and sisters who give healthy support and, when needed, money. And information about sex has even reached the sexually inactive kids.

The highly repressed sophomore at a New England women's college was at least conscious of her repression. "I had a boyfriend for six years, since I was thirteen up until a couple of weeks ago," she said. "And we never made love. I guess I just got used to saying no. But I met a new man last week—and well, I'd give up my virginity tomorrow!"

Some Catholic teenagers reveal totally muddled, conflicting thoughts about whether or not they should have sex, but these contradictions show a healthy skepticism about church dogma.

Joseph's a thirteen-year-old Italian boy who attends a coed Catholic school in Little Italy. "Girls *like* Joseph," says a twelve-year-old female friend and admirer. "He acts like Mr. Cool." In love with a girl he's known for three years, Joseph says proudly, "Well, I'm a virgin—you don't have to lose your virginity just because you're in love. Just use your will power." A moment later, though, he's a little less certain.

Both Joseph's abstract dilemma towards virginity and other teenagers' loss of virginity show that the teenagers of '74 are becoming free. Although moral, political, and religious arguments against youthful sex are still strong, kids are slowly edging toward greater sensuality. If sexual liberation means following your instincts, surely it's happening. If not overnight, then day by day.

This month *Penthouse* brings you the second installment of "Couples," a searching series of interviews that attempts to uncover the most intimate facets of both the male and female sides of the sexual relationship. As analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, we believe these interviews provide a rare insight into man/woman relations. And that is why, once again, we invite couples who wish to be interviewed, and whose anonymity will be guaranteed, to write in confidence to The Editor, "Couples," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

COUPLES

JACK A., Age 34. Height 6 feet. 180 pounds. Brown hair, blue eyes. He is reasonably handsome, has an easy smile and friendly manner. He is an advertising copywriter.

GINNIE A., Age 29. Height 5'4". 110 pounds. Red hair, green eyes. She is very pretty with a retroussé nose, pale skin, and a small sprinkling of freckles on her high cheekbones. She is a commercial artist.

JACK'S STORY:

"My experience with Ginnie has to be the strangest kind of turnabout that ever was. It's like a 20th-century morality play. Before I met her I was a typical man of my time. I was twenty years old in 1960 so I had that whole crazy decade to do all the things that guys do in their twenties. And what we were doing was like the mad scientist routine—the whole world was our laboratory and there wasn't a thing we wouldn't try. All kinds of drugs, all kinds of sex. Toward the end we got so jaded we started screwing one person at a time, missionary style. We began smoking real cigarettes out of a machine, and drinking real whiskey out of a bottle with a United States tax stamp on it, just like ma and pa. (How perverse can you get?) And how we gave the finger to ma and pa for everything they *said* they stood for!

"Anyway, I banged my way along, through college and through the four or five years after college while I was getting set in advertising. I went from chick to chick and took part in any

Howard Pemberton

wild scene that came along. I read the books and learned the eleven million positions and went through them in sequence with various girls. I tried them young and I tried them old and I did it with the long, the short, and the tall.

"Along about 1965 I got onto the orgy circuit with a nice group of respectable, middle-class maniacs who had organized group sex into something approaching a religion. We called it the Church of the Revolving Vulva and we did everything except take up a collection. The meetings were once a week, on Fridays, naturally. On selected winter weekends we rented a house up in ski country where we would go to do normal natural things like fucking in the snow, trying to fuck on skis on a gentle, downhill slope, which nobody was ever really able to do but which was worth the try. And then there were the almost boring gang bangs in the sauna and on the trapeze we hooked up, which led to at least one broken arm.

"I had a somewhat steady bird, an Italian girl named Angela—which was unusual because you don't usually find nice Italian girls getting into stuff like that. The rest of the group was all Anglo-Jewish except for two blacks and a chick who said she was Polynesian but who I knew damned well was Puerto Rican.

"Angela was a nymphomaniac. Now I know that term is used very loosely, but I mean she really *was* a nymphomaniac. That girl would screw anywhere, anytime, and for as long as there was breath in her body. I won't say she would screw anything, however. Angela would not fuck somebody she didn't know at least a half hour and I've even seen her turn down a couple of guys.

"So you can see why a nympho like Angela would like the security of the Church of the Revolving Vulva where she could be with tried and true friends and where newcomers could be screened and evaluated before she fucked them half to death.

"Well, I had been with the group for about two years. The Friday night sessions, which sometimes went on for maybe thirty or forty hours, would leave me so numb in body and mind that I seldom did much more throughout the week except maybe a light workout with the girl who worked in the Spotlight Bar and who had Wednesdays off. But that was about it.

"So now we come to Ginnie. It was a Friday night in July and the scene of the crime was a great big summer house out in the Hamptons on Long Island. There was no air conditioning and it was hot as hell. (But since we weren't wearing anything it didn't matter that much.)

"I drove Angela out from New York, fighting the weekend traffic all the way. If it had not been for her constant attention to my cock—with both her hand and her mouth—it would have been an unpleasant trip. As it was I arrived with a nicely shriveled set of genitals and stained slacks and Angela in such heat that she leaped out of the car while we were still rolling, and ran across the lawn leaving shreds of clothing as she went. The last I saw was her bare ass rocketing through the door followed by a great shout of pleasure from the assembled guests. By the time I got in the door, I found a Gordion knot of bodies on the great imitation fur rug in front of the fireplace and from somewhere underneath I could hear great whistling explosions of breath as Angela yelled, 'Yeah, yeah, stroke, stroke!'

"I headed for the bar and had a long, lovely vodka and tonic as I watched those crazy bastards rolling and tumbling on the rug. I had taken the drink from the hand of the bartender without even noticing who it was. When I turned for a refill I did a take. It was Ginnie. And Ginnie was a very, very pretty girl. A redhead, but soft, not brilliant. Her eyes were green and warm, like the sea off the Keys, and yet level and direct. I fell in love with her, right there. And the first thing I thought was, "I got to get her out of here." How do you like that? The big swinger. The guy who talked about the single standard and the open marriage. And all I could think was, 'I gotta get her out of here.'

"Then I grabbed hold of myself and the cynic in me took over. She was there, wasn't she? So she knew the score. Who was she kiddin' with those green eyes? So I zeroed in on her and we spent about an hour talking, which was considered strange and unnatural and creepy and which began to attract so much attention and inspire so many crude remarks that I felt compelled to take her upstairs. I really had to fight off this one bastard, a tough goddamned Irishman who used to be a boxer. But I wanted that girl so much, wanted her alone, that I was ready to take him on and let him kill me rather than give her up. Fortunately, Ginnie resolved it by cold-shouldering the Irishman and leading me away. We didn't usually run into that sort of friction at the Church of the Revolving Vulva, chiefly because nobody ever was supposed to act that way. The way I did, I mean. I was given a few boos as we disappeared into the bedroom.

"I locked the door—which again was something not done. By the time I turned around Ginnie had every stitich of clothes removed and she was flaming red from the shoulders up. I thought it was passion. And it was. And yet it wasn't all passion because, fantastic though it may sound, Ginnie was a virgin. The quick strip was a frantic attempt to prove that she wasn't. She was truly ashamed of her lack of experience and she hoped to bluff her way through the whole thing. Incredible. I still can't believe it.

"We made love and I could tell right away. It wasn't the physical tightness—which is really a lot of bullshit anyway, because some nonvirgins I've known remain a hell of a lot tighter than virgins—but rather her whole manner. She was terribly hot, but a total nervous wreck. In the middle of it, before I came, I whispered to her gently and asked if she had taken the Pill. She said yes, and after quite a long time, realizing she was too uptight to have an orgasm, I came inside her. I lay on her, my weight on my elbows, for a long time while I brushed her face with my lips and smoothed her hair and traced little circles on her cheeks with my fingers.

" 'Ginnie,' I said, 'why did you choose this way your very first time?'

"And of course, she burst into tears. And the longer she cried the more hopelessly I fell in love with her. And I kept thinking, 'Man, this is insane. This is not happening. Not in the Church of the Revolving Vulva.'

"When she was able to talk about it we lay there for a long time and she told me she couldn't really explain why she had waited so long. She'd been reared in an old-fashioned way and, unlike most of us, had maintained respect for her parents and their views. When I met them, I understood why. They were great. Square, maybe, but great people. No bullshit, no hypocrisy, and I had to believe that they practiced what they preached. Even though I thought it was a hell of an uptight way to go through life, I had to respect their position.

"But, by age twenty-three, Ginnie was bursting at the seams. She hadn't found anybody who was marriage material who didn't want what all men wanted, which was a good tryout with no strings attached. She had figured out that she was only going to get her heart broken if she fell in love with a guy, slept with him, and then heard him say it was all just for laughs. On the other hand she was afraid she was going to twist her psyche into a pretzel if she went on fighting off her sexual needs waiting for Mr. Right. But she was *also* afraid of losing her nerve in a one-on-one affair. So she decided, on impulse, to give in to a girl friend's nagging and get her first experience in a group-sex situation where she could get it over with and, hopefully, have her embarrassment lost in the crowd.

" 'But it didn't work out that way, did it?' she asked, giving me that soft, green-eyed look. The *old* Jack, Jack the *swinger* would have left that cue line lying on the bed. But I couldn't. Right there I lost my religion and abandoned the Church of the Revolving Vulva. 'No,' I told her, 'it didn't. You could never get lost in a crowd as far as I'm concerned. You're too special. And I don't want you to stay in this place. Let's get the hell out of here before that Irish bloodhound gets on the scent.'

"We managed to get out by going down the back stairs and running for the car. We didn't have to worry, though, because the rest of the congregation was deep in 'prayer' and never noticed our departure except that the next Monday Angela called up, sore as hell, and I had to tell her to go fuck off, permanently.

"Well, within a few months it happened. Ginnie and I were inseparable. Sex with her—everything with her—was the greatest experience ever. I had found the very thing I'd always laughed at—eternal love.

"And for several years, that's the way it was working out. Things couldn't have been greater. But then it started happening. My Ginnie got restless. It started with our fantasies in bed. She'd beg me to tell her stories of my conquests, stories about the old 'Church.' And I thought it was great kicks and went along with it. I'd include her in them, describing what she could have been doing with the various guys, and with the girls, too. It made her a ball of fire. But it also made her wonder about what she'd missed. I began to sense that and it gave me a cold ball in the pit of my stomach. I waited for her to broach the subject. And sure enough, one night she did.

" 'Jack, you're the most wonderful lover in the world,' she said, 'I know that, even though I've never been with anyone else. But. . . .'

"I waited. I wasn't going to help her articulate that one. So she went on to say that it wasn't fair. It had been a double standard. I'd had all those girls and gotten it out of my system. But she never had a chance.

" 'You had the chance before you met me,' I told her. And she said, 'I know. I knew you'd say that. Okay. It's all my fault. But you really should practice what you preach.' Then she said she couldn't go out with somebody behind my back. So couldn't we do it all together? With a group. Like when we met. Then it wouldn't be like being unfaithful, would it? Because that's what I always said.

"She was right, of course. That's what I had always said. But I was talking about *other* people. I didn't know then how it felt to be possessive. The whole idea drove me crazy. I just couldn't give in to it. I couldn't agree. I told her we could have all the fantasies she wanted but I couldn't stand to see her with another guy.

"We left it at that, but things began to turn cool. Life stopped being a dream. Things finally came to a head about six months later. She came in one night and told me she was going to a meeting of the 'Church.' Her old girl friend, the one who had set her up for our first meeting, had done it again. I raged and stormed but it did no good. She begged me to go with her. I told her I wouldn't. And I didn't. I sat home and got good and drunk. Then, around midnight, red-eyed and with my brains scrambled I caught a cab to the place and pounded on the door. They greeted me with whoops and yells. Why not?

"There, in the center ring, on a big six-foot-wide ottoman, my Ginnie was the star attraction, taking on two guys at once. I went berserk. I was drunk, but not that drunk. The guy who was doing it dog fashion caught my boot in his balls and for all I know he's still curled up on the floor screaming. Then I yanked her off this other clown she was sucking and clouted her in the head before I went to work on him with a pair of fire tongs.

"The only thing I really regret was hitting her. I guess I regret hitting them, too, and I'm lucky I didn't wind up with my ass in jail on an assault charge. The only thing that saved me is that nobody wanted to stand up in court and tell that kind of story. As it was it cost me a couple of thousand bucks for the hospital bills. Ginnie's cheekbone was fractured and her eye was all black. I felt so bad I wanted to kill myself, seeing her like that in the hospital bed. And that's what lost the ball game for me. I broke down and told her she was right and I'd been wrong and we could ball at the orgies together, after she got well.

"And that's what happened. We'me been going to them, maybe once a month or once every couple of months and I dread them and I try not to let her know but I'm the death of the party. None of the other broads really want me because I'm so goddamned dreary about it. I can't help it. It makes me sick, physically sick, to have my Ginnie banging these other guys. Frankly, I don't know whether I can take this much longer. I'm about ready to give up, except, goddamn it, I love her so. You see what I mean when I say it's a 20th-century morality play? A fucking mess."

GINNIE'S STORY:

"I guess when Jack and I agreed to tell our story we both looked on it as a therapeutic opportunity. You know, talking it out, telling somebody. I can't stand the idea of psychiatrists because I'm convinced they don't cure anybody. Any good friend who is really interested in you and who has the intelligence and will take the time, can do you more good. They can draw you out of yourself, make you talk, make you face up to things you won't talk about even to yourself.

"First of all I feel horribly, terribly guilty. And there are days I feel I must be a nymphomaniac, like that girl Jack used to go with before he met me. Why guilty? Well, my God, look what I've done to Jack and to our relationship.

"If I'd come out of my shell before I'd met Jack and if I'd slept with a few men before him, I wouldn't have had this damned irresistible impulse to experiment with other men. At least, I don't think I would. I wouldn't have the excuse, anyway. And that's half the battle isn't it? Having a good excuse.

"Well, wait, I know you want me to start at the beginning. Okay. I was brought up by parents who didn't tell me sex was dirty or awful or sinful. Maybe it would have been better if they had. Instead, I had these two wonderful people, telling me that sex was beautiful and the most wonderful experience in the world, but that a girl should really try to make love only to someone she truly loves and who loves her. If not, they implied, it would still be exciting, but it wouldn't be beautiful and somehow, when the right man came along, I would feel incomplete for him. They never once told me I must *not* do it. They just painted such a great picture of how it should be that they didn't have to say very much about what shouldn't be. Do you know what I mean?

"So what happened? I was so taken up by the idea of having a man truly love me, and of truly loving him before I let him take too many liberties, that I could never get in step with anybody, though I knew I was desirable. At least I knew that enough men told me so, in words and in actions.

"Before I met Jack I had thought I was in love twice. The first fellow, Bob, was a guy I knew in college. We really thought we wanted to get married but we were just sophomores when we met and we didn't have too much money. He was a pre-med student with seven years of study ahead, plus the intern period. Boy, do those pre-med guys ever have a beautiful excuse for taking you to bed without promising anything. They're like Catholic men who are separated from their wives. 'I love you, darling. I want to marry you. But I can't divorce—my religion, you know. But in the meantime there's no reason why we can't enjoy ourselves, is there?'

"On the other hand *I* was a terrible tease without thinking I was. For example, Bob was the first man to ever touch my bare breasts. Would you believe that? I was nineteen. God, I'll never forget the thrill the first time he put his lips on my breasts. I almost went mad. But I pretended it was only mildly exciting. Bob kept encouraging me to play with him and I finally did, a little, but I was so damned scared that I never did much for him and after a couple of months, with nothing more than the breast feeding, he cooled off and we parted. Word must have gotten around campus that I was nowhere in the sex department because I had few dates from then on. I just kind of coasted and masturbated.

"You know, it was hard being a virgin in school. Those wonderful sisters of mine really gave it to me. They were worse than the boys, did you know that? They tabbed me as a dumb broad, socially, but I thought then, and I still think, that it was their own vestigial guilt. I was an affront to all those broken cherries. It was like being on the police force and admitting to other cops that you never took a bribe. I made the other girls look bad. They pretended I didn't and they tried to completely invert the moral code but they knew it wouldn't really work if the victim was stong enough to take it. And I guess I was strong enough.

"Well, anyway, I saved my strength and everything else until I got out of college. I told myself that when I got to New York and began a career I'd really get this sex thing straightened out. But, until Jack, I never did. I spent three years in New York and had several more 'affairs' if I can use that term for my sterile adventures. I finally dated a really nice guy who was very sweet and with him I eventually made the big jump and actually, for the first time, made a man have an orgasm with my hands. My God, what a thrill! I couldn't catch my breath. I did it all wrong at first but he trained me until I gradually became pretty good at it.

"And, in turn, I let him take the big plunge and play with me all the way! Wow! Twenty-one years old and I finally had a man inside of me, or at least his fingers. He was the first one I actually went to bed with. I mean, we took off all our clothes and actually got in bed. Oh, I know you think I'm a weirdo. But it's true. God, is it any wonder I finally flipped out, given my background? So, I went to bed with him and I finally did everything but the final act. We played like a couple of lambs and although he'd try, now and again, to really go into me, he always stopped when I protested.

"Of course, I know now—I guess I knew then—that what I was doing was completely stupid and dishonest. I should have gone to bed with a guy or married a guy or signed myself in at some old maid's home. But I didn't. I just played around like that and still pretended I was a virgin. Sure, technically I was. But psychologically it was gone. And I knew it. And that brought me right up to the Church of the Revolving Vulva. That terrible name.

"I had a girl friend who kept pleading with me to go with her and join in the communal sex and finally, one hot summer Friday I decided I would. I thought it all out. I figured that first, if I put myself in that situation in an isolated beach-house filled with satyrs, I wouldn't be able to back down if I wanted to. I guess unconsciously I was counting on a rape which I would resist, weakly, and then claim it wasn't my fault. I didn't want to do that to some guy, alone in bed in some apartment. But at an orgy, well, what the hell? And then I had the contradictory idea that my virginity wouldn't be noticed, which was really silly.

"When Jack came in, with that wild girl, Angela, I was attracted to him right away. I had offered to serve as bartender. (You can see why: it gave me some breathing room to watch and take a little time before submitting.)

"But when Jack came in and looked at me and kept looking into my eyes, I decided, yes, he was going to be the one and no rape about it.

"Did he tell you what I did? I mean, taking off

all my clothes as if I were an old pro? He said I was blushing all the way down to my nipples. But oh God, he was so tender and so very sexy. He knew it was my first time but he didn't treat me that way. Do you know what I mean? It wasn't like, 'Well I'm the grand master and I'll show you how to do it, kid.' Nothing like that. He never said a word except to whisper soft, pretty things to me. He never said, 'Move like this,' or, 'Pull up your knees.' You know, he didn't give mechanical instructions to break the spell. Everything flowed. I remember, it was hot. It was July. And we were wet with perspiration in a few minutes. And that was so good because we just slid and flowed against one another. I remember after he had his orgasm and while he was lying on me, lightly, brushing my hair back from my face, a little drop of perspiration hung on the end of his nose.

"And I reached up and took the little droplet on my finger. I remember it so well. Imagine remembering one little drop of moisture. I remember thinking, man will earn his bread by the sweat of his brow and women will bring forth children in pain. That's from Genesis. When God sent Adam and Eve from the garden after the original sin. But it wasn't a sad thought. It was a kind of fierce, defiant, wonderful feeling that I had joined the human race. That I was participating. that I was on the way to being a woman.

"Of course, that was how I felt *after* it was all over and I had satisfied him. I had been just too tight and nervous to have an orgasm myself. But I didn't care about that. Oh, hell, I didn't care about that at all, then, because everybody had told me that the first time it was awful. But it wasn't awful. My body had made him respond and God, that felt good. Who cared if a crazy set of muscles inside my body had not contracted in just the right way to cause my nervous system to have pleasurable spasms?

"After that first experience, of course, I couldn't wait. And the next time was the very next day, in my apartment. I unwound completely and Jack loved me and loved me until those crazy muscles turned to jelly inside me and I could do nothing more than lie there and moan little moans. He was a fantastic lover. He still is.

"We continued to have just marvelous sex.

"But then, I don't know why, but I started thinking about the fact that Jack was the only man I had ever known, sexually. I guess what started it off were the fantasies. He says I asked him to tell me about what he had done in the past. I don't remember starting it, but maybe I did. Maybe we were just talking about it, together, in bed. Probably what I did was to ask him what every girl asks her man: 'Am I better than all the other ones?' And then that probably led to, 'Well, what did the other ones do?' And he told me. And it excited me. And then he'd pretend I was there with him, at those orgies, and that I was doing it just like Angela. Well, it just drove me right up the wall, I got so hot. And I just couldn't help thinking about other men.

"Can you believe me when I tell you I didn't start out participating in the group-sex things because I wanted it to become a way of life or because I wanted to find some stud that could outdo Jack? I really didn't want those things.

"None of the experiences I've had with other men at the orgies we've gone to have been anything like Jack's love.

"I know this group sex is hurting him. But God, you know, this isn't really a physical thing. Do you know that? Can you believe that? This isn't really a physical thing—this craving for other men, for other experiences. I'm not really looking for somebody who is going to thrill me more and who I'll want more than Jack. It's almost—I was going to say spiritual, but maybe that's sacrilege. It's not spiritual and yet it has to do with the spirit—with knowing how it feels to be very free, just for awhile.

"Look, Jack went through it all. He was lucky to be a man. All the pressures were pushing him *into* sex. My background, for better or worse, just wasn't like that. I wasn't able to do it.

"But something inside a person makes him want to know something about this world. Something about other people. I know this damned orgy business isn't any answer to anybody's happiness. All the impersonal aspects of it are really kind of awful. But what happens if I went off alone, with just one man? That would really break us up.

"I know I won't want to do this forever and maybe I'm really over it, now. I think maybe I really am. But in the back of my mind I think maybe I'm just so angry with Jack, so really angry with him for not understanding and for being so willing to go by the rules *now* when he never did before. I think what I really want him to say is that he does understand and that he can take this as something natural and necessary for me to experience, just as it was necessary for him. But as it is, he's just going through the motions because he's sorry for hitting me that time. But he's so sullen, so resentful that instead of helping me to experience it and get it over, he just hardens my attitudes. He works at making me feel guilty, and that just makes me angry, and I want to get back at him, and I just do more and more outlandish thing at these parties.

"Why can't he wait until I can get on an even keel again? Christ, what a clever generation we are. We really showed the old folks how to be honest, didn't we?"

ANALYSIS

I think Jack has the right idea when he calls his and Ginny's relationship a strange kind of turnabout. I find the story of this couple to be a sad, perhaps tragic one. Certainly, it is ironic. Because the very things that attracted Jack and Ginny to each other are now the very things that are driving them apart.

First, let's look at Jack. From the beginning of his story, it is obvious that Jack was a very different man from the one he thought himself to be. Despite his seeming cynicism and hedonism, he gives himself away as being a man of traditional values and, sexually speaking, something of a square. This is especially evident in the way he talks about Angela. He makes the statement that she was unusual "because you don't usually find *nice*, Italian girls" being as sexually promiscuous as she was. He goes on to classify her as a nymphomaniac simply because she is highly sexed. Obviously, Jack has the outdated, old-fashioned view that women are either "nice" girls or whores.

He obviously sees Ginny as falling into the latter category. His reaction upon seeing her at the orgy was one of a shining knight rescuing a damsel in distress, his first thought being, "I've got to get her out of here." He was ready to go so far as to fight for her honor, as witnessed by his readiness to take on the tough Irish boxer.

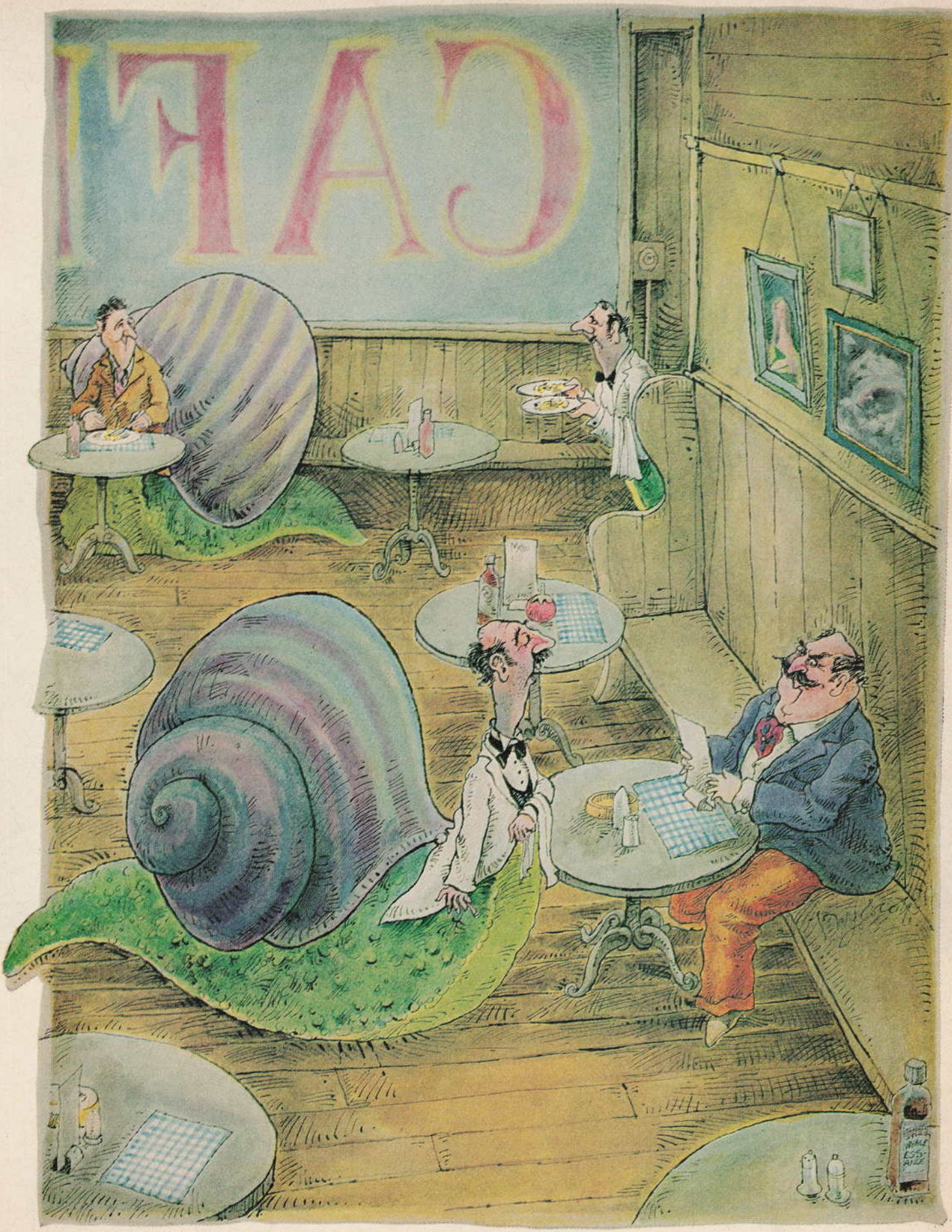
This impression of her as an untouched princess was reinforced by her virginity. He was incredulous at finding her to be a virgin, and even now says, "I still can't believe it," not with suspicion, but with awe. And when she burst into tears after they made love, she reinforced his impression of her fragility and, according to him, "the longer she cried, the more hopelessly I fell in love with her."

Jack's relationship with Ginny obviously freed his need for traditional values. As he puts it, "I found I wanted the very thing I'd always laughed at—eternal love." This being the case, it is no wonder that he is baffled, hurt, angry, and put completely off-balance by Ginny's desire for sexual experimentation. The whole idea, as he puts it, "drove me crazy." It is no wonder that he "just couldn't give in to it."

Ginny, too, has undergone a complete but only superficial change-about in consequence of her relationship with Jack. It's obvious that although she was almost completely chaste before she met Jack, Ginny always had strong sexual drives and a great capacity for sexual response. This is evident from the extent of the thrill she experienced whenever she allowed herself sexual contact, such as the first time a man put his lips to her breasts. It is also evident from the ease with which she consummated the relationship with Jack and achieved orgasm with him. Her chastity seemed to have been motivated by two things: an unconscious anger with men—she admits to teasing them—and a more conscious desire to feel superior to her less-chaste schoolmates. The extent of her need for satisfaction and her confusion about wanting it is evident when she says she was "counting on rape" to satisfy her desires.

Now her relationship with Jack has freed her subconscious, sexual personality—as his has been freed—and his love has allowed her to give full rein to the anger she feels toward men because they were allowed to be complete sexual creatures while she was not. She can torment him with her sexual adventures at the same time as she fulfills her desires. She admits to being angry at Jack for "not understanding," but I believe the real reason she is angry is she feels she missed out on the free-wheeling sex life he experienced. And that is why, to get back at him, she does "more and more outlandish things" at the sex parties. Although she admits she feels guilty about it, she is at this point unable to stop herself. As she says, it is an "irresistible impulse."

The complexity of the problems in this relationship admits of no easy solution. Obviously, the two cannot go on the way they are now. That might only lead to more violence on Jack's part, for one thing. I suggest that what is needed here is a searching analysis by the protagonists of both their conscious and unconscious motives with the help of a skilled counselor. Then and only then can these two basically decent people hope to make their relationship work.



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NOT ONLY IMMATURE, BUT STUPID

I am amazed at all the references you make to the joys of cunnilingus. To me and all my friends the idea is sick-making—we believe in the saying "Wash it in soap or wash it in soda—you can't get rid of that fishy odor." Tell me honestly—have most of the men you've experienced really *enjoyed going down on you, or have they just done it to please you?—A Doubter*

If you would ever like to be an excellent lover, you will have to do a lot of learning about sex. Darling, your letter not only sounds very immature, but stupid. You remind me of the kids on the streets who tell you that you will grow blind if you masturbate. Making love is not just a matter of getting a hard-on, finding a pussy to put it in, and just pumping away. If that is what you call a delightful act of love, you are not only wrong but also most selfish.

If you want to be a good lover, then you should realize that sex is a two-way street, a matter of give and take. Half the pleasure is seeing the other happy and satisfied. In order to get a warm-blooded lady in bed, rather than a frigid girl, you will have to start warming her up somehow. You start with kissing, preferably on the mouth, but you will most probably come up with some silly remark about how lousy kissing is because all girls have bad breath! Anyway, then you start working your way down, letting your hands and fingers do some work as well, and sucking her nipples. Eventually, you'll reach her clitoris and you have to do something about that to get her motor running. And then . . . oral sex, or, as you say, cunnilingus. I can guarantee you that soap and water and especially a hot bath and douching can do miracles.

But I can tell you, there are some *men* who would turn any woman off immediately. "No man wants to go down to a fish market," I agree. But no *woman* wants to go down to a *cheese market* either. Remember that. Look at yourself first. For all I know, you might have dirty fingernails, stinking armpits, bad breath, and an unclean, uncircumcised cock! Do you think we women like that in a bed partner?

ANAL STUFFING

Years ago, when I was a nine-year-old schoolboy, I went to stay with an aunt. While I was there I became badly constipated, and asked her for some medicine. My aunt took down my pants, took me onto her lap, inserted a Vaselined finger up my anus, and said, "Yes, I'll have to give you an enema." She did so, and I must admit I really enjoyed it. The same thing happened on several subsequent occasions, and my reaction was just as favorable. Because of this, I'd like my wife to insert her fingers up my anus when we make love, but although she'll do most things, she draws the line at this. Surely this isn't an uncommon practice among couples? How can I persuade my wife to change her mind and give me extra thrills and sensations?—H.K.

There are, indeed, plenty of men who love to have their wives or girl friends give them an enema. And during sexual foreplay it can be quite exciting for the female, as well as the male, to have the anus stimulated by inserting part of a finger gently inside it. It can indeed be a very pleasurable sensation. Take your wife to see *Last Tango in Paris*, in which this lovemaking technique is practiced. Maybe she will get turned on. But there again, you're not Marlon Brando!

PASSION PITS

When I have sex with a girl, I'm really turned on by her armpits. I love to smell them, bite them, and stroke them. I've read a lot about how different things give pleasure to differ-

ent people, but I've never heard of man being enamored of a girl's armpits. Is this unusual? How does a girl feel about having her armpits fondled? And how does a girl feel about a man's armpits—does she consider them sexy or offensive? I'd appreciate your comments on this hitherto undiscussed subject.—L.S.

Armpits seem to be the most sexually neglected area of the human body, and yet they are very important erogenous zones. Sexual attraction among animals is almost exclusively based on the sense of smell. Experiments with monkeys, for instance, show that the male will ignore suitable mates if his nostrils have been stopped up with cotton. But humans seem to have lost their receptivity to smell, although there is some evidence that human odor is intended to be sexually alluring. The characteristic human smell develops at puberty and it is mainly concentrated in the genital area and the armpits. The output of odor increases markedly during sexual excitement and some people find that this has an aphrodisiac effect. Nevertheless, the general trend today is toward repressing all odors, both by the use of deodorants and by shaving the odor-retaining hair.

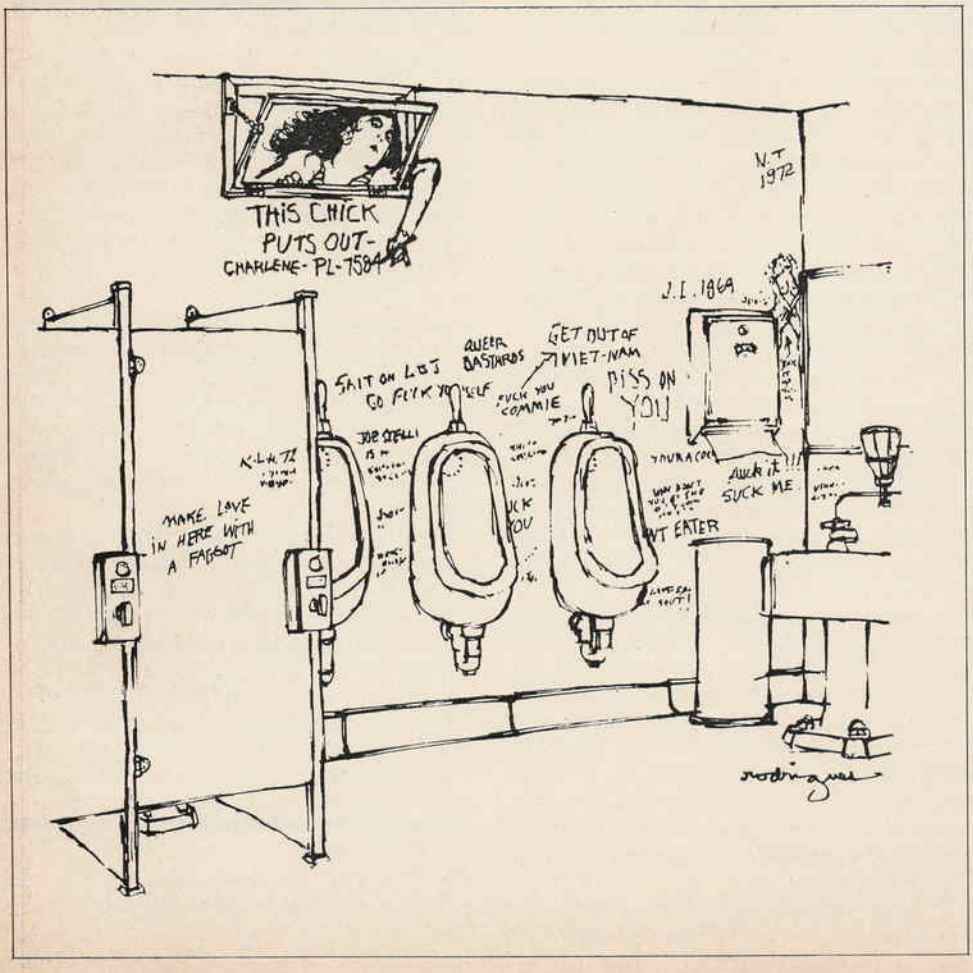
In general, Italian, Spanish, and Greek women do not shave their legs, armpits, or sometimes even mustaches, because their men like them that way. A hairy woman is a sexy woman . . . so they say. People in the United States are superhygienic, so I would suggest you take your next vacation to Spain or southern Italy and find yourself a naturally hairy lady over there. From my own experience, I can tell you that I have come across only four men who wanted to fondle my armpits. They all requested that I stop shaving, but I turned this down politely. I am quite enthusiastic about kissing my boyfriend's armpits, especially after we have been out on the beach or in the country all day and he smells real horny, supersexy, and masculine. I simply adore the smell of his body when he wears a woolen sweater and I begged him not to have it dry-cleaned. I took it from him and smell it occasionally when I am not with him. A former boyfriend of mine once took one of my sexiest, tiniest bikini panties, which I had worn all day, from the hamper in my bathroom. He treasured that piece of lingerie for quite some time and confessed to me that the smell of it was just delicious and that he masturbated frequently while sniffing my panties. In general I like cleanliness, but I do get very horny when I smell real body odor—not, mind you, *stinking* armpits, which turn me right off.

WINTER BLOWING IN THE SPRING

I am a thirty-four-year-old woman, happily married for fifteen years, and I've suddenly become involved in a lovely affair with a boy who's just turned twenty. It's a happy, friendly relationship, but there are a couple of things that are bothering me. Isn't it rather unusual for a boy of this age to be content only with fellatio, especially when he sometimes doesn't even reach a climax? Often he will stop our lovemaking, get dressed, and leave while still fully aroused. This makes no sense to me. Have you ever run across this type of behavior, or do you think I'm doing something wrong?—Bugged

A strange situation indeed—it leaves me really puzzled. In general, boys that age have lovers who don't even know how to perform oral sex on them, so in his case it should be a real treat. There might be several reasons that cause his strange behavior: he feels guilty, because you are a married woman; since he is not used to it, he feels uptight about coming in your mouth; perhaps he subconsciously realizes that it is a rather one-sided relationship in which you please him more than he pleases you; or perhaps he just loses interest.

At that tender age, boys tend to get turned off as quickly as they get turned on. Who knows, he might suddenly remember that he has to play in a football game within the next half hour so he loses interest in you and has to rush off. My suggestion is that you, being an older and more experienced lover, teach him some more techniques of real lovemaking and start thinking about your own pleasure. You should enjoy both oral sex and intercourse. Why don't you just ask him directly what the matter is and why he rushes off so uninterested. Maybe he's just become interested in girls his own age!



ASS LEADS TO HORSE

Until recently, I enjoyed a good sex life with my girl friend, but lately things have taken a turn for the worse. She's recently become mad on horses and riding, and completely forgotten our bedtime romps. Having tried every trick I know to regain her attention (horses just aren't my scene!) and failed, I wonder if you have any suggestions on how to get back on her wavelength before she starts making love to her horses.—John.

Honey, if you can compete with a horse, you're a winner! Many young ladies, including myself, derive great pleasure from horseback riding. Not only because the saddle (especially one of those high Western saddles) constantly stimulates the clitoris, but also because the touch and thought of having a living animal underneath is very exciting. I prefer riding to any ballgame except real balling. I guess you have to let your girl friend have her kicks for a while. Sooner or later she will realize that there is very little mental stimulation in an equine relationship and that it is physically impossible for a woman to make it with a horse—she would probably die.

Have patience! Maybe it's just your fantasy that she does not want to make love to you because of the horses. You might just have an ordinary, lousy relationship, but would like to blame it on the horses. Right?

WIFE DREADS NYMPHOMANIA

I'm a happily married twenty-five-year-old with a good husband and three lovely children. My husband is a terrific lover—my only problem is that I can't seem to get enough of him. I always start our lovemaking by mas-

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turbating to a climax while he also masturbates while watching me. Then we make love in any and every position. I usually reach several climaxes while he holds out as long as he can until I get ready for a nice big climax. Then both of us usually come together. After all this you'd think that I'd be satisfied, but I'm so keyed-up that I masturbate again to a terrific climax. I can't resist this last session! My husband doesn't mind, and often gives me a few pats and caresses to let me know that its okay with him. Sometimes I even masturbate during the day when the kids are taking a nap. I'm beginning to wonder if there's womething wrong with me. A past lover once told me I was a nymphomaniac, although I haven't had another man besides my husband for over a year. Do you think I'm abnormal?—Paula

You certainly show some signs of being a nymphomaniac. You never seem to get enough sex and your thoughts must be pretty preoccupied with it. Mutual masturbation can be great fun, mutual climaxing while having intercourse or oral sex is also quite marvelous, but it must be a bit frustrating for your husband to see you at it again and again, as if he is not enough for you. There is a very good chance that someday you will simply wear your husband out and I am almost sure that, if the right stud comes along, you might end up in one or more extramarital affairs.

Think it over. Perhaps temptation has not come your way or entered your mind. You are still very happy with your family, but how would you feel if you had an argument and your husband didn't feel like having sex? With your sex drive, you might end up walking the streets until you find a suitable partner. Perhaps you and your husband should discuss the possibilities of group sex, in which you can act out all your sexual needs and literally screw your brains out in fourth gear, while your husband can go easy in second gear. You have both got to be pretty broadminded, but I can guarantee you that *you* in particular will love it. Your terrific need for sex is not really common; in fact, sometimes the need for so much sex decreases after several years. In general, men complain that their wives turn them down too much. I myself used to need sex more often when I was twenty-two and while I was engaged. Lately, however, I try to cut out all the fast, exhausting, selfish orgasms and work myself up instead to one great oral satisfaction with my lover during foreplay, and then, once he inserts his penis, a total "together-touching-terrific orgasm" follows within a few minutes and leaves us utterly satisfied and happy.

WHAT SHE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT SEX ISN'T WORTH KNOWING

I would like to know whether you ever worry about the advice you give people in your column. After all, just because you are very knowledgeable in sexual matters it doesn't mean that the advice you give (based on your own personal experiences) will be suitable for everybody. I also feel that it's a mis-

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take to analyze sex as thoroughly as you do. I've found from my own experiences that it's best to just let things happen. Most people don't need to be instructed about sex because it's a natural function—besides, learning is part of the fun! I'd be interested to hear your views on this.—Don

On first sight, your letter makes a lot of sense—but what you're really saying is that I should mind my own business and lay off helping people with sexual problems. Why? Let me tell you why I think that I am in the right position to give my readers advice. I have met thousands of men and hundreds of women during the past few years who have come to me with their sexual problems, frustrations, desires, fantasies, illusions, depressions, joys, etc. During those years I have been able to satisfy most of their needs pretty well—not only in a physical way but also mentally. I have been of great help to many who were in need of some kind of emotional support. These include: men who were unsure of themselves—I gave them a certain amount of self-respect and strength; men who *thought* they were God's gifts to women, but who were pure selfish lousy lovers—I taught them how to improve their sex life and become better, less selfish companions; couples who felt inadequate in their lovemaking—they have spent some very educational hours with me; and so on. In other words, during all those years I have been able to both mentally and physically please many, many men and women, so why am I *not* in a position to give advice? I have had more real down-to-earth experiences than many a shrink or clergyman. Do you think that just because somebody has studied a few years at a university and has a degree that he is the only one who can judge behavior and relieve frustrations? Actually, these doctors and experts can really mess people up. A perfect example of this is a letter I got a few months ago from a fifty-one-year-old lady. She wrote that she liked to have affairs with much younger men, but her shrink told her that she should find a hobby instead of fooling around. So she went to another psychiatrist, who told her the same story and she developed a tremendous guilt feeling and was sure that she was doing something wrong—she certainly was not happy! You know what I told her? "Go ahead, have your affairs and enjoy yourself as long as you can—but be sure you don't make a fool of yourself." Doesn't that sound a lot healthier than the so-called professional answers she got?

That, dear Don, is basically the tone of my answers. I don't always recommend professional help because quite often the solution lies within the person himself. They usually know what causes the problem before I can even give them the "right answer." All I do is try to show them how they can begin to solve their own problems.

People who write to me usually need advice or help. To you, sex might be a "natural function," but you will be surprised how many ignorant and uninformed people there are in this world who need education, since they don't seem to get it at school. I consider myself a sexually liberated woman and give advice in a slightly different manner than your mother, teacher, psychiatrist, or priest would give it: more easy-going, less conservative, more tolerant, logical, and down-to-earth.

DIRTY OLD MAN PROVOKES COMMUNITY ACTION

My husband is sixty years old and looks like Cary Grant. He pretends to be an upstanding senior citizen, but he spends most of the day lying by our swimming pool and jerking off. He keeps an alarm clock by the pool, and every hour on the hour he beats his meat. He claims that it improves his appetite and complexion, and also says that the sun bakes so much Vitamin D into his balls that he has to relieve the pressure or else get a headache. I get lonesome and I'm tired of playing with myself. I've pointed out to him that ejaculating all those male hormones will make his tits bigger, but he just tells me to go fuck myself. Another problem is my next-door-neighbor, who says that she can't get her housework done because of this diversion, and that her bridge group always wants to peep through the fence when they come around. How can I get my husband to give this up?—Charlotte

I read your letter with a smile on my face. First of all, I think you are putting me on, unless your husband is a super-exhibitionist who likes to do it to himself in public all the time. I don't quite believe the stories about

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his headaches and the Vitamin D the sun bakes in his balls. If it is true, both of you have to have your heads examined, honey! Why on earth are you still with this dirty old man and believing his b.s. stories? I can't have either sympathy or pity for your problem. I wonder what both your IQ's are! After all, Charlotte, he is sixty years old. Just for the heck of it, ask your doctor how often a man can ejaculate at his age. I bet you it definitely is not every hour on the hour. Maybe you should suggest that you both move to Alaska. His cock will turn into an icicle and you will have a lollypop to suck on—just add some raspberry flavor!

THE WALLS HAVE EYES

I enjoy a very active sex life, having intercourse ten or fifteen times a week. Most of these are with my very attractive wife, but since I travel a lot I also have a number of affectionate female friends in various cities. I am completely heterosexual, but there's something I've kept hidden from everybody that I'm a little concerned about—I like to watch women in the nude when they don't know I'm looking, and I also like watching them make love. I've done some watching in hotels, but this is very risky, and once or twice I've almost been caught. However, I have been very successful at home. We often have overnight guests and I've devised a way to look into the guest room unobserved. It gives me quite a thrill to see beautiful women in their nudity and passion, often no more than two or three feet away from me. I know, of course, that this is a kind of deviate behavior, but since I have such a full and active sex life otherwise, do you think I'm in deep trouble psychologically?—L.M.

You are not "in deep trouble"—you are simply a peeping tom or, more accurately, a voyeur. But aren't we all voyeurs at times? Almost every man would love to see two women make love together. It is rather exciting, especially since the women don't suspect you're watching. If you've got a pair of binoculars, you could really get your jollies off, but you'd probably get arrested or beaten up. Don't worry, though—you are certainly not the only one.

HARD-RIDING HOLLANDER

Since you're a high-class broad, I figure you've never ridden on a chopper—not a regular motorcycle, but one with a small, hard, rear seat. More than once I've been told by girls that they've been stimulated sexually this way. You say that you've tried a lot of things; so if you need a new kick, here it is.—M.M.

First of all, I don't consider myself a particularly "high-class broad." Since I am from Holland, I rode a bicycle from age eight on. When I was eighteen, I got a Vespa, and later an even bigger Scooter. It was really very exciting to open up the gas on highways and pass as many cars as I could.

While in St.-Tropez for a summer vacation, I hitchhiked from St.-Tropez to Cannes (several hours on the highway) and got picked up by a gorgeous young man on a motorbike. He was barely eighteen years old, slim and very suntanned, and looked just super with his helmet and gloves and high boots. I was dressed in a bikini, a loose summer dress, and some open sandals. He quickly pulled out a pair of blue jeans, a sweater, and big glasses from his small handbag underneath his seat and made me put all that on before we went on the road. Then we went on our way to Cannes. It was just fantastic: the sensational feeling of the wind and the sun on our heads and checks. He had no screen and the wind came on like a tornado. When I lifted my head from his back, I could feel my lips get dry and trembling from the force of the wind against them. I squeezed closer toward my young driver's body, and while doing so the fly of his borrowed blue jeans started to rub against my clitoris (his pants were so tight on me). It gave me an exciting feeling. I got more and more horny—not only from the material, but also from the touch of his body, as well as the sound of the roaring motor, the sun, the wind, and our speed in general. It did not take me very long before I reached a glorious climax! Wow! . . . that was some trip! When we got to Cannes my hands were almost frozen but my vagina was soaking wet and ready for him. I spent over a week at his place and went for many bike rides during that period of time! Motorbikes have something very erotic about them and I get very turned on to all the gadgets that go with them, such as leather outfits, boots, gloves, and jackets.

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TELL HIM TO GET STUFFED! HERE'S THE ANSWER TO OUR PROBLEMS. WEALTHY ZURICH CONVENT WANTS TO GIVE ME A MILLION BUCKS...
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...WHILE JANE FONDLE, IN GENEVA FOR A BURN AMERICA CONGRESS, HAS HER AGENT BREATHING DOWN HER NECK...
ONE DAY'S SHOOTIN', JANE — BUT THIS PRODUCER-BROAD'S LOADED! QUARTER-MILLION BUCKS! THINK OF THE HELL YA CAN RAISE ON 65% OF THAT!
SO ALL RIGHT! GET OFF MY ASS AND SIGN THE CONTRACT!
GET GUCCIONE
IMPEACH SINATRA
PIS ON THE PENTAGON
I'LL DRINK TO THAT!

ZURICH, WHERE ONE WING OF THE SCHLOSS HAS BEEN CONVERTED INTO THE CONVENT OF SUFFERING SISTERS. COMMANDER GERMAN GRRRR REPORTS
I HAVE AN ENTIRE COMPANY OF THE PUSS FORCE PLAYING IT FOR REAL, SIR. AND WILLY GRABHAM HAS BEEN SHOWN INTO ONE OF THE GUEST CELLS
GROOVY! BRING HIM TO MY OFFICE IN TEN MINUTES
BLOODY SILLY GAMES!
VISITORS! SCOURGE THIS SINNER FOR HER SOUL'S SAKE
LASH PER STROKE
MEANWHILE, AT A SIDE ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND HALL ANOTHER SETTING HAS BEEN STAGED FOR THE ARRIVAL OF JANE FONDLE
FILM STUDIO
I LOVE YOU ALL!
LOOKS LIKE A REAL PRO SETUP. (GIGGLE) THIS IS GONNA BE MONEY FOR OLD RAPE!
A CANDYFLOSS WOMEN'S LIB PRODUCTION
THE STORY OF "OH!"
A HISTORY OF MALE BEASTLINESS TO WOMEN THROUGH THE AGES
ALL STAR CAST
FEATURING JANE FONDLE
SHUT UP! FILMING IN PROGRESS
GET LOST, MY LITTLE CHICKADEE — OR I'LL BREAK BOTH YOUR LEGS!
MIND THE STEP
NOT HERE... I'LL SEE YOU LATER IN THE STRIP

THE DISCIPLINE OF YOUR ORDER MAKES THE CARMELITES SEEM POSITIVELY FRIVOLOUS BY COMPARISON, MOTHER SUPERIOR. YOU WERE SAYING.....?
...YES, BROTHER GRABHAM, OUR YOUNG NOVICE'S TOTAL DOWRY, ON ONE CONDITION ... THAT YOU, AND NO ONE ELSE, APPLY THE RITUAL CHASTISEMENT
LEMME GET IT STRAIGHT, MOTHER SUPERIOR. I HAVE TO HAND OUT SOME KIND OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT?
Saint SAVANAROLA
A SCOURGE A DAY KEEPS THE URGE AWAY
PRECISELY, BROTHER GRABHAM. JUST AS THE GOOD FRIARS OF OLD ACCEPTED THEIR STERN DUTIES, IN GOD'S NAME. THIS IS YOUR COSTUME FOR THE CEREMONY
I'VE SO MUCH TO LEARN. ALL THESE WASTED YEARS SUCKING UP TO BLUE-RINSED GORGONS. WHERE DID WILLY GO WRONG?
YOU SHOULD TRY SUCKING DOWN, BABY!

MEANWHILE...
YOU PLAY THE NUN, SEE? WHERE SHE GETS FLOGGED BY THIS MALE-CHAUVANIST MONK
HOW MANY LINES DO I GET—APART FROM OUCH!
OOOO
SHLUP
NO LINES, DARLING. KEEP THINKING OF THE MONEY
AS MISS FONDLE, BLINDFOLDED, IS PREPARED FOR HER BIG SCENE...
ACT 1 Take 1
YIKE!
WHAT'S THAT LADY DOING?
DON'T LOOK, KID! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE MOVIES ARE COMING TO!
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO MAKE IT IN PICTURES, GORGEOUS?

LIGHTS AND CAMERAS DISAPPEAR IN A RAPID SCENE CHANGE AND THE SUFFERING SISTERS FILE IN...
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY I HAVEN'T READ OF THE ACTIVITIES OF YOUR ORDER, MOTHER SUPERIOR
PERHAPS YOU DON'T READ THE RIGHT BOOKS — TRY THE DECAMERON
PSSST! GOT THE MONEY?
YES— GOT THE OIL?
SAINT TORQUEMA
Saint Roger Moore
ALL RIGHT, SARAH BERNHARDT— I'LL SEE YOU LATER!
THE DECAMERON?
AS WE TELL THE BEADS, BROTHER GRABHAM, YOU WILL SMITE THE DEVIL FROM OUR SINFUL DAUGHTER'S FLESH!
KEEP THE CAMERA TURNING—MIGHT AS WELL MAKE SOME LIPSTICK MONEY
ABOUT TIME! WHO THE HELL DOES SHE THINK SHE IS—KEN RUSSELL!

AS WILLY WIELDS THE CAT-ON
EEEAAHHHGH!
YE GODS! WANDA'S BACK IN TOWN!
WHOSE IDEA OF A JOKE IS THIS??
WINCE
SUCH LANGUAGE — FROM A NOVICE NUN!
AND NOW A LITTLE PRICK FOR YOU, MY PET!
THERE, DARLING — YOU GOT YOUR LINE IN AFTER ALL
HOMER SAPIENS, ARMED WITH HIS INSTANT FREEZE HYPO, CREEPS STEALTHILY IN
OUCH!
GET THE GAMES ROOM READY, GRUD. DO THIS — DO THAT, GRUD! THEY WOULDN'T TREAT ME LIKE THIS IF I HAD A TRADE UNION!

THE NEW TABLEAUX VIVANT IS WHEELED OFF TO THE MUSEUM OF MISFITS BY HEADJAILER, GRUD
PUSSFORCE— DISMISS! OKAY. PENANCE OVER— BREAK TO THE GAMES ROOM
IF I HAD MY TIME OVER AGAIN.....
I LOVE DORIS DAY
HOOLIGANS!
HOW SHALL WE LABEL IT, PUSSCAKE?
OBVIOUS, BOOFUL. WHO'S BEATING ABOUT MY BUSH?
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Bullfarber

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

before, but one day you break it—is that the first time? Suppose it never breaks again, what then? The time you broke it becomes the *only* time, not the first.

There is by no means "always a first time." Most often there is a "never," a "once," a "possibly." The guy who whinnies that there is "always a first time" is a dolt. He is a mouther of apothegms, and all apothegm-mouthers should be killed.

He who hesitates is lost.

B.S. Proving that this is bullshit is like shooting fish in a barrel, whatever the hell *that* means. This is shockingly easy to prove. See the next item.

Look before you leap.

Bull. How the hell can you look before you leap without hesitating in order to look; and if you hesitate, you'll be lost. In other words, what we have here is one load of it squarely facing another.

Consider these two dillies:

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.
Out of sight, out of mind.

All right, smart asses of the world, pick *one*. Do you do or do you don't? Is you is or is you ain't? Bullshit.

Would you like to try for threesies?

Don't put off 'til tomorrow what you can do today.

Haste makes waste.

Strike while the iron is hot.

Pick one from column A. . . . In the event that you feel confused, two of these statements tell you to act immediately, one of them says "hold it."

For the first sixty-two correct answers, the lucky winners will be given an all-expenses-paid trip to the funeral of anybody named Abdul.

It never rains but it pours.

Bullfarb. If you've been alive over three days, you know perfectly well that there are times when it rains for a couple of minutes and then stops. Or there's just a heavy mist. Or it sprinkles, lets up, sprinkles again, fogs up, clears, showers a bit, and then the sun comes out. This is probably exhibit 'A' in the disreputable series of "thoughts" left to posterity by P.P. Arpad Bullfarber.

Friends, it's time to strike a blow for sanity. These so-called "Old Sayings" aren't even up to "Old Wives' Tales." At least what the old wife had to say worked once in a while.

But, damn it, there's a catch. Numero 23.

No matter how things are explained, they bear a strange and compelling relationship to . . .

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

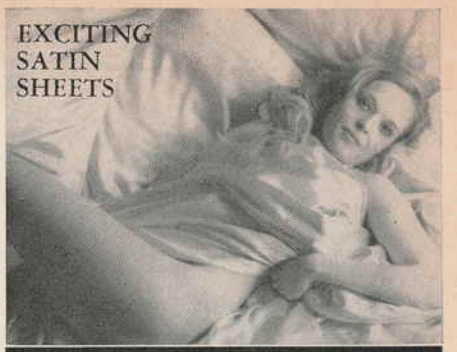
And

Beauty is truth, truth beauty.

Ah, yes! It punishes the question, "Is there any true truth, any real beauty?"

But, of course. It all comes down to one basic.

Bullshit.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

unshaven, and grunting in the silence of early morning. On Friday he joined a gym club, and in a month his flesh was taut again.

Hartman looked for some way to help Monica get in shape, too, and told her about various programs at the club, one hour a day, machines and coaches. But she could do no more than agree to the idea. She was lost inside a web that wove through all her free hours: children, lunches, trousers, shoes, dental appointments, books, and a mother, sister, and cousins. The phone spun the thread, and Monica was inside.

Hartman felt guilty about going away three times a week while Monica did things she did not choose, but something inside him insisted he continue. It was as if the repellent dream of a fat, flabby old man hung always before his eyes—some being who had been tortured by Hitlers and Stalins, disgraced, stripped of positions, overthrown; some gray-haired, soft-spoken old man who was against rearmament, who had early spoken out for settlement houses and workers' pensions, and who had possibly led a small, rather unpopular political party of other very civilized fat men—perhaps a professor loved by his campus but unknown beyond. The dream of an old man destroyed through personal weakness, neglecting the body through faith in others.

When six months had gone by, Hartman was thirty-five, tan from the solarium, strong from the indoor track, squash, and laps in the pool. He had reached twenty push-ups a day and could do sit-ups until he was bored. He went into New York on almost all workdays, lunched with other editors, writers, and agents, ate sensibly, drank only a little wine with meals, and smoked but two cigarettes a day.

Occasionally, someone noticed his good color, but in general his withering colleagues, pale and fat, smoked, drank, overate, coughed, and took no notice of the differences between their condition and his. The result for Hartman was more loneliness. On weekends, when they were finally ready for one o'clock brunches, he had been up and out for hours.

In the spring he found another club in Westchester, which had tennis and golf. He would play on Saturday and Sunday mornings and be back home in time to do something with Monica. But she was content with a few afternoon hours of sunbathing.

One Sunday morning, deep into the warmth of July, after coming off the courts, Hartman had stopped at the parking lot to get his clothes bag from the car trunk, when he saw a young girl, perhaps seventeen, in dirty hippie clothes. She was an incongruous sight, standing there right in the center of the parking lot under a noon sun.

"Are you going to the city?" she asked him. She had been waiting.

"Right after I shower," he answered.

"Give me your key then," she said. "I'll be waiting in your car."

He didn't know how to get out of it, and he had the key in his hand, so he threw it to her and went on into the locker room, not knowing what she would do.

When he came back the girl was in the car, sleeping on the backseat, and Hartman only saw her when he opened the door. He wondered if she had run away after stealing something. Her loose silky blouse was half open, and one breast was exposed, a small, tight, lovely pink mound, soft and unridged like an infant's skin. And it was clean, unlike the rest of her, her clothes and the tangled hair that seemed to have crusts of dirt in it.

She awoke at his hello, but she didn't move. "Hey," she said, "you looked great dressed up. A real Marlboro man."

"You noticed my tattoo, then?"

"No. Where is it? Where did you have it done?"

Hartman didn't pursue his bad joke. He sat at the wheel and started the engine.

"Hey, wait a minute." She climbed over the seat and sat next to him. She had managed to adjust her blouse. "What's your name, mister?"

"Len Hartman."

"My old man belongs here. I used to come when I was a kid and sit with all the pigs. A year ago I cut out when I was going to NYU. I just came back to ask him for some bread, but he almost puked on me."

"Wouldn't help you out?"

"He wouldn't give me his old shit."

"Do you live on your own?"

"Since last semester. I have a pad downtown. With two other girls. We all have this studio."

"Are you an artist?"

"I do tubing. Multiples and light pictures. And some grass work—sculpture." She looked at him. "Hey, are you going to tell me you're an artist? And live up here in this shit?"

"I only come here for the tennis and golf. And I work in a publishing house."

"You *look* like a jock."

Hartman smiled at her brashness, which was a delight coming from someone so young, the truth in honest vulgarity like the truth of a good sweat. But she was too dirty, her odor was sour and musty in the car. "Why am I a jock?" he said.

"The muscle-beach look, the tan. Bu don't worry, I like it. Unless you put it all in banging the ball. You know—with nothing left for people. Like Uncle Sam." She stopped and smiled. "With his gun prick."

"I'm all right." Hartman now knew one of the ends he had been training for, what the specter of Monica's atrophic arms was signaling. But this girl was too young. "How old are you?" he asked.

"I'm a Libra. I'll be twenty this September."

"And how long have you been out of high school?"

"I went to the Art Students League for a while. I was living home, so the whole thing went down the drain. I couldn't find anything true while I was living with them. So I cut.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

spring fervor

Spring... and the long shadows of the winter flee from the golden sun climbing triumphantly toward its mystic solstice. Liberated from their icy drifts, the melting snows cascade down the mountainsides in eager torrents, sweeping small rocks, trees, towns, and people all before them in their mad rush to the sea. Deep in the budding forest, the bears lazily bestir themselves from a long hibernation, and the sky is dappled with ducks returning to the defrosted Canadian marshes to mate. Verdant nature harbors brilliant splendor everywhere.

Many a sage, yielding his winter woollies to the washerwoman, takes prudent forethought at this season of the body scents available to him in the aftermath of his whiskers. The warming bush may now be trimmed—sometimes as often as thrice a day—and flushed cheeks lightly massaged with quickening colognes, to put him in comfort and aromatic amiability for the pursuits that will occupy him in the coming weeks: the gathering of nuts, the observation of the homecoming birds, the levitation of the old horsehide, and the blossoming of the flora. Yes, good old Flora. She certainly looks good when she takes off that old overcoat and opens up like the first crocus.

Photograph by Beller & Morel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

You try to rap with a fucking stockbroker. He's got a tongue made out of paper. People are not a reality. He just keeps falling back into the Lawrence Welk Show. Christ!"

Hartman was almost dizzy with the language. It was his entrance to another world and a music, a base music. It came with fears, as if her words broke laws inside him; and the fantasy of seducing her was rising, tinting it all. "Where do you live?" he said.

"Get off at Canal Street and start east. I'll show you." She had settled back and turned the radio to WABC. She looked out of the window.

Hartman drove on in silence, convinced now that he would make an attempt to seduce her. It was early enough in the day; there was nothing suspicious about the time.

He followed her directions when they left the highway, driving east, past the Bowery, slipping north, until they reached a block of dark brownstone buildings. They looked like something on TV—the brownness that always meant filth and disease and, more recently, guns on the roof and snipers in burning windows.

He parked and looked at her. "Do I get to see your studio?"

"Sure." But she seemed uneasy, sliding about on the vinyl as if she were wet.

"Let me get some food. We can have a little lunch."

"Go ahead . . . go ahead." Her hands were in action, in some kind of slow motion that was either an affectation or the effect of something she took. He hadn't thought of drugs until they arrived.

She went with him to a delicatessen, and he bought as much as he could carry. Walking around the store he selected whatever she seemed to react to, as if getting her prizes. But on the way back, she said, "You always eat that much, jock?"

"No. I bought this for you. And your roommate. You look hungry, too."

She didn't answer until they reached the apartment, and Hartman asked what was wrong. "Like my old man. That shit," she said. "About being hungry."

They were at the door and he felt an urge to leave. There was something wrong about making love to a creature who couldn't avoid these childish remarks. And there was something wrong in the sadness coming out of her voice and leaking out of her movements, pouring out like waves of electricity—something that repelled him.

If he took her, he would simply have conquered the innocence she hid from herself by her hard, tough talk, which was now so clearly the smoke of fear. In some strange inside-out way, she had lost a woman's natural sense of protection.

The apartment was painted purple, with a black ceiling; the windows and the airshaft opening had been covered with burlap. There were posters on the walls and mattresses on the floor. No outside air came in, and the room stank with the same acrid odor she had brought into the car. Only here it was stronger and mixed with the musty perfumes of women.

She sat on one of the mattresses and la back. "Do you want to eat first or make out?"

"What are you talking about?" Hartman smiled at her slumped figure, her chin on her chest.

"You came to ball me and you know it. And I told you I didn't mind jocks."

"You mean you're ready." Hartman was a little angry that he was caught.

"Go home, jock." She turned on her back and faced the wall. "And take your pickles and salami."

Hartman didn't know what to do. If he could believe what was happening, he would act—go to the girl or run out.

She turned to face him again, and her face had changed. Either she had been hurt or she had remembered something. Abruptly she stood up, removed her sandals and her baggy slacks. Her legs were long and white, coming out of the loose shorts, like men's boxer shorts, she wore underneath. Her legs glistened the way he had had to work so hard to achieve at the solarium and on the courts.

She saw him staring and said, "I'm hot in here." She picked up the bags of food and walked to the end of the apartment. Hartman watched the legs move away, his breathing quickening with desire. But his body didn't react. It was reluctant, puritanical, out of time with what was happening; an erection now would be a betrayal. The trip had seemed a dream, taking off with this homeless, nameless, uncombed hippie, this wandering street-creature, orgy-maker, nude-marcher. She existed to be taken, but in a dream there is no damage. Now a girl was near him; he could see her legs across the room and the slacks crumpled on the mattress. "Come over here," he called out.

The girl came back, holding a plate of potato salad. He took it and set it down on the floor, then pulled her down. Her blouse fell open—it wasn't silk, after all, but a very worn, fine cotton—and he placed his mouth on a small breast and ran a hand under her shorts. His hand seemed to cover her genitals, as if he were a giant. Her head fell back and her eyes shut—passive in a way he had never before experienced.

He was forcing himself now; he had to go on. Soon he had her lying back on the broad mattress, nude. She was slight, thin, with the unswollen hips of a girl, but the small breasts were firm, and erect in a way that touched his mind, taking him back across the years. Whatever happened now, whatever the consequences, he would go through with this.

As he undressed, he heard her moan and speak. "Go, man, go!" the voice said, and he stopped at the terrible words. It was worse than her practiced vulgarities. Now he heard the fantasies first conceived in her room at home in Westchester, in a room stuffed with dolls, toys, kits, records, cameras, clothes, and things, all emblems and symbols of some hard-won escape from the immigrant darkness, from the grossness of

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the dull repeating streets of the Bronx. And all to turn sour when her father found that a fantasy Harlem of the mind was better to her than the money and things he gave.

Hartman mounted the girl and made love with the force of a man released—venting his strength like anger. Since he was much taller, his chest covered her face, and she had to wrest her head back and forth to catch her breath.

When they were finished, she was silent and averted her face. Her shyness embarrassed him; she was a girl again. He stood up and went to the bathroom. When he returned, she was still lying there, with her hands across her body. "You hurt me," she said.

"What do you mean? What is it?"

"You drive in like a beast. What is it with you?"

"What's hurt? Are you bleeding?"

"You're a real pig. What do you call it? War? Is that the way you did it with the Marines?"

"Come on, what's wrong?" Hartman was sweating, watching her hands resting on her stomach. "Do you need a doctor?"

There was something courageous in her lying there. He had never seen a woman who had not covered herself after lovemaking. Her body was full of color against the drab hues of the India-print spread; even her ankles, her feet, were young and full of life.

"Please," Hartman said. "I'm sorry. You should tell me what's wrong."

She reacted to the tone and turned her face to him, smiling. "I'm okay. You must be too big, that's all."

"I'm sorry." He reached for her blouse and offered it to her. "Aren't you a little chilly?"

"In here?" She made no effort to reach out. Hartman stared—he felt that he had to do something for her. But she wanted to talk from down there. "I just didn't get it," she said.

"Get what?" Her voice seemed unusual to him, as if she were about to speak of something light and happy, something they had shared in the past.

She turned her body away from him, her mouth near the mattress surface. "I wanted to feel a certain thing."

Hartman didn't answer because of her new tone. His need to understand was being disturbed by her body—the high mounds of her buttocks jutted up impertinently, much stronger than the fear that surrounded her like an aura. "I wanted to feel something with you," she said. "Something that happens when two people find each other. . . ."

"Well, in a way we *have*. I mean, I'm feeling happy. I'm pleased . . . with the whole afternoon. You're very pretty. . . ."

"If I could get your face inside my mind"—she had ignored him and was going on with her thought, which he had not understood—"and always have it. . . ." She turned abruptly to look at him. "It could change us."

Hartman was about to say he had been changed, but she was faster. "Don't say anything about it. You're really getting ready to go. And maybe by now you think I'm crazy."

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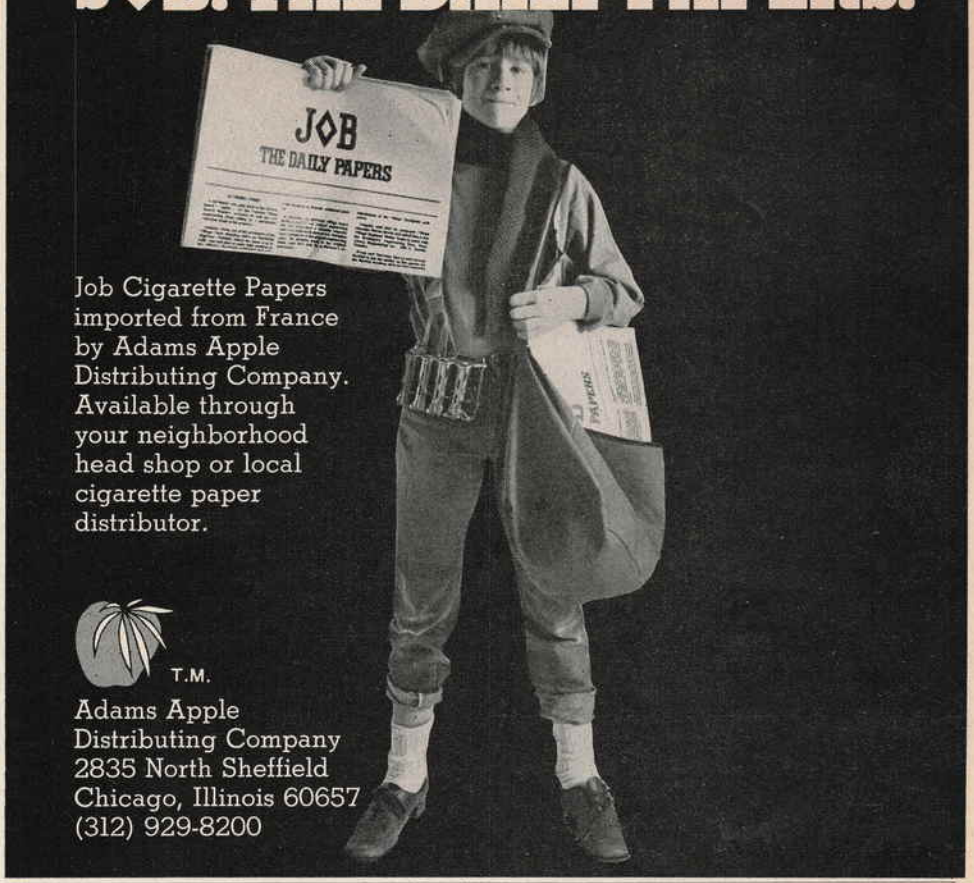

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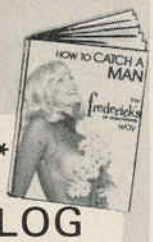

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"No, I don't think anything like that."

"Do you know what it should be like?"

"Well, it should be pleasure. . . ."

"It should be like light! You should get filled up with light in all parts of you, and in your mind so you could never forget, so you could find love for everybody you ever loved. And *you* could be . . . be *men*. All the people I've loved since I was born."

She was getting stupid, a little half-digested Hesse mixed up with unmasticated books on yoga love and philosophy and *The Prophet*.

'It can be a different experience at different times," he said, speaking respectfully, trying to avoid a patronizing tone and be as gentle as possible. "So one doesn't have to be through with it when it isn't like our expectations—or ideals."

She was shaking her head before he had finished. "That's not what I'm saying." She stood up and collected her clothes. "I think people always carry other people into it when they're balling. You know. I just sense it. I sense more people around. Like stuck inside you, you know. You get different signals. You can't help it." She walked to the other end of the apartment and into the bathroom, leaving him alone.

Hartman waited politely and when she came back, he took her hand. "I have your phone number. About the job. I'm serious. I'll get you something—if you want it. I really will get it."

"Thanks." Her face was a child's because she was dressed; earlier the body had made her frightened face disappear. Bodies were neutral and had no history, no past or character.

She let him leave. Downstairs the lovely summer afternoon was silent with that Sunday grace which leaves the city empty; smiling and welcoming.

He was still thinking about the girl's curious comments. Her body and her words made separation almost impossible, but he was able to complete the horror of the thought that had come just before leaving. If a ten-year-old girl were to undress before him, he had realized, the sight could make his mind rage with excitement and forget considerations of any kind. But his life had not been like that. He was not like that.

This afternoon he had shifted the responsibility to the girl from the moment he first stepped into the car, as if her dirty clothes and hair represented a choice that removed her from the rules to be kept for everyone else.

In the car he made himself think of the names of people he could call about jobs for her. By the time he reached home he was sweating and his head and legs ached. He lay down in the bedroom, certain that it was a kind of flu from driving in the open car right after a shower. The sickness was real, but as he got under the sheets he also felt remorse. To regret the afternoon was like saying something bad about himself—something that was not true. Yet he knew he would have to think about love all over again, though it was an impossible idea.

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Faded Glory

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

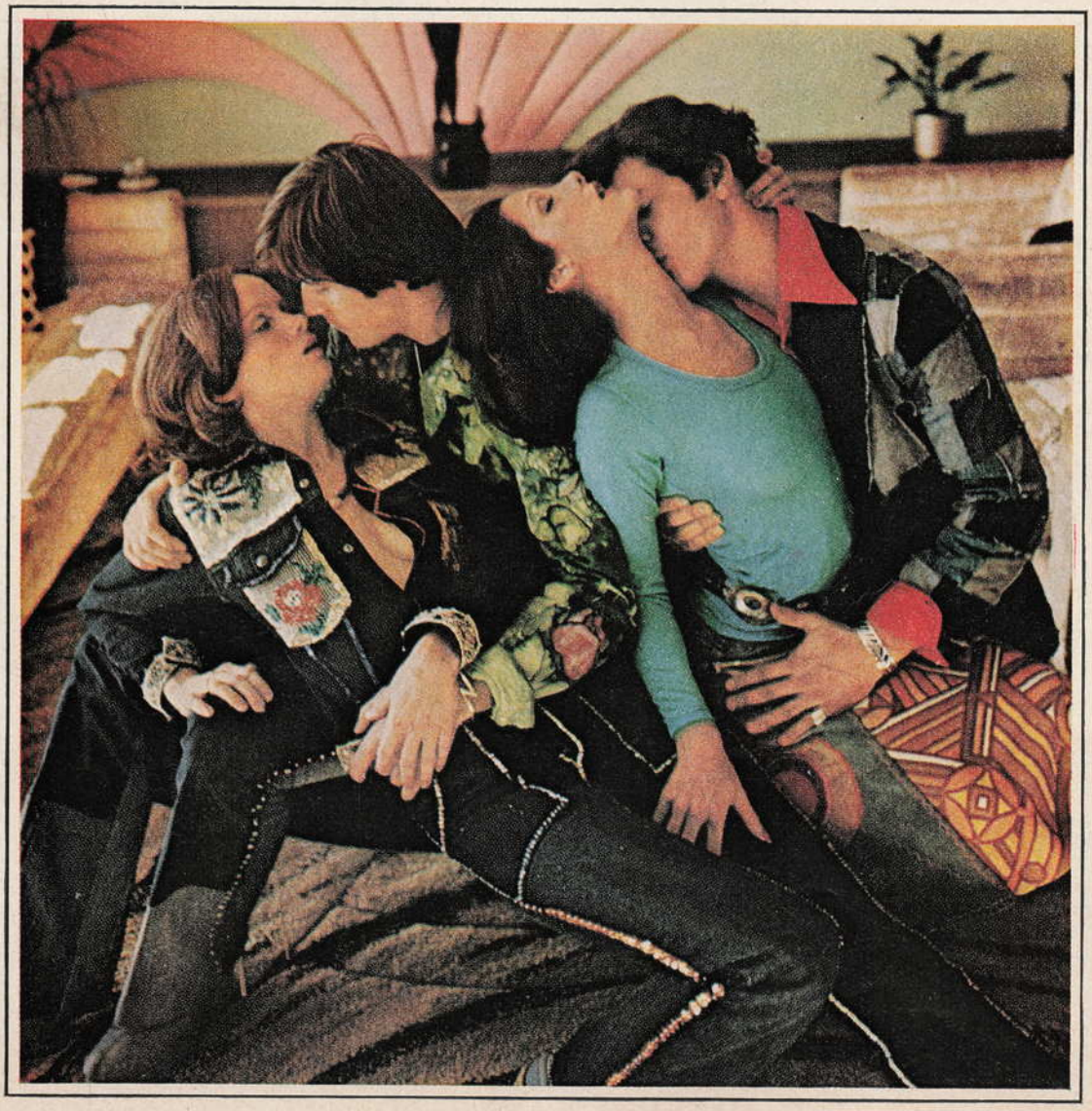
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTHONY BARBOZA

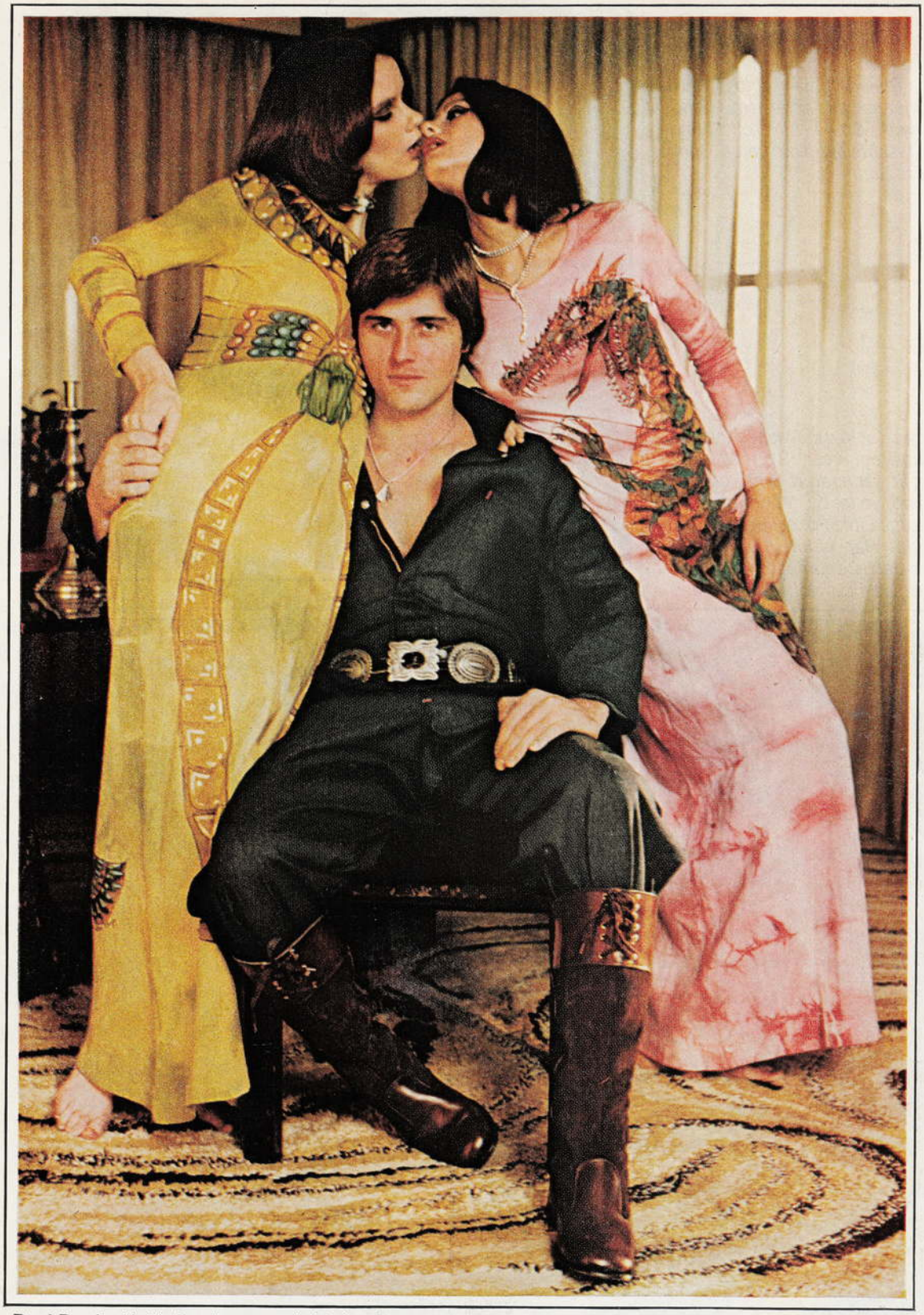
It's positively in-jean-ious what's happening with denim these days. Patched and painted, embroidered and faded, recycled, studded, and spangled. The Seventies is truly the Denim Decade. Dressed up or dressed down—it doesn't really matter. The look's popularity continues unrestrained. Denim is the ideal covering for our rough-and-ready carefree lives. The fundamental fashion for the way we are.

Denim has come a long way from its California gold rush beginnings. America's faded glory has spread throughout the global village, becoming an international super-status symbol. The continent's beautiful people comb St. Tropez's boutiques for the most faded and patched jeans available. And in Eastern Europe, the hip local kids will bargain for the jeans right off your legs. But hold on to your pants, because genuine denim is *really* fading. There's currently a cotton shortage which will eventually cause a denim shortage. It won't be long before good old all-American blue jeans become an endangered species.

To meet the consumers' ever-growing fashion needs, denim is being joined by denim look-alikes: brushed cotton, combed cotton, Italian cotton, corduroy, and chambray. And these denim-looks feature styles from vests to shirt-suits to western ensembles to old dependable jeans.

Denim is for now. Denim is forever. It's a vibrant, natural fashion that characterizes today's living, loving, working, and playing. So, stock up on the real thing, or try on some of the denim-looks. It's the only way to spend those faded days and recycled nights with a few close friends.

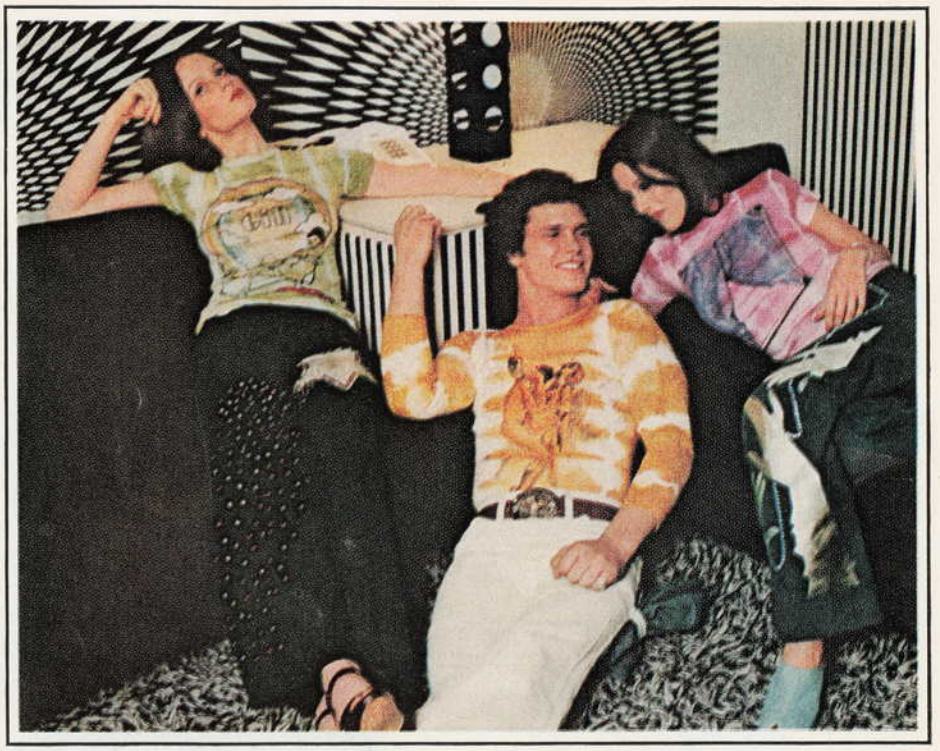




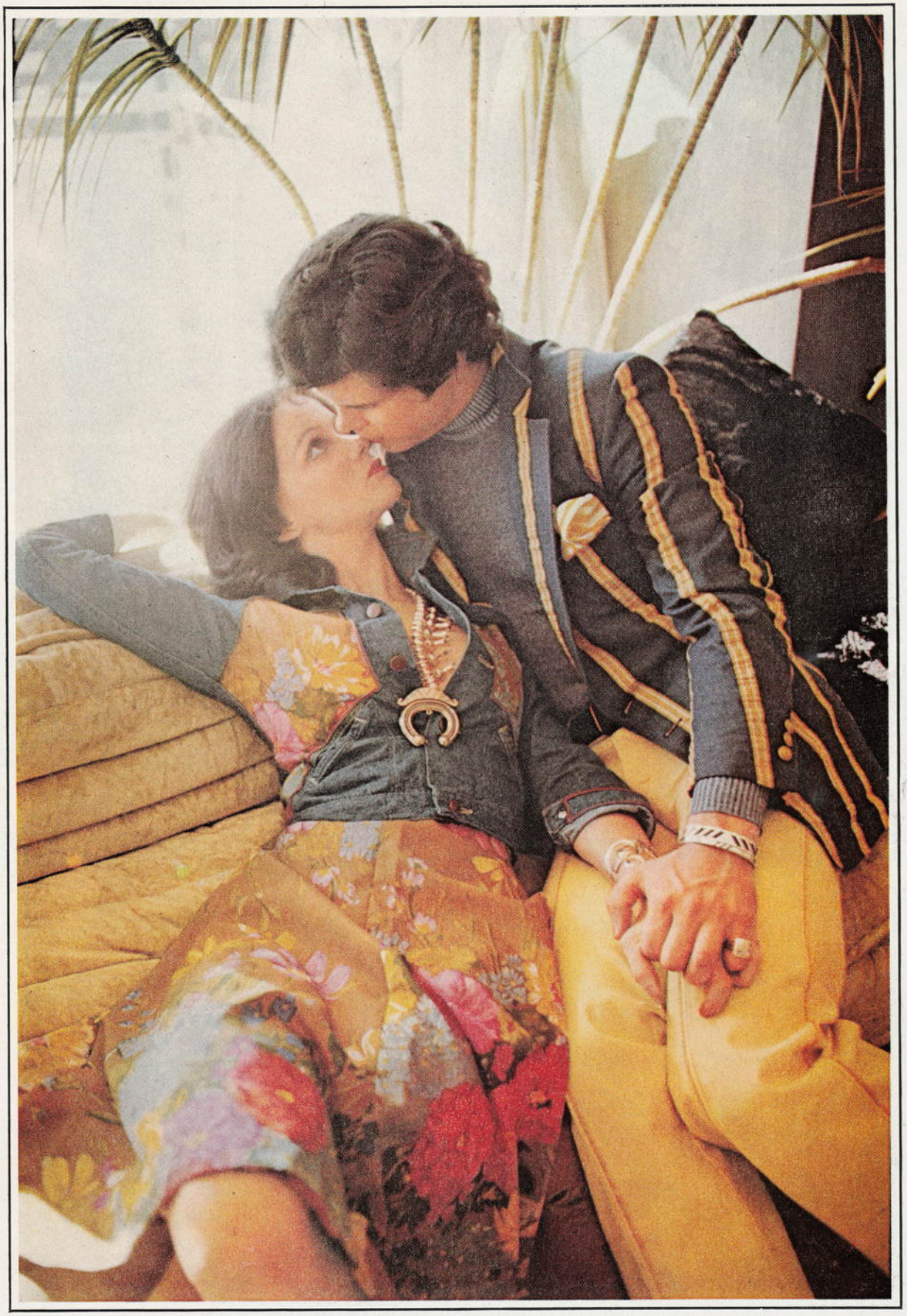
Real Denim *(left): For the guys (left) the all-over hand-painted denim jacket, $150, (made to order) by The Lotus Shop. Black T-shirt: Triple Thick. Studded washed-out jeans: Sutter's Mill. Chain and pendant: Gideon. The patch denim wrap jacket and pants, $52 and $44 respectively, by Pinky and Dianne for Flo Toronto. Shirt: H.I.S. Bracelet: Gideon. The girls star in (left) a patched and sequined jeans suit, by Leila Larman for Serendipity III (pants only, $150). Necklace: Primavera. The denim long skirt with velvet and corduroy patches, $75, also by Leila Larman for Serendipity III. Sweater top: Sweet Cream. Concho belt and necklace: Primavera.*

Workingman's Blues *(above): His denim coverall, $11.50 by Mr. Wrangler, dressed up in jumpsuit fashion with concho belt from Reservation Creations. Chain and pendant: Gideon. Leather and suede boots: Italia. Hand-painted long T-shirt dresses (made to order) by The Lotus Shop. Beaded necklaces: Primavera.*

Where Jeans Have Gone *(right): Green corduroy jeans with rhinestone shooting star appliqué, $25, (left) by A. Smile. Lightweight sailcloth painter's jeans, $15, by Male Slacks and Jeans. Belt: Philadelphia Rapid Transit. Blue cotton twill jeans with silver lamé hands appliqué, $40, by A. Smile. All erotic hand-painted cotton T-shirts by The Lotus Shop. Girl's jean shoes: Ronnie's.*



The Faded Blues *(below): Washed-out cotton denim snap-front vest, $12, by Landlubber. Fade-out jean shirt with contrast print sleeves and yoke by Madman Shirts. Faded cotton jeans: Little Foxes: Belt: Firenze. Bracelet: Gideon. Her painted top: Jackie Morgan for Mac-Jac. Denim patch long skirt: Rosebud. Turquoise bracelet: Primavera.*



Elegant Denim: *All-French cotton denim jacket with woven seersucker stripes, $125, by Bill Blass for PBM. Polyester-cotton jeans, $14, by Male Slacks and Jeans. Cotton jeans and blue turtleneck: Giovannelli. Belt: Firenze. Bracelet: Gideon. Her jeans outfit matches crêpe de chine print inserts with skirt, $76, by Mrs. H. Winter for Yesterday's News. Silver necklace: Reservation Creations. Bracelet: Primavera.*

Shirtsuits—Western Style: *His 100 percent brushed cotton denim-look shirtsuit with red piping (left), about $135, by L'uomo for Barney Sampson Co. Concho belt: Reservation Creations. Cotton chambray jeans shirtsuit, $27, by H. D. Lee. Concho belt and turquoise bracelet: Primavera. Yellow print shirt: Gentleman John. Both girls' denim ensembles by Halston Three. Jewelry: Elsa Peretti.*

New York City apartment decor by Janis Axness

For information on where to buy merchandise featured, check manufacturers listed in Fashion Finder, page 152.

LeRoy Amar, M.D.
writes to tell us....

CASE #100971

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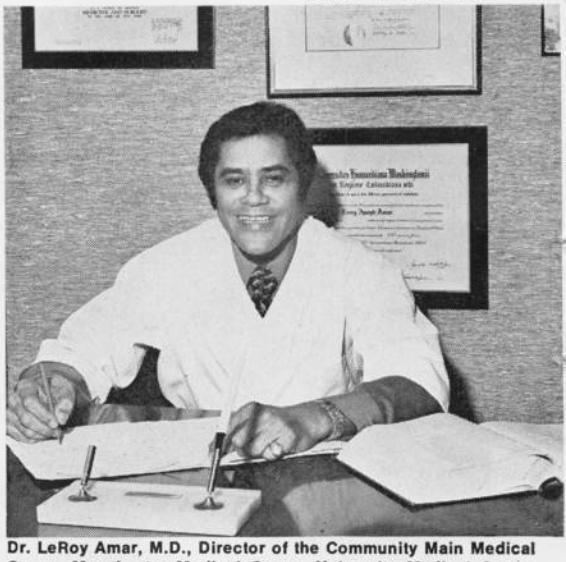
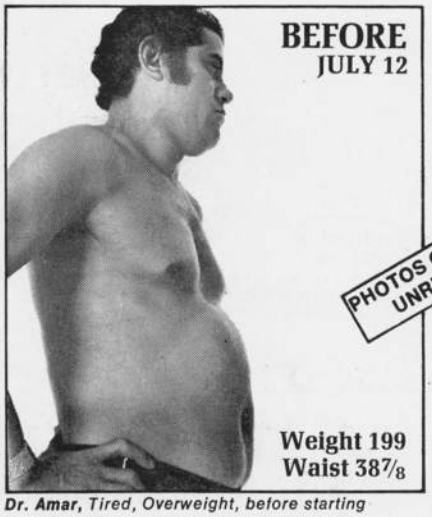
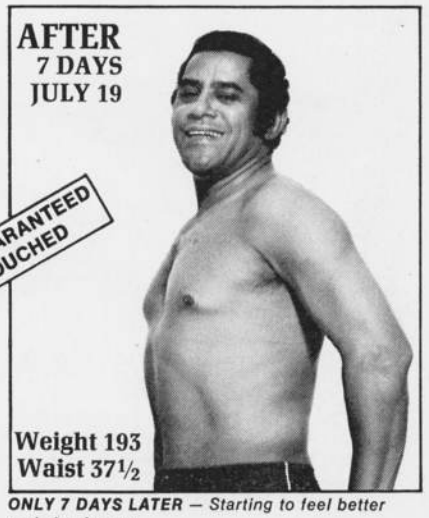


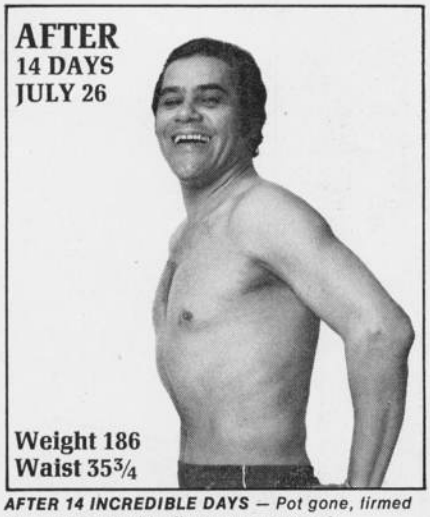
Dr. LeRoy Amar, M.D., Director of the Community Main Medical Group, Manchester Medical Group, University Medical Group, Hoover Redevelopment Medical Group, Medical Director of the Manchester Hospital.



***Dr. Amar,** Tired, Overweight, before starting the plan.*



***ONLY 7 DAYS LATER** — Starting to feel better and shaping up.*



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This is the first plan I've ever come across that's so simple to follow, so reasonable in cost, that can do so much to improve posture and general appearance without intruding in your daily life. Show the plan to your Physician, I'm sure he will agree!"

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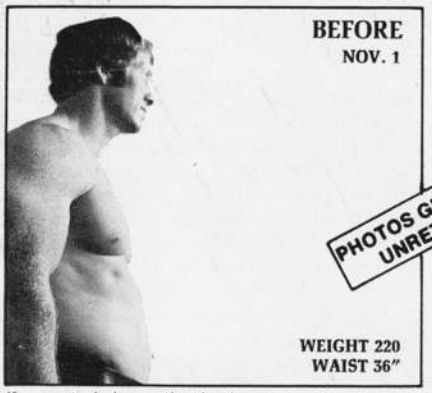
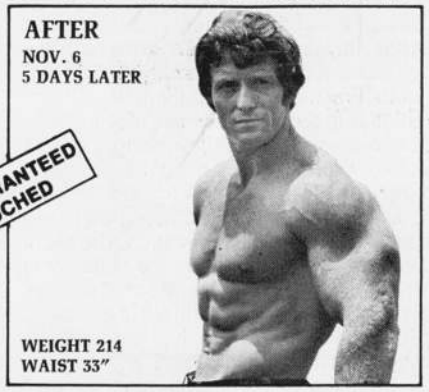
Results vary depending on how much overweight you are and how much time you give to the Plan. However, the above is just a sampling from the impressive file of letters we receive daily — and we want you to know that — you too must be satisfied with our guaranteed results — or every penny back!

The World's Fastest Body Shaper!

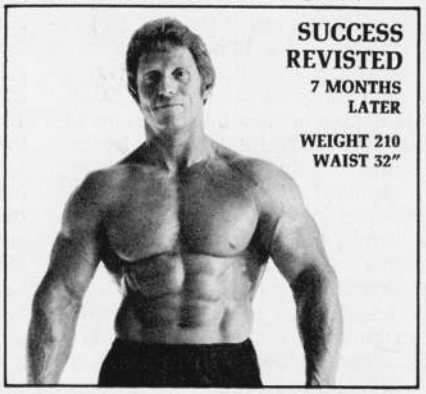
"IN ONLY 5 DAYS I LOST 3" OFF MY WAIST AND 6 POUNDS OF WEIGHT"



***Ken,** out of shape, the day he started the plan.*

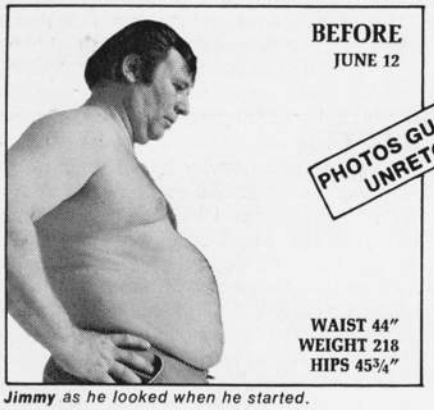


***Only 5 Days Later** — Gut gone, and shaping up. Fast Enough?*

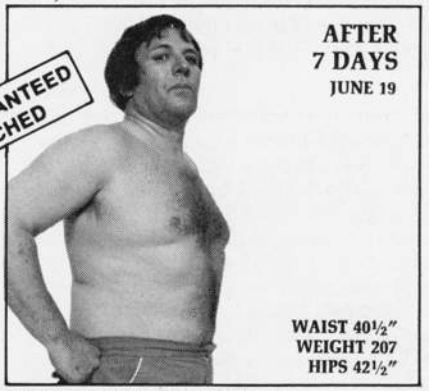


***7 Months Later** — Still in great shape — muscular, firm and rugged — Results that Stay!*

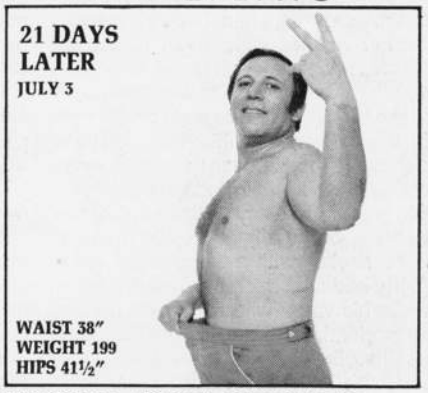
"I LOST 6" OFF MY WAIST, 19 POUNDS AND SHAPED UP IN 21 DAYS"



***Jimmy** as he looked when he started.*



***Only 7 Days Later** amazing results — pot almost gone.*



***After 21 Days** — Slimmed, reshaped, looking younger, feeling better.*

THEY SAW AND FELT RESULTS IN JUST 3 DAYS!

WHAT IS THIS INGENIOUS PLAN?

The Weider "5 Minute Body Shaper" plan is based on doing ONE CONTINUOUS RHYTHMIC CO-ORDINATED EXERCISE while still eating the foods you like. **That's all you do!** This one five-minute exercise is designed to attack the Waist and Hips (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look) — as well as burn off excess body fat fast by speeding up your metabolism, burning up stored calories and releasing excess water—while reshaping your chest, abdomen, firming up your legs and arms — your total body!

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts ...or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 16 oz. and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it and use it wherever there's floor space — anytime. Even while watching television.

WHAT COMES OFF IN 14 DAYS?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14 day period, you can expect to lose up to four inches from your waistline and up to ten pounds off your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. IT TOUGHENS YOU UP. For a '5-Minute Exerciser' — it sure does a lot!

WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY:

Medical Doctors, Chiropractors, Osteopaths, Athletic Coaches....agree its the most successful Waistline-Weight Reducer and Shaping Up Plan ever invented!

Patent Pending. Copyright Joe Weider, 1973

*EXPOSING EFFORTLESS EXERCISERS

Reader's Digest (Sept. 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree...there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body... **you must work the inches off!**

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Because this isn't a "gimmick" plan — and you have been fooled in the past by "effortless exercisers" — I make you this **UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE: "GET IT OFF FAST" — and see measurable and firming results in three days or return the exerciser for a full 100% refund!** Proven results are already verified. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your "5-Minute Total Body Shaper?"

FREE TRIAL OFFER

See your exciting new body begin to take shape in 3 days or every penny back!

SEND TODAY

Weight Just 16 oz.

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We Care About The Shape You're In — **DON'T YOU?**

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ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

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(Please print clearly)

IN CANADA: "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec.

SEXINDEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

"sadist." Born of a noble and distinguished family, he was brought up by an uncle and became a cavalry officer in the Seven Years' War. He married at twenty-three, but even from the outset he seemed to have been more interested in his wife's sister, whom he idealized in *Juliette*. Soon after his marriage he had his first brush with the law and was briefly imprisoned at Vincennes for some unknown escapade. He was already beginning to acquire a reputation for running sadistic orgies at his country retreat in Arceuil, and a 1764 letter survives written by Police-Inspector Marais to a procuress named La Brissaut warning her very strongly not to send any girls to de Sade's house. Three years later he was arrested again for kidnapping and torturing a woman named Rose Keller. She had apparently begged alms from him in the street and he had persuaded her to accompany him to Arceuil. There, according to her testimony, she was "forced to undress, tied to a bed face downwards, mercilessly beaten several times with whips and sticks, cut about with a knife in numerous places, and had hot sealing wax dropped on her wounds." However, de Sade's family was able to buy Keller off for the enormous sum of 2,400 livres, and the case was eventually dismissed. But in 1772 de Sade went on the rampage again, this time in Marseilles. He hired three prostitutes to come to his house where he asked them to beat him with a whip made of parchment and studded with nails. They refused to use this lethal implement, but finally agreed to give him eight hundred strokes with a twig broom. Afterwards de Sade had anal intercourse with each of the girls while his valet (who had been present throughout) sodomized him. During the same visit to Marseilles, the Marquis handed out sweets doped with Spanish fly to several women, some of whom fell seriously ill as a result, and he was arrested, with his valet, for sodomy and murder. Strings were again pulled in high places and de Sade went free, but in 1777 he was arrested for the last time, at the request of his mother, and imprisoned in the Bastille. Later, he was removed to Charenton Lunatic Asylum where he died in 1814. It was during these final years of incarceration that he wrote his sadistic fantasies: *Justine*, *Juliette*, *The 120 Days of Sodom*, *The Philosopher in the Boudoir*, and *The Crimes of Love*. *The 120 Days* is probably the most extreme. It is set in a château where four libertines have assembled to act out every form of debauchery and perversion they can possibly devise. They enlist the help of a large cast of kidnapped boys and girls, and one or two brothel madams to feed them new ideas. They start off with sodomous incest, moving on to the rape of a six-year-old girl, drinking a child's urine, eating excrement, menstrual blood, and miscarriages. At this point, one of the men suggests sucking dirty feet, but the others grow bored and go back to torture and flagellation. The awful thing about de Sade's writing is the stale air of satiety it exudes in the desperate and always unsuccessful search for new thrills. It is also often unintentionally funny—*Juliette* has a page boy copulating with a marble statue and "discharging over the buttocks of the Callipygian Venus." Swinburne pinpointed de Sade's trouble accurately when he complained that de Sade confused quantity with quality, "as if a crime of great extent was necessarily a great crime, as if a number of pleasures piled one on another made up the value of a great and perfect sensation of pleasure."

sadism: Sexual pleasure derived from inflicting pain. At its most extreme it can lead to murder, like the horrible case of the Victorian headmaster, Mr. Hopley, who flogged one of his pupils to death. The boy was found dead in his bed, carefully dressed in white kid gloves and long stockings so that only his face was visible. Mr. Hopley told the investigating surgeon he had died of heart disease and asked for a certificate to that effect. Fortunately, the surgeon was slightly skeptical and insisted on examining the body. The legs and arms were found lacerated almost to a pulp, and there were holes in the legs as if made with a thick stick. The servants had heard the boy screaming for two hours in the night, and Mrs. Hopley had worked until dawn covering up the marks of her husband's crime. Hopley was convicted of murder. In his case, the sadism was so extreme that the sexual component was almost entirely submerged, but most sadists only develop their frenzy as sexual excitement mounts. Prostitutes live in dread of the shy, quiet little client who suddenly turns into a raving, knife-wielding pervert. Monique von Cleef told us of a London call girl who had her breasts almost cut to shreds by one such customer. She at least escaped with her life, but the victims of Jack the Ripper (*q.v.*) were less fortunate. The Black Dahlia murders in Los Angeles in 1947 were of the same type. Elizabeth Short, a twenty-two-year-old unsuccessful actress, was found murdered with her body cut in two. Forensic experts established that she had been hung upside down and tortured before her death. Neville Heath's first victim was tied to a bed, flogged with a riding crop, and mutilated on the breasts and genitals before she, too, was killed. Many sex-murderers are found to be impotent, so that killing has become, for them, a substitute for intercourse. Yet some degree of pain-giving is a perfectly normal part of most people's loveplay, and Indian sex manuals like the *Kama Sutra* and *Ananga Ranga* actually prescribe the various sorts of bites and slaps and scratches which should accompany each stage of sexual arousal. Most primitive societies recognize "the pleasure of pain"—the Trobriand Islanders bite one another's lips till the blood flows—and Shakespeare talks of "the lover's pinch which hurts and is desired." Kinsey reported in his study of American women: "Towards the peak of sexual arousal there may be considerable slapping and heavier blows, biting and scratching, and other activities which the recipient never remembers and which appear to have a minimum, if any, effect on him at the time of occurrence. Not only does the sense of touch diminish, but the sense of pain is largely lost." Some couples carry this slightly further and use flagellation as a preliminary to intercourse. Chesser, in *Human Aspects of Sexual Deviation*, quotes a letter from a wife who found a spanking magazine in her husband's drawer. "I was incredulous," she writes, "when he told me that some people were more sexy after being spanked. Jokingly I said, 'Let's try it.' He refused at first, but I had a feeling that he really wanted to and I insisted. When I fetched our dog's lead and handed it to him, his manner changed and it was as though a load had been lifted from his mind. I lay face downwards on the bed and his hands trembled as he flicked the strap across my bare buttocks. As he continued, less gently, I felt a strange tingling sensation that was partly pain and partly pleasure. I wanted intercourse as never before and he felt the same. We suddenly knew that we had made a discovery. Crazy as it seems, the soreness didn't matter. I wanted him to dominate me, to take me as no other man had. A new meaning had come into our lives." Such forms of playful wife-beating are by no means rare, and, as long as both partners enjoy it equally and proceed to lovemaking afterwards, there can be no harm involved.

Sanger, Margaret (1883–1966): American pioneer of the birth control movement, a term that she coined. In 1914 she visited birth control clinics in Holland. In 1916 she set up the first American birth control clinic, but was prosecuted and imprisoned. However, she gradually won acceptance for her views and in 1927 organized the first World Population Conference in Geneva, later founded the American Birth Control League, and in 1952 was elected the first president of the International Planned Parenthood Federation.

Sexindex will continue next month.

FASHION FINDER

Merchandise from the following firms is featured editorially in this issue (pages 144 through 149). Contact them directly for information on where to purchase their styles.

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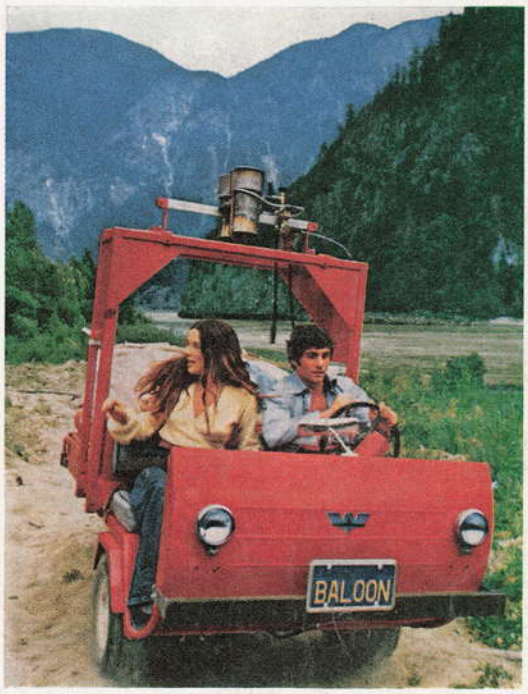

"After we landed, disaster struck. Thump... thump... thump! A blowout on a lonely, wilderness road. And 'Captain' Jon Simmonds of the good ship 'Baloon' was just another earthbound driver... wrestling with a spare tire.

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